

STUDIO "STENOGRAPH" REVEALS ALL!

Silver Screen

March



Claudette Colbert

MARSHALL
STONE

DOES PUBLICITY HURT THE STARS?

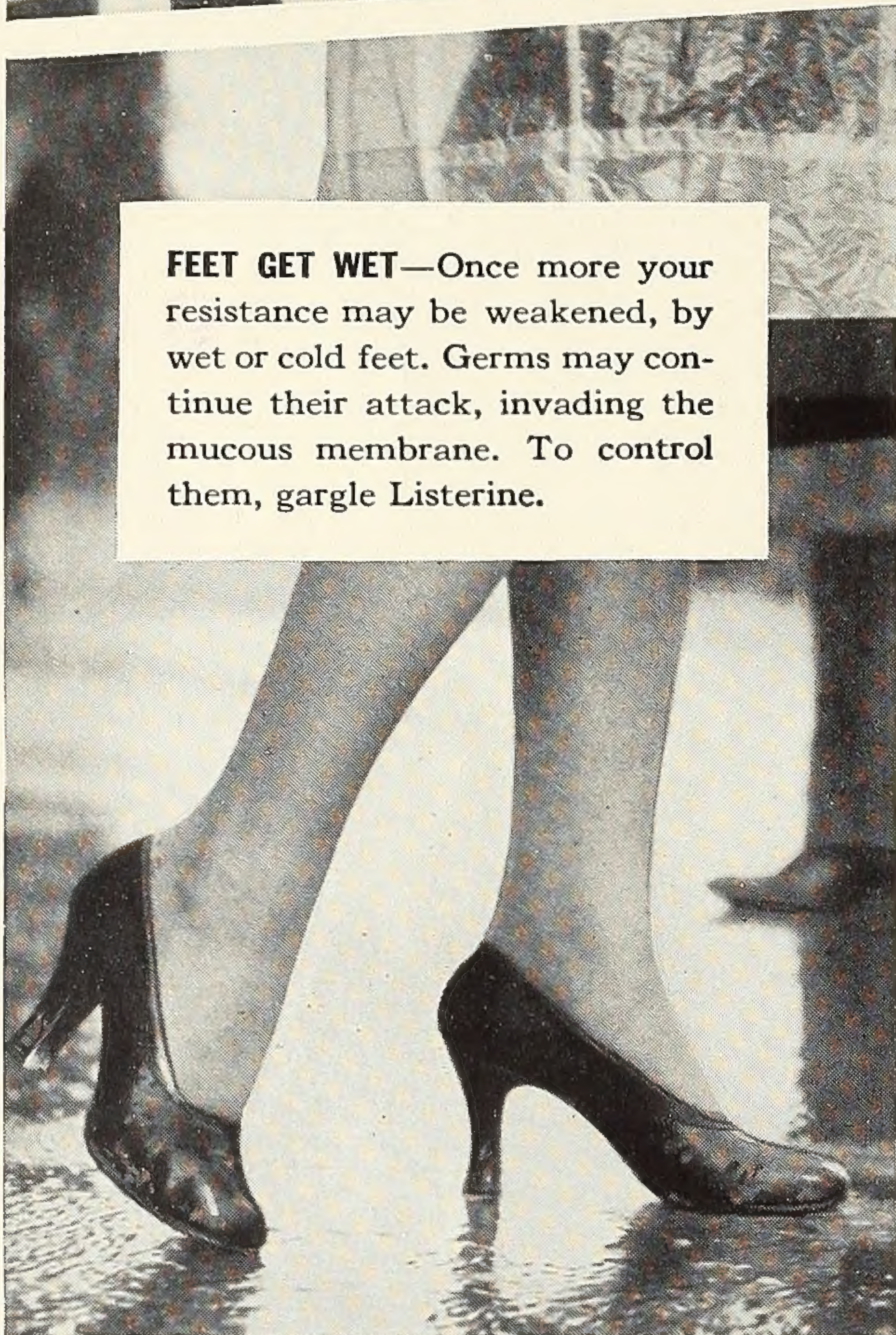
So many times a day *In Danger!*



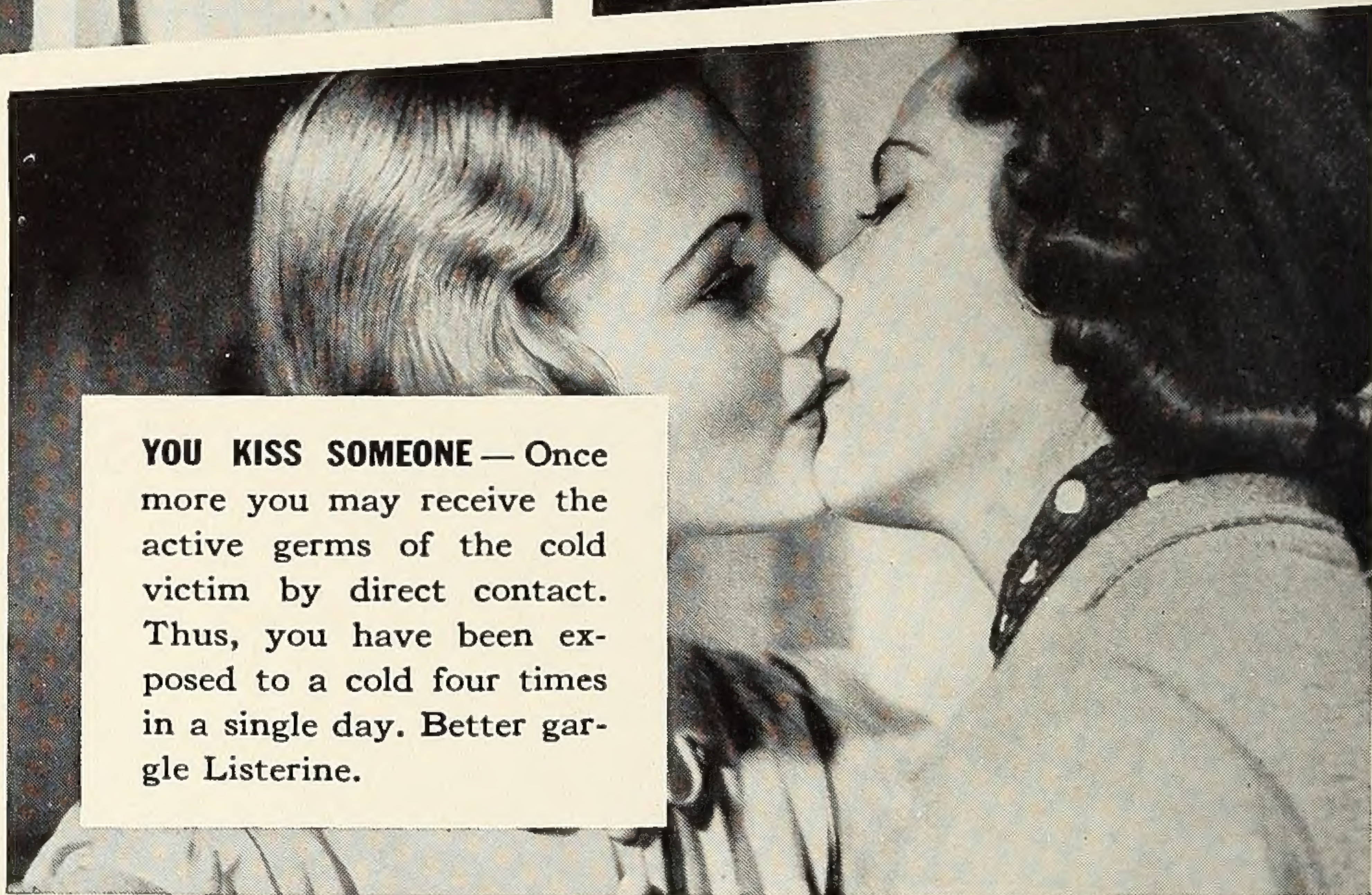
YOU COURT A COLD several times a day. A draft, for example, may reduce body resistance so that germs residing in the throat get the upper hand. Better gargle Listerine.



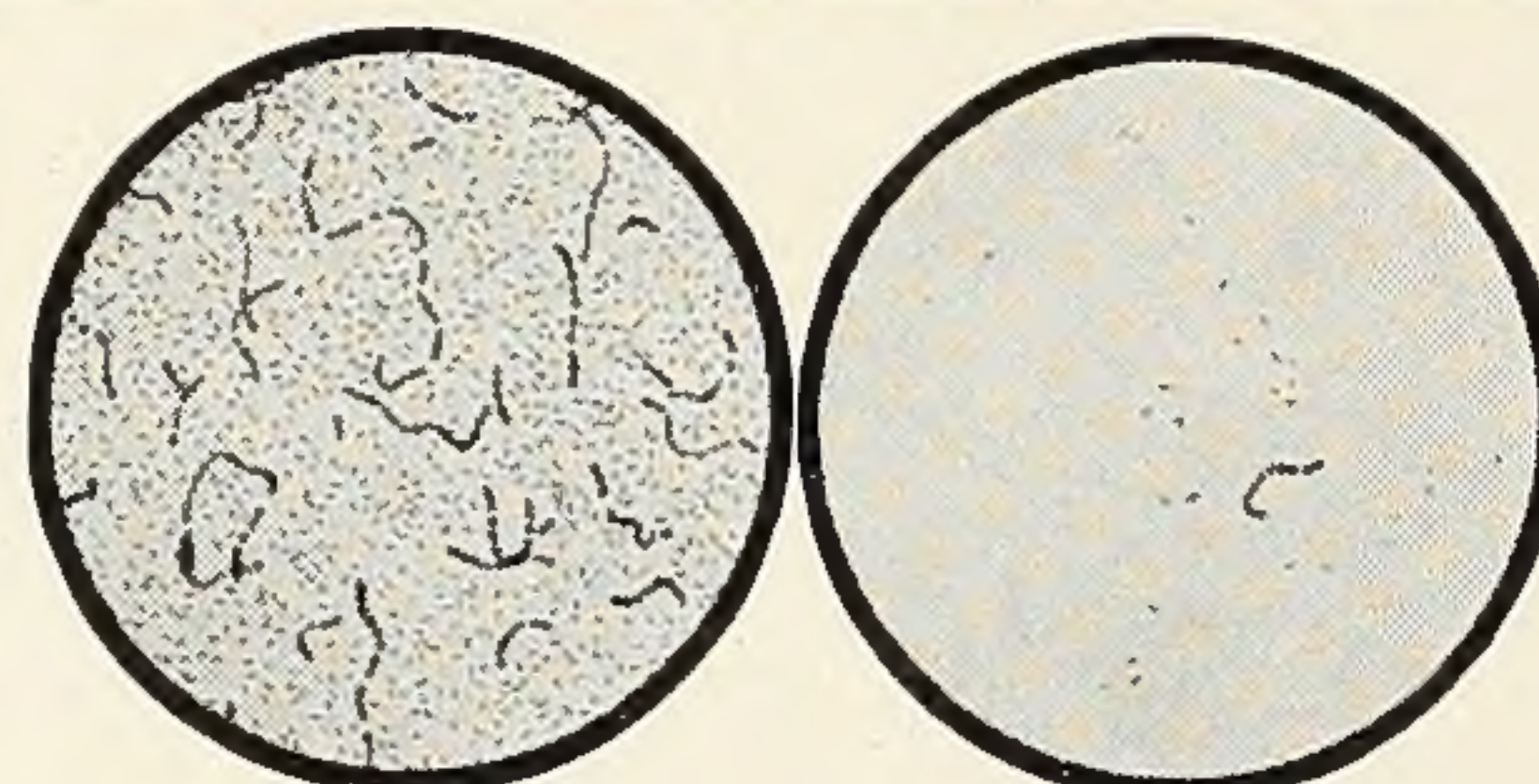
SOMEONE COUGHS ON YOU—active germs accompanying colds may be carried by droplets through the air, and deposited in your throat to join other dangerous bacteria. Both may attack the tissue. Gargle Listerine.



FEET GET WET—Once more your resistance may be weakened, by wet or cold feet. Germs may continue their attack, invading the mucous membrane. To control them, gargle Listerine.



YOU KISS SOMEONE—Once more you may receive the active germs of the cold victim by direct contact. Thus, you have been exposed to a cold four times in a single day. Better gargle Listerine.



BEFORE

AFTER

MOUTH GERMS REDUCED 96.7% IN TESTS 15 MINUTES AFTER GARGLING LISTERINE

The graphs at left show the average germ reduction effected by Listerine Antiseptic in repeated tests. Five minutes after gargling, tests showed germs were reduced 94.6% on the average; fifteen minutes after, 96.7%; one hour after, nearly 80% on the average.

**GET THE DROP
ON THAT COUGH**
with the new
COUGH DROP



TAKE ONE OF THESE RIGHT NOW. IN A FEW SECONDS YOU WILL GET RELIEF YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED POSSIBLE



BY GEORGE, YOU'RE RIGHT. MY THROAT FEELS CLEAR



OF COURSE I'M RIGHT. LISTERINE COUGH DROPS CONTAIN SPECIAL MEDICATION TO RELIEVE COUGHS IN SECONDS



THINK what it would mean to you and your family to escape heavy colds and their dangerous after-effects.

And now the delightful Listerine treatment offers you that possibility. Listerine treats a cold for what it is—an acute local infection.

Tests made during a 7-year study of the common cold reveal these remarkable results:

Those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and

milder colds than non-garglers. Moreover, the colds reached the danger zone of the lungs less frequently than those of non-users.

The secret of Listerine's success, we believe, must be that it reaches the invisible virus (bacteria) that many authorities say starts a cold, and also kills the mouth-residing "secondary invaders" that complicate a cold. Use Listerine this winter and see for yourself what it does for you.

LISTERINE *for* COLDS

"I'd be a very Beautiful Woman if I'd taken care of my teeth and gums"

**Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique
of Gum Massage—all can bring about**

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Yes, dear lady, it's your own fault. You know that—now. You used to have teeth that glistened, they were so white. And your gums were firm and strong.

"Then, if you remember, there was a day when your tooth brush showed that first tinge of 'pink'—a warning that comes sometimes to nearly all of us.

"But you said: 'It's nothing. Why, I imagine everyone notices the same thing sooner or later.' And you let it go at that.

"Foolish you! That was a day important to your teeth—important to your beauty. That was the day you should have decided, 'I'm going to see my dentist right now!'"

No Wise Woman Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

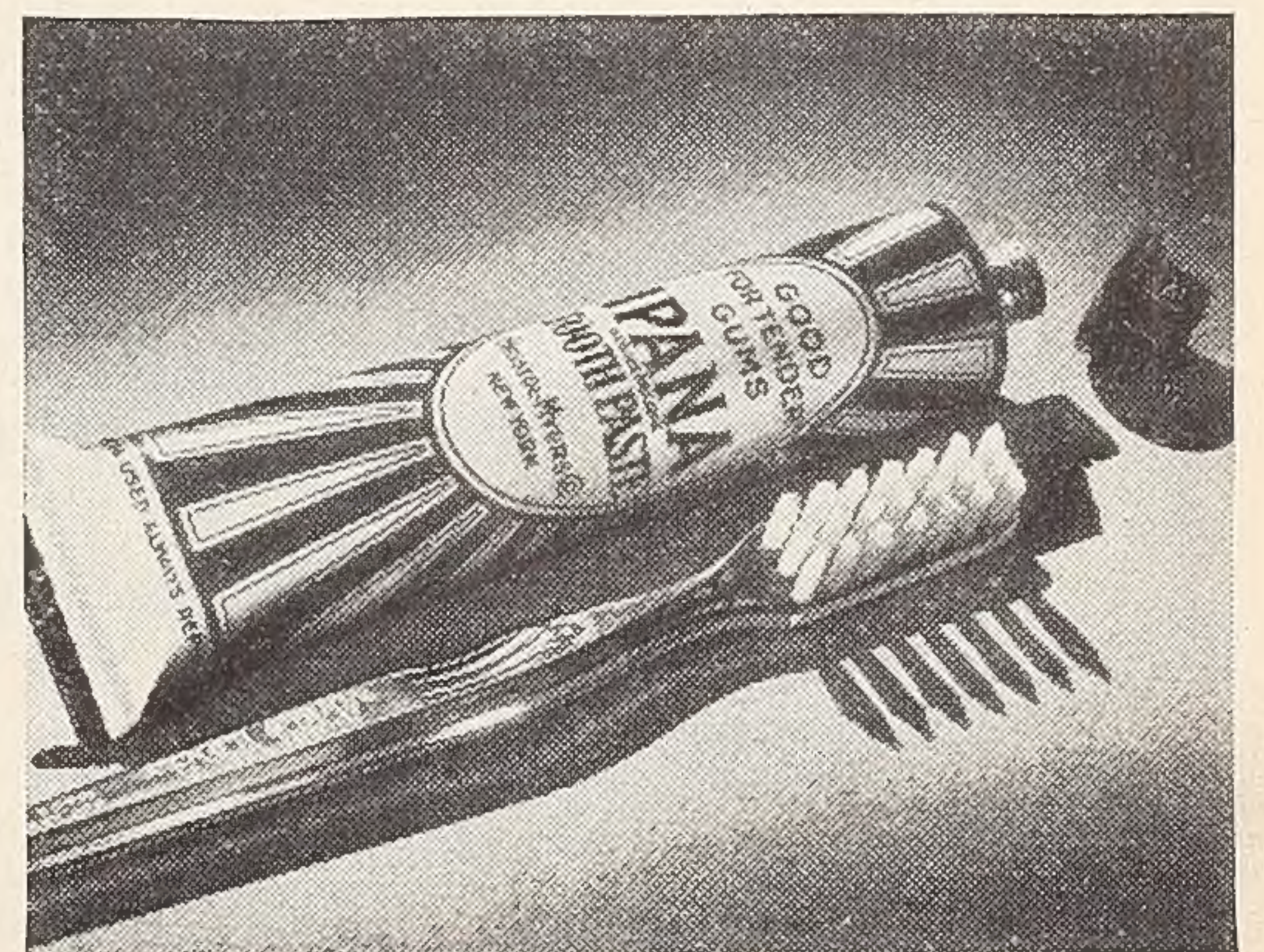
IF you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist at once. For only your dentist can tell you when there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll tell you that your gums are simply *lazy*—that they need more *work*, more *stimulation* to help keep them firm and strong.

Many a child in grade school could tell you that often the food we eat is too soft, too well-cooked to give gums the exercise they need. Realize this—and you understand why modern dentists so frequently advise the Ipana Technique of gum massage.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, *with massage*, to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana into the gums, with forefinger or brush. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer. Teeth are brighter—your smile sparkles with a *new loveliness!*

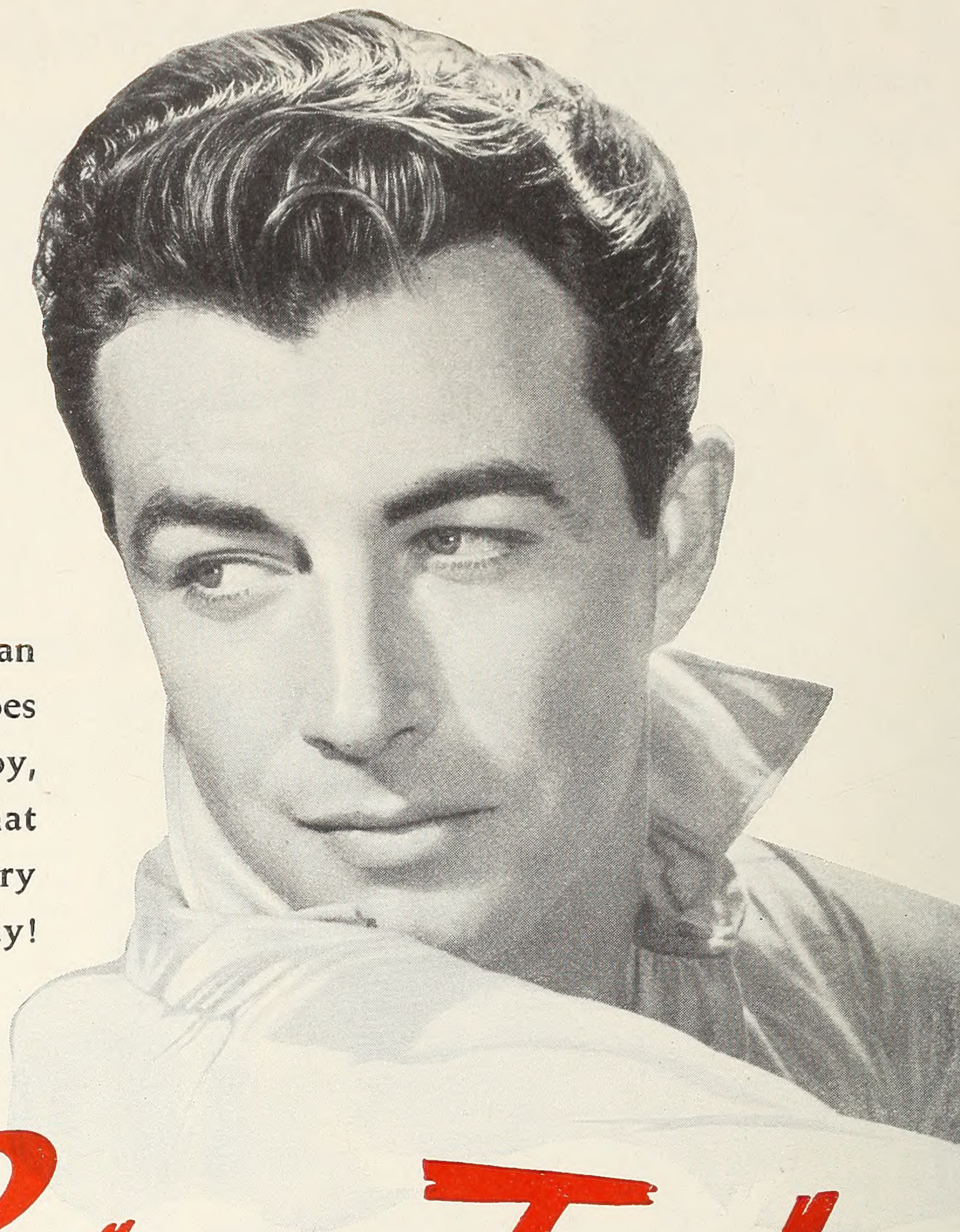
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DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Two-fisted American college student goes to Oxford! Oh, boy, here's a drama that packs a wallop every minute of the way!



Robert Taylor
in
A YANK AT OXFORD



with **LIONEL BARRYMORE**

Maureen O'Sullivan • Vivien Leigh

Edmund Gwenn • Griffith Jones • From an Original Story by John Monk Saunders

Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by MICHAEL BALCON

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

MARCH, 1938

VOLUME EIGHT
NUMBER FIVE

Silver Screen

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COVER PORTRAIT OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT BY MARLAND STONE

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The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

What with everybody else conducting popularity polls and box office polls and "ten bests," why should I be different? And so, I take great pleasure in presenting you with the results of the fan writers poll. After all, we fan writers are the people who really know the stars, we know them with their back hair down and their eye lashes in the top drawer.

On the Warner's lot Bette Davis is without a doubt our choice among the girls. Bette is the only star who fully appreciates that dreadful thing called a "deadline." She is friendly and intelligent and not the least fussy about her stories. Second in popularity with us is Olivia de Havilland who comes right out in the open and admits she really likes giving interviews and seeing her name in print. And that from a star, dear Ed., is practically the millenium. Hugh Herbert gets top spot among the men. The star most of us had rather lose a check than interview is Kay Francis. Kay doesn't want publicity, so simply doesn't bother to cooperate.

On the Paramount lot it is Claudette Colbert who is the most popular with us writers. Claudette puts on the charm, is gracious and intelligent. Dorothy Lamour is the runner-up. George Raft is the most popular of the men. George likes to talk, likes writers, and time means nothing. The most unpopular with us among the men are Gary Cooper and Bing Crosby. Personally, we are crazy about Gary and Bing, both of whom are swell guys, but Holy Mackerel and Jumping Catfish, just try to get a story out of them.

Our pets at Twentieth Century-Fox are Sonja Henie and Don Ameche, both of whom are simply too good to be true. Jane Withers is the runner up. Peter Lorre, like Fred MacMurray at Paramount, is very poor copy, but the most fun. Those we dodge at Twentieth are Simone Simon, a number one staller, and the Ritz Brothers. Alice Faye is our problem child. When she is good she is very, very good—and you know the rest.

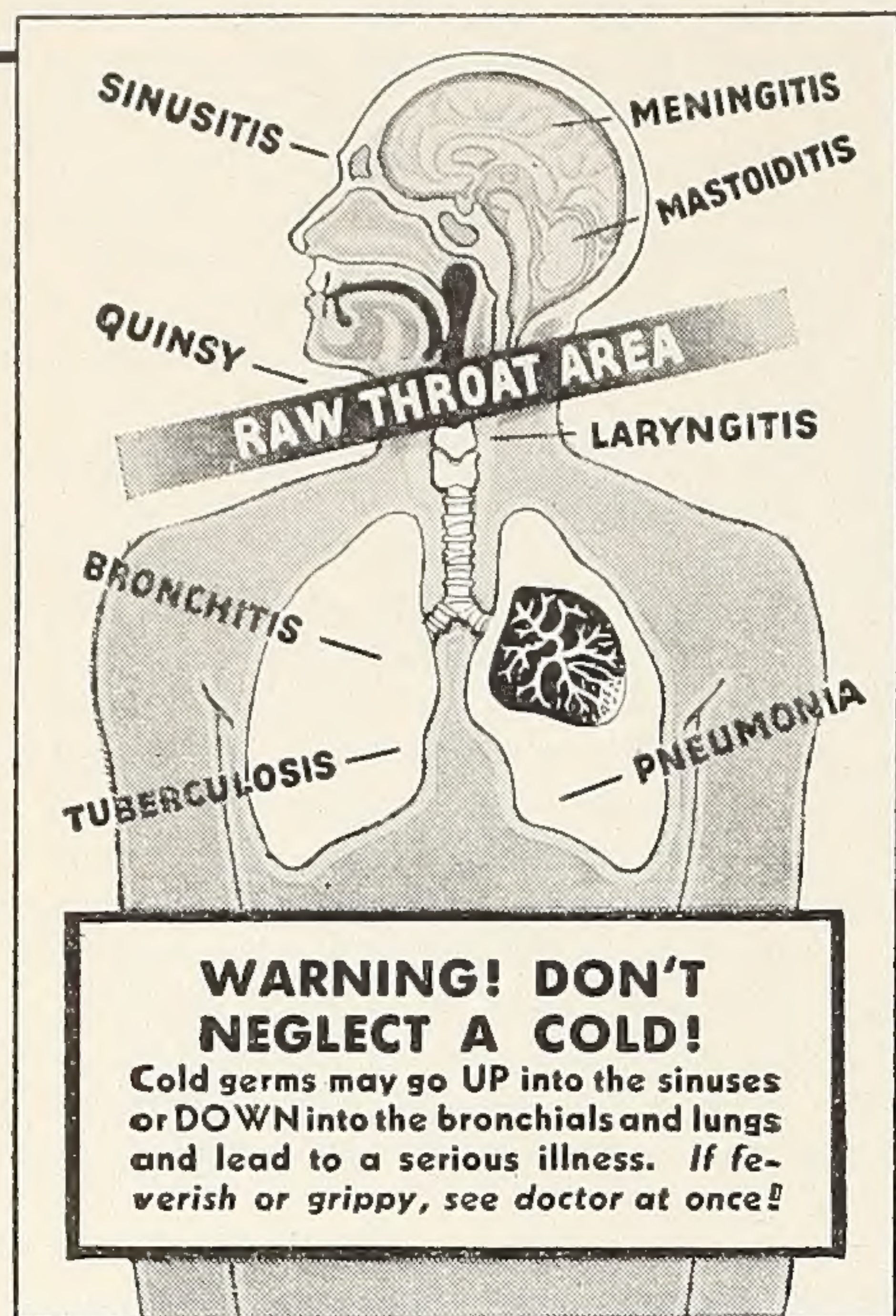
Out at Metro old Massa Gable has been our pet for a long time. He and Bob Montgomery are very palsy with interviewers, and give out with both a good story and a good time. Nelson Eddy is the guy we avoid. Nelson is very business like, and insists upon editing everything written about him. Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer are the most popular of the girls with us because they are friendly and helpful and never rushed. Luise Rainer is too eccentric and hard to get. And I'm sure you've heard rumors about Garbo.

At RKO we writers practically drool at the mouth when we have a chance to interview Barbara Stanwyck, who will sit right down for hours and figure out a way for you to get your story—and your check. Runner-up is Ginger Rogers. Katharine Hepburn doesn't bother with us, and we love not bothering with her. Cary Grant is our favorite among the men. We'd rather go hungry for weeks than tackle Fred Astaire. Irene Dunne, like Myrna Loy at Metro, is very poor copy, but is so charming and gay when being interviewed that we poor dopes don't realize until later that we didn't get a story.

And so now I suppose you will send me assignments on Garbo, Hepburn and Astaire, but immediately. Meanie.

Liza

Feverish? Grippy? SEE DOCTOR AT ONCE



FOR "RAW" THROAT USE THIS "FIRST AID"

Doctors warn that colds can lead to serious illness—to ear and sinus infection, and even pneumonia. So don't take a chance. Treat the symptoms of a coming cold effectively and without delay! *If you feel feverish or grippy see your doctor at once!*

TAKE THIS SIMPLE PRECAUTION

For the most effective "first aid," kill the cold germs that cause raw, dry throat. At the first sign of a raw throat cold, gargle with Zonite. Zonite does 3 jobs for you: (1) Cleanses mucous membranes. (2) Increases normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. (3) Kills cold germs present in the throat as soon as it comes in actual contact with them.

In a test to find out the germ-killing powers of the nine most popular, non-poisonous antiseptics on the market, Zonite proved to be actually 9.3 times more active (by standard laboratory tests) than the next best antiseptic compared! This means economy because you use Zonite diluted! Zonite goes farther—saves you money.

Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is. Soon your throat feels better.

DON'T DELAY—BE PREPARED

Get Zonite at your druggist now. And at the first sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. But remember: If you are feverish, consult your doctor! Don't risk a serious illness.

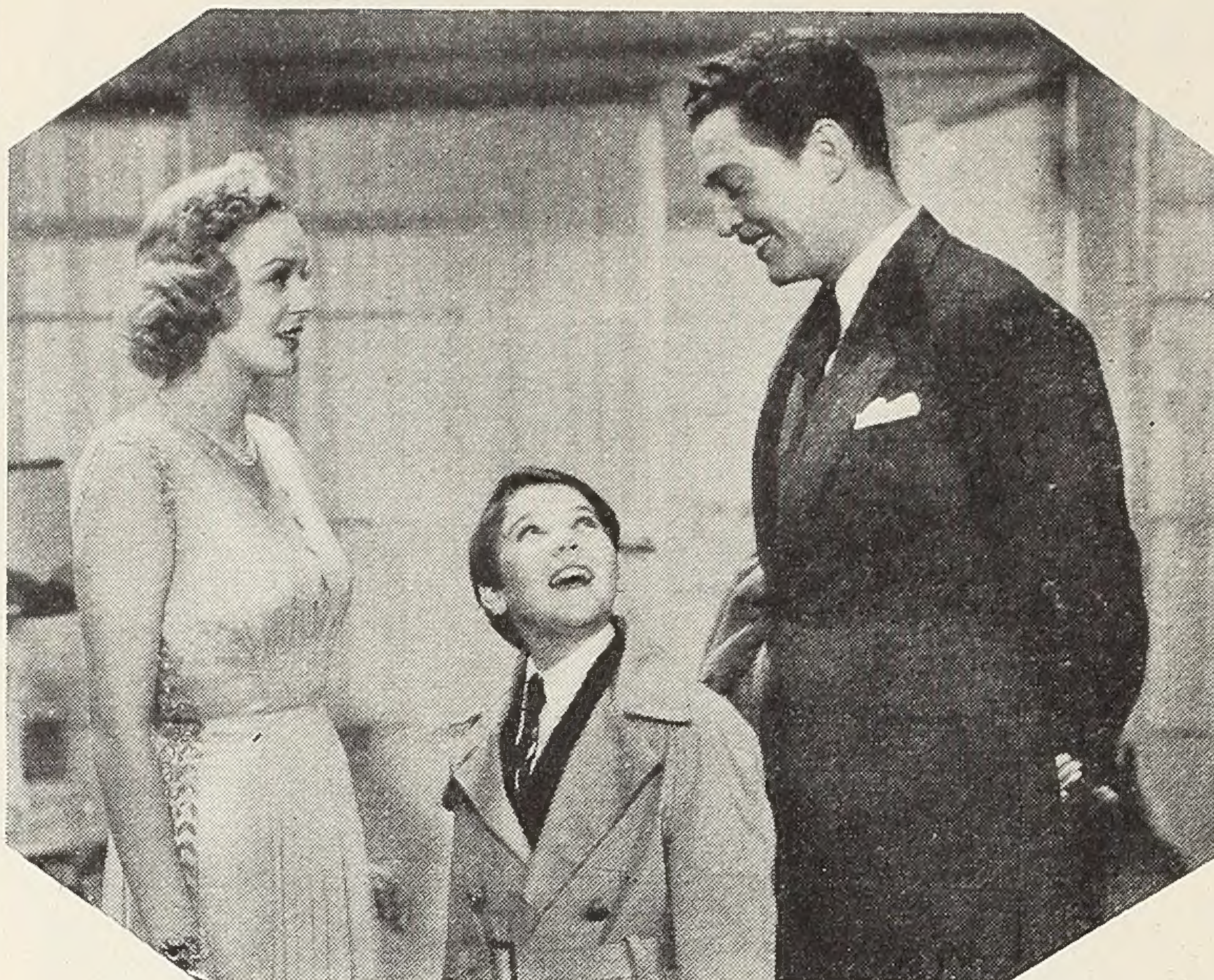
**ZONITE IS 9.3 TIMES MORE
ACTIVE THAN ANY OTHER
POPULAR non-poisonous ANTISEPTIC**
by standard laboratory tests



GARGLE WITH
ZONITE AT FIRST
SIGN OF A COLD!

Gargle with Zonite

Tips On Pictures



Gloria Stuart, Delmar Watson and Michael Whalen aren't letting a little thing like "Change of Heart" effect their sense of humor.

LOVE ON A BUDGET—Good. Another episode (full length feature, of course) in the life of that so-called typical American family, the Joneses, with Spring Byington, Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane and Russell Gleason again in the cast. This one is woven around the problems of Shirley and Russell when their honeymoon is over. Alan Dinehart is a new and pleasant addition to the cast.

CHECKERS—Fine. Horse-racing is the theme, with Stu Erwin crazy about the nags and Una Merkel, the woman he loves, feeling just the opposite about them. However, Jane Withers proves a canny bringer-together of these noncompatibles, and all's well that ends well.

CITY GIRL—Good. The denouement of this brisk, melodramatic film story is that Crime does not Pay, even though the young and beautiful waitress in this story has a fine time while pursuing the rather nefarious ways of city racketeers. Cast includes Ricardo Cortez, Phyllis Brooks, Robert Wilcox.

CHANGE OF HEART—Good. An amusing little tale that you should be able to accept in an amicable frame of mind if served to you on a double bill. Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen (a golf enthusiast) are the handsome young married pair whose breakup and subsequent reconciliation furnish the nucleus of the plot.

CRASHING HOLLYWOOD—Fine. A lively tale of Hollywood, in which the industry takes a good-natured ribbing. The dialogue is breezy and the comedy spontaneous and really funny, with the plot revolving around an amateur script writer who gets messed up with a gang of crooks. (Lee Tracy, John Woodbury, Paul Guilfoyle, Lee Patrick.)

DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI—Fair. This sensational meller serves as a come-back for the magnetic Anna May Wong, and all we can say is that Anna deserves better film fare unless she wants to make a quick exit. The plot concerns the breaking up of an alien smuggling ring and in the cast are Chas. Bickford and Evelyn Brent.

HOUSE OF MYSTERY, THE—Good. All lovers of good detective story films should enjoy this yarn centering around Jack Holt, a plain clothes man who gets in wrong with his co-workers because of the publicity he receives while plugging a vice crusade. There's a missing necklace, too! (Beverly Roberts, Marjorie Gateson.)

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE—Good. It's too bad we can't say "excellent" when referring to this latest Grace Moore opus, but alack-a-day, we can't! Grace sings beautifully and Melvyn Douglas gives a good characterization of the persistent wooer, while Stuart Erwin is delightful as usual while keeping the plot on a lighter key, but when all's said and done, the film is not one of Grace's best.

I MET MY LOVE AGAIN—Good. In which our lovely heroine, Joan Bennett, jilts Henry Fonda and elopes to Paris with a handsome young rake who causes her many a heartache before he dies, leaving her duly remorseful and with a daughter to rear. Ten years later she returns and eventually, after several bitter experiences, recaptures Fonda's interest.

JURY'S SECRET, THE—Fine. A good study of the dangers of circumstantial evidence. When Kent Taylor, a ghost writer for a newspaper publisher, murders his boss, a young stevedore is falsely accused and, ironically enough, Taylor serves on the jury at his trial. The story works out to an interesting and logical conclusion. (Fay Wray, Fritz Leiber.)

MAN-PROOF—Fair. That's what Myrna Loy thought she was when Rosalind Russell, the society deb, stole handsome Walter Pidgeon right from under her eyes, but, alas, it wasn't so and Myrna makes a great effort to redeem Walter only to find that she really loves Franchot Tone after all. The romance gets a bit complicated, but women will adore it.

OLD BARN DANCE, THE—Good. Gene Autry, the personable western star who sings so well is cast as a horse dealer who, when his business takes a nose dive, gets a radio contract in order to promote another, which turns out to be a phoney. The rugged plot gets highly exciting at this point, but not too rugged to keep romance out, the romance being Helen Valkis in this case.

PENROD AND HIS TWIN BROTHER—Good. Another of Booth Tarkington's pleasing stories of adolescents, with the Mauch twins cast in the title roles, and doing a neat job thereby. A little colored youth called Philip Hurlie makes himself quite irresistible during the "cops and robbers" type of plot, and Spring Byington and Frank Craven are fine in their roles as parents.

PATIENT IN ROOM 18—So-so. What they call a "whodunit" film, but it will take a great deal of detecting in this case, not because the mystery is subtly conceived, BUT because it is so sadly muddled. Even a good cast (Ann Sheridan, Patric Knowles, Harland Tucker, etc.) can't raise your blood pressure when viewing this.

PRESCRIPTION FOR ROMANCE—Good. This is entertainment of the bright, breezy, frothy type which generally makes pleasant film fare. The story concerns a debonair swindler (on the screen these enemies of society are always debonair) and an equally attractive detective who is in pursuit of him. (Wendy Barrie, Mischa Auer, Kent Taylor.)

ROSALIE—Good. Nelson Eddy sings and Eleanor Powell dances in this one, so everybody should be happy! Especially since its an ultra-lavish musical, with a plot that includes a Princess made unhappy by the Revolution and a West Point cadet who supplies the happy ending. Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger and Edna May Oliver supply the laughs.

SHE'S GOT EVERYTHING—Just so-so. When Ann Sothern, the impoverished but beautiful heroine, and Gene Raymond, the smooth young coffee magnate, start quarreling lustily throughout the first four or five reels, you know darn well they'll end up in each other's arms. (Victor Moore, Helen Broderick.)

WISE GIRL—So-so. New York's supposedly daffy Greenwich Village provides the setting for this equally daffy farce. The plot concerns wealthy Miriam Hopkins who goes there to reclaim two orphaned relatives from a poverty-stricken artist, Walter Abel. You know the end, of course!

YOU'RE A SWEETHEART—Fine. A backstage musical with Alice Faye the Pollyanna type of prima donna and George Murphy the bogus millionaire who'd like to save the show but can't. He does fall in love with Alice, though, and that provides opportunity for much romantic singing and dancing. In for the laughs are Andy Devine, Frank Jenks and Charles Winninger.

A gallant with the ladies...beloved by every belle in all of New Orleans...feared by those rats of the Seven Seas...his bold, bad buccaneers...Jean Lafitte...the gayest lad who ever sailed beneath the Skull and Crossbones lives again in the grandest historical romance ever to swing across the screen...Cecil B. DeMille's flaming adventure-epic...**"THE BUCCANEER."** In the thrilling role of the dashing gentleman pirate, who took

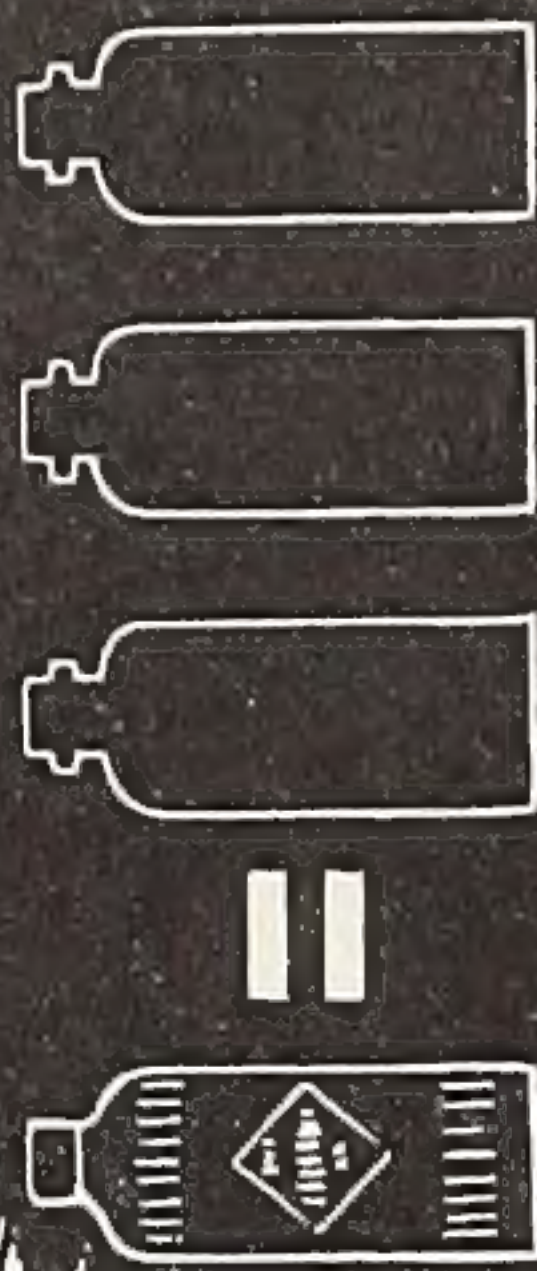
time out from his pirateering and his romancing to help Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans and save America from the British...Fredric March reaches new heights of screen adventure. As the little Dutch girl whose love forced the dashing pirate to strike his flag...Franciska Gaal, beautiful new Paramount star discovery, makes a fitting team-mate for that gentleman pirate Capt. Jean Lafitte.

Adolph Zukor presents
a Cecil B. DeMille
 PRODUCTION
FREDRIC MARCH
"THE BUCCANEER"
with **Franciska Gaal**
Akim Tamiroff • Margot Grahame
Walter Brennan
Ian Keith • Anthony Quinn
Douglass Dumbrille • Beulah Bondi
Robert Barrat • Hugh Sothern
Louise Campbell • Evelyn Keyes
Directed by Cecil B. DeMille
 A Paramount Picture

Screen Play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Harold Lamb and C. Gardner Sullivan • Based on an Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson of "Lafitte the Pirate" by Lyle Saxon

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC helps prevent COLDS and BAD BREATH!

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
equals 3 bottles of
ordinary kinds



Even when diluted with
2 parts water... still
kills germs in seconds
... Lasts 3 times as long.
Makes your money go 3 times as far!

IN GERM-KILLING POWER...

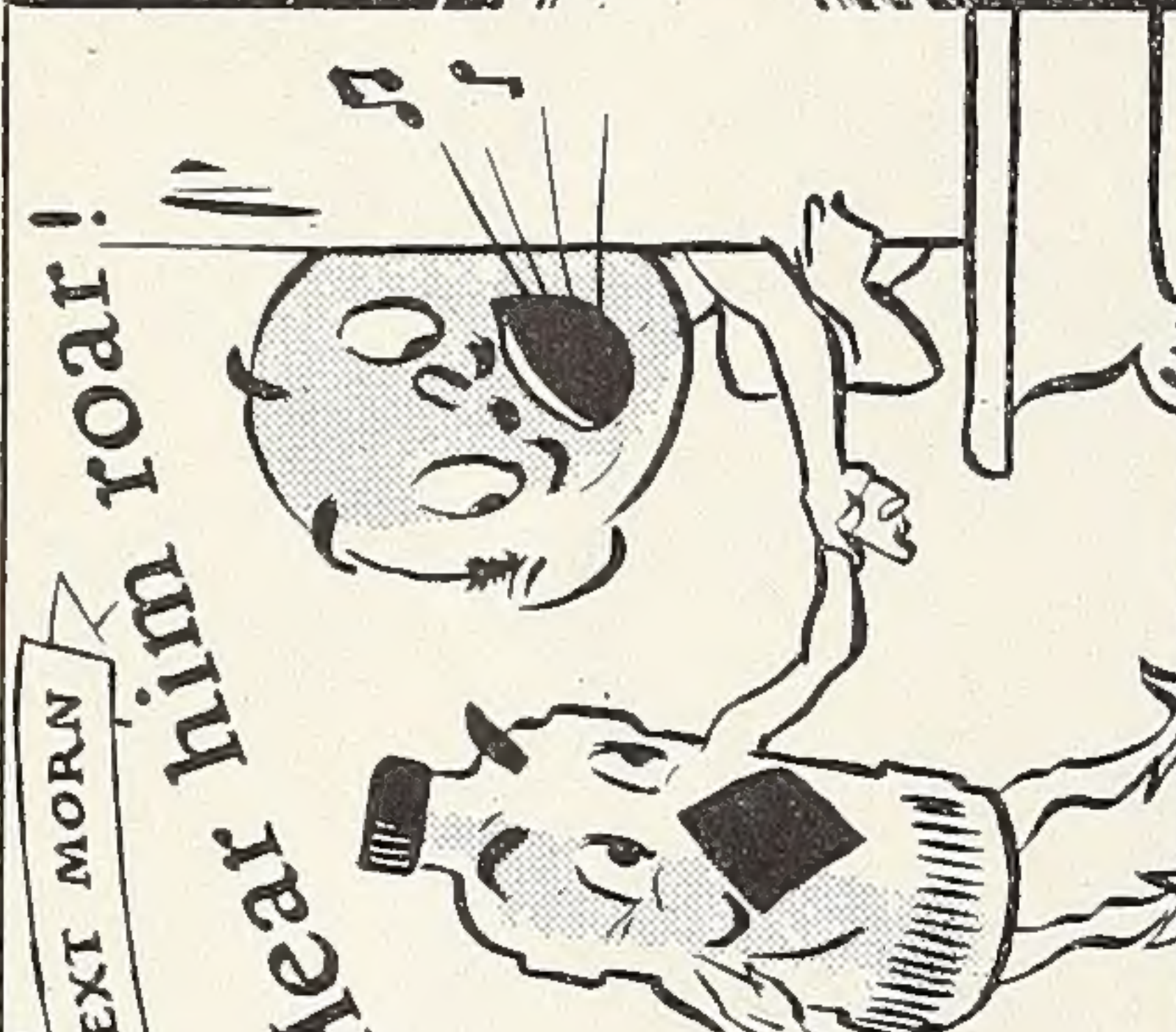
Throat sore...

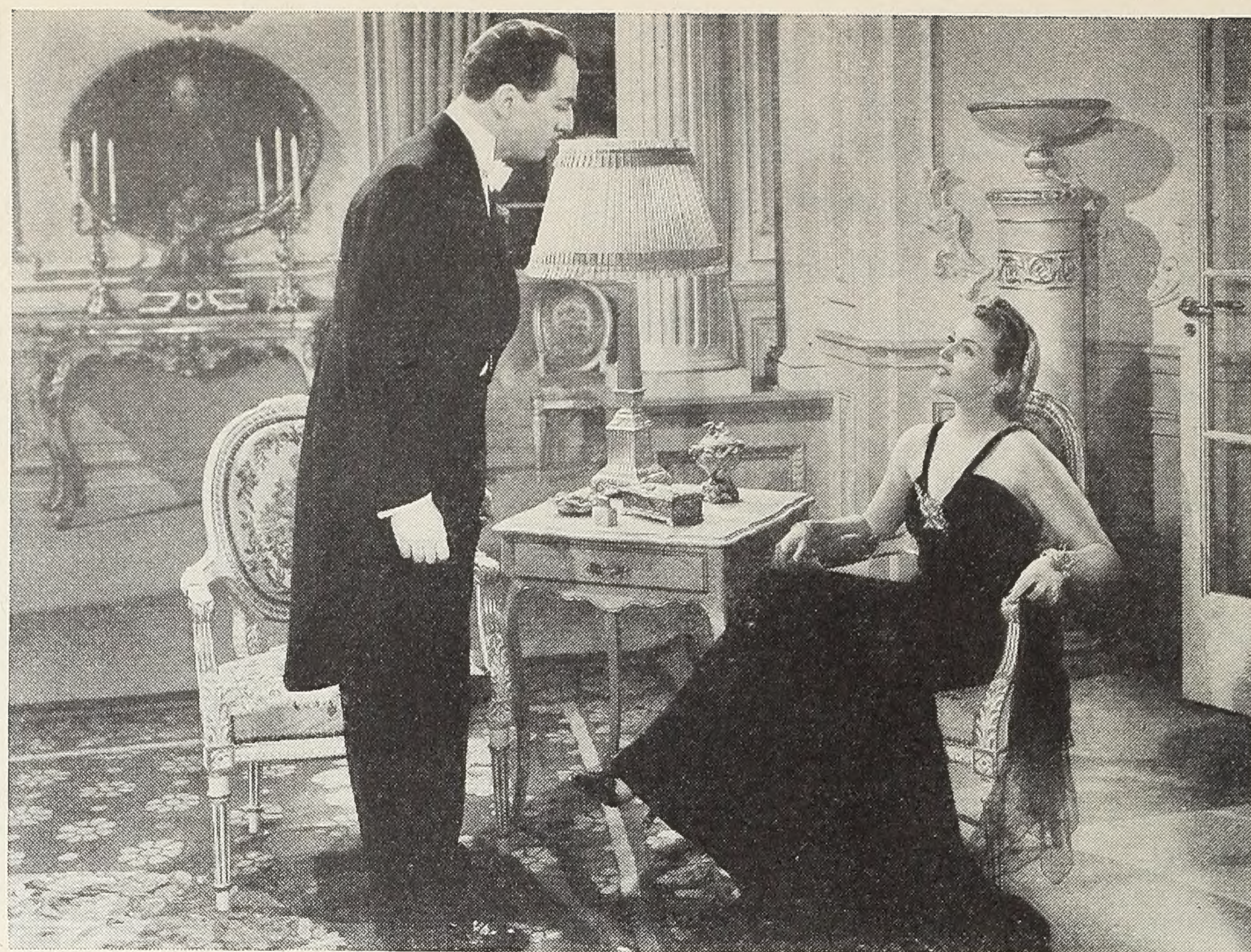


"Gargle more!"



Hear him roar!





William Powell and Annabella in "The Barones and the Butler."

Life Among The Players Be-
comes Intensely Sharpened
When They Are Before
The Cameras.

S. R. Mook
Sees All
And Tells All.

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

NOW that the holidays have come and gone people are beginning to settle back to normal, even if the studios are still in a slump.

At Warner Brothers

THERE are big pictures going out here. "The Adventures of Robin Hood" starring Errol Flynn and Olivia DeHavilland, with Basil Rathbone featured; "Food for Scandal" starring Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet; and "Men Are Such Fools" starring Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane.

On the "Food for Scandal" set there is much hilarity, as there always is on any set where Lombard works. And Gravet, too, is a convivial soul who speaks English with only a slight French accent.

Miss Lombard is in a black velvet evening gown which is held up by only a few scant straps which aid the gown in displaying plenty of glamour. She has just been entertaining Ralph Bellamy at dinner. Ralph has been trying to propose to her but Gravet, as the butler (of noble birth), keeps interrupting because *he* (Gravet) is in love with Carole and doesn't want anyone else monkeying around. Not even Gable.

Right now in his suit with satin knee breeches and a white wig he is sitting in an easy chair in the living room, with one shoe off, rubbing his foot. And this is OK, too, because no less an authority than Joan Crawford has said it's all right to say your

foot hurts but it sounds perfectly lousy to say your *feet* hurt.

They have been arguing about the way he has behaved while serving the dinner. Suddenly he rises, kisses her ardently and holds her in his arms for a moment. I'm sure he'd hold her longer if it wasn't for the Hays office. And if he didn't he'd be crazy. She stops struggling momentarily and then gives in.

"If you'd only stay like this," he whispers. "This is the first honest thing you've done since I've known you."

She breaks away from him uncertainly, almost dazedly, then composes herself. "Get out, Rene," she orders.

"Now don't start that again," he begins.

That was the worst thing he could have said because it infuriates her. "Get out!" she screams, her anger mounting. "Get out! Get out of here! Have I got to have you forever around making a fool of me. I don't want to see you again. I don't want to hear you again. Take that pop-eyed hobo assistant of yours and get out."

"All right," he comes back at her furiously, "I'll get out. But I'll do just what you don't want me to do. I'm going back to Paris. Goodbye!"

With those few well chosen words he strides angrily towards the door. But when he is halfway to the kitchen he stops suddenly, whirls around, comes back, grabs her fiercely and plants a voluptuous kiss full on her mouth. Then he turns and dashes out of the room as Carole watches him in a daze.

When the scene is finished Carole comes

screeching over to say "hello." "Hello, nothing," I retort sulkily. "The only time I ever see you is when I run into you on a set every third or fourth month."

"Well, as soon as I finish this masterpiece," she says, "I'm going to take a long vacation and you can come out for dinner every night if that's what you're hinting for."

"You *would* take a vacation just when I'm going back east," I snap.

"How you going?" she asks.

"Flying—TWA," I tell her.

"That's the best way," she nods. "I went that way last time. Well, anyhow, give me a ring when you get back and maybe I'll still be vacationing. And here's something to speed you on your way," she adds, giving me a lovely goodbye kiss—but not so voluptuous as Mr. Gravet had just given her.

However, I suppose when a movie queen kisses you—one can't be too captious about the *kind* of kiss it is.

"Robin Hood," like Tennyson's brook, goes on and on. Olivia isn't working today (and it's not because she's getting over the holidays, either, smarty pants) but Errol is and so is Hollywood Host No. 1—Mr. Rathbone.

I can remember when Mr. Rathbone played a gigolo to Doris Keane in "The Czarina" years ago and such a helpless little man he was in the toils of a woman. But that was fifteen years ago and Mr. Rathbone *isn't* a helpless little man any more. If women have had their way with him (on the stage and screen, I mean) each has taught him something and now—well, all I have to say is "Heaven help the dame who falls into *his* toils!"

In this scene he is dressed up like a cardinal and he is leading a band of rough-necks or soldiers against some sort of castle. Errol is running up a flight of stone steps when the heavy oaken gates are burst open and in plops Mr. Rathbone with his motley crew. Errol pauses, fits an arrow to his bow (and I think that's a much better maxim than "hitch your wagon to a star." I mean, "Fit an arrow to your bow." It gets quicker results even though it may not be as poetic and spiritual). Zing! goes the arrow and lodges in the gatepost. The men pause a moment and start towards him again. Zing! goes another arrow and lodges right beside the first one.

Let me tell you Mr. Flynn shoots a mean arrow and don't for one moment think there's any trick photography about all



Jean Dixon and Irene Dunne keep things humming in "The Joy of Loving."

Make a *FRESH* start and swing over to a *FRESH* cigarette



A Fresh Start made a Fresh Star

Salesgirl in a department store, Joy Hodges made a fresh start. Landed in the movies! Starred in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"! Now charms Broadway in "I'd Rather Be Right"! Joy's fresh start made a new star who brought fresh joy to millions.

YOU'LL miss a lot in life if you stay in the rut of old habits and never risk a **FRESH** start. Take your cigarette, for instance. If your present brand is often dry or soggy, don't stay "spliced" to that stale number just because you're used to it.

Make a fresh start by swinging over to **FRESH**, Double-Mellow Old Golds... the cigarette that's tops in tobacco quality... brought to you in the pink of smoking condition by Old Gold's weather-tight, double Cellophane package.

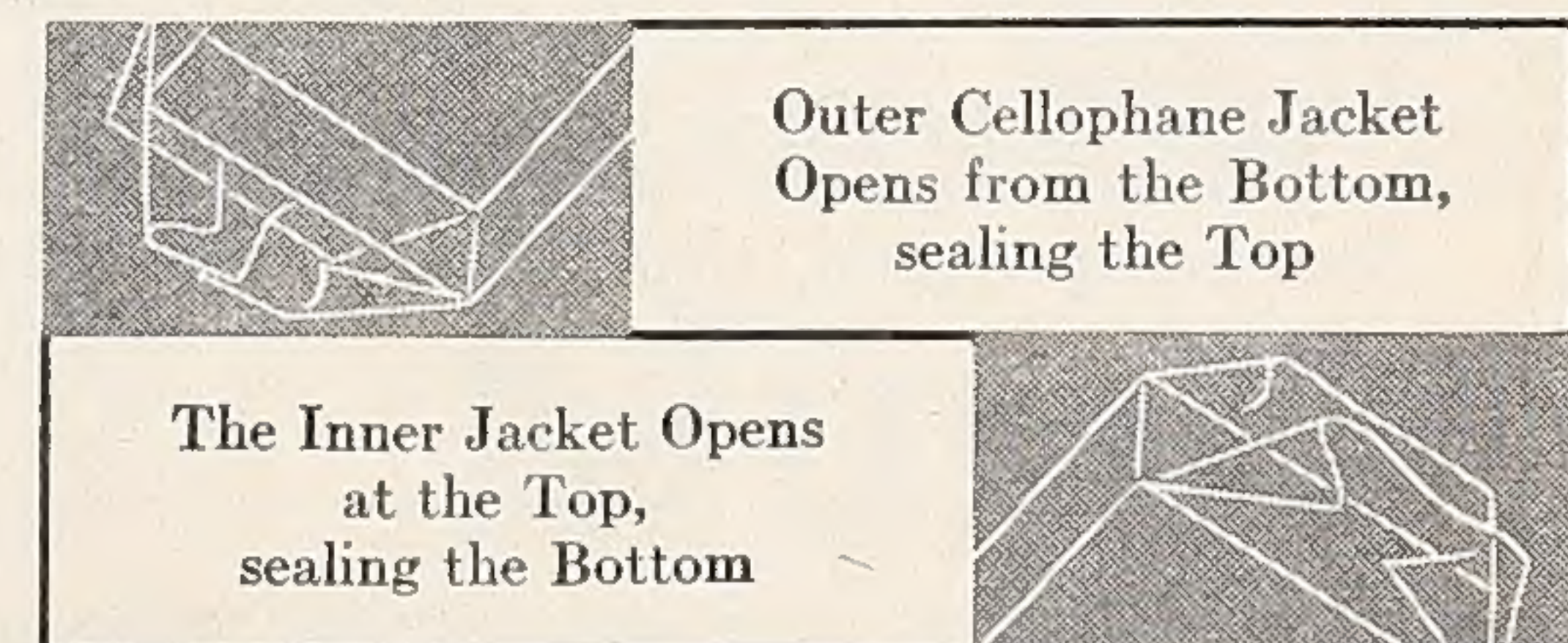
That extra jacket of Cellophane brings you Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos with all their rich, full flavor intact. Those two gate crashers, dampness and dryness, can never muscle in on that *double*-sealed, climate-proof O.G. package.

It's never too late for better smoking! Make a **FRESH** start with those always **FRESH** Double-Mellow Old Golds.

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Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em fresh



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WHICH COLOR WILL BE YOUR LUCKY STAR?



See how one of these ten thrilling new face powder colors will win you new radiance, new compliments, new luck!

Doesn't it make you happy to get that second look from others—that interested glance which says: "You look stunning!"?

But maybe you haven't heard a compliment on your skin in a month. Be honest with yourself—have you? If not—did you ever wonder why?

But don't be too quick to blame yourself—when maybe it's not you, but your face powder that's at fault. For you know that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

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Where is this transforming color? It's in one of the ten glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. But you don't have to

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For I will send you all ten, free and postpaid, because I'm so anxious to help you help yourself.

Let me help you find your color

When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours. See what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft I leave your skin!" You'll see how the color seems to spring from within... it's so natural, so life-like, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(40)

Lady Esther, 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



Francis Lederer as "The Lone Wolf" steals jewels for the beautiful princess —Frances Drake.

this. I was right there and saw him shoot those arrows with the men crowding through the gates at the time. I am perfectly willing to believe he actually did slay a wild boar with an arrow when the troupe was on location.

The third picture out here is "Men Are Such Fools" and I do hope and trust there is nothing prophetic in the title because Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane, who have the leads, have just announced their engagement. Of course, that was last week and by the time you read this Wayne will undoubtedly be wondering who Priscilla is and where he met her when anyone mentions her name. He's nothing but *Casanova* brought up-to-date with a 1938 grin.

But to get back to our mutton. He and Priscilla are already married (in the picture) and it's New Year's eve or something and they're supposed to be entertaining a gang of people, but Priscilla isn't waiting for them when they reach the restaurant where she was supposed to meet them (she had been detained somewhere on business—but what kind of business I don't know). Wayne is furious, calls her on the phone, doesn't get much satisfaction and goes back to his table where Johnny (Dimples) Davis, Carol Landis and Penny Singleton are waiting for him, along with all the others.

Carol pushes a drink at him. "Better drink up, Jimmy," she admonishes him. "We're one up on you."

"They still keeping her, Jimmy?" Johnny asks.

"Keeping her! ! !" Wayne explodes and I don't blame him because Mr. Davis has no business making any such inferences, regardless of the script and I don't know what the Hays office could have been thinking of to pass such a line. It will be deleted in all foreign countries, including the Scandinavian.

"Hey," says Wayne to me a few minutes later, "what about that poker game we were going to have at your house? You won all our money the last time we played and we want it back."

"What about that interview we were going to have at your house?" I counter.

"We can have it over the poker table," he grins and turns to Davis. "You can come too, Johnny. We'll have eats at his house, drinks at his house and line our pockets at his house."

"Yeah," I sneer to Davis. "Hitch your wagon to a star. That guy provides for everything except paying the bills."

"What are you kicking about?" Wayne grins again. "You get the benefit of our company, don't you? And please have it

before you go away. TWA just phoned and asked me to leave you enough to pay for your ticket."

People can talk about writers being grasping but I have never seen anything to equal this guy. You remember only a few months ago, when he had only made two pictures, I told you how he promoted a deep sea fishing trip for himself at the studio's expense, just by posing for a few pictures.

There is one other picture working here—"Penrod's Double Trouble," but the Mauch twins aren't working today and the scene isn't very important so there's no use taking up space with it.

On the Universal Lot

DEANNA DURBIN is working in her new picture, "Mad About Music," here. Gail Patrick is her mother, a famous movie star. But, on account of her glamour, it can't be known Gail has a halfgrown daughter. So Deanna is in a convent in Switzerland—or somewhere. She falls in love with a little boy (or half-grown kid, rather) and tells the heads of the convent she has to get leave to meet her father. When they check on her she grabs Herbert Marshall and pretends he's her father. Then she tells Herbert how terrible it is she can never see her mother.

So chivalrous Herbie's indignation is aroused, he pretends to be her father and then takes her to the hotel where Gail is stopping and that's where I come in. Deanna doesn't want to be caught in another lie and she knows her mother's room will be full of newspaper reporters and everything is in a fine mess. Franklyn Pangborn is the manager of the hotel and he has orders not to disturb Gail. For my money, Mr. P is one of the funniest comics on the screen and the best part of it all is he only plays bits so you never get tired of him and always leave the theatre wishing you'd seen more of him—which is much better than seeing too much and getting tired.

At Paramount

THERE is only one picture shooting at this studio—"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" starring Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. Mr. C is asleep as usual and Miss C is having her hair fixed. Mr. Lubitsch is pacing up and down like a caged animal. An air of tenseness pervades the set, which seems all the stranger to me a few minutes later when I watch the scene being played



Franchot Tone kisses the spot for Gladys George in "Love is a Headache."

HERE'S ONE JOB THAT DIDN'T LEAD TO LOVE...



No girl who offends with underarm odor succeeds in her job—or with men...

A new job—new friends—new chances for romance! How Ann did want her new boss to like her! Bachelors as nice as Bill S—were very hard to find!

Ann was pretty—Ann was smart! "Someone I'd be proud of," Bill thought. So he asked Ann out to his club.

The night was glamorous and the music was good—but Bill's interest died with the very first dance. Ann had thought a *bath alone* could keep her sweet—and one hint of underarm odor was enough for Bill. Others in the office

noticed, too. Ann lost the job she wanted—the job that *might* have led to love.

It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love—ever to risk offending! It's so easy to stay fresh with Mum! Remember, a bath only takes care of odor that's *past*—but Mum prevents odor *to come*!

MUM IS QUICK! In just half a minute, Mum gives you *all-day-long* protection.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum can't harm any kind of fabric. And Mum won't irritate your skin, even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop *every trace of odor*. Remember, no girl who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men. Always use Mum!

NO BATH PROTECTS YOU LIKE A BATH PLUS MUM



For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's *SAFE* and *SURE*.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Have that even, golden **TAN** that enhances your beauty!

A BEAUTIFUL, golden brown body may be yours regardless of where you live or what the weather! No need to wait for a vacation or sunny week-ends at the beach and then perhaps burn your winter-sensitive skin to a painful lobster red! Now you can get your lovely, attractive tan quickly yet without burning, with the new Health-Ray Sun Lamp.

Men Prefer a Healthy Tan

■ Your personal appearance is either a distinct social asset or a handicap. In a recent survey, 95% of the men questioned, named "good health" as one of the three main feminine attributes that appealed to them. Start now to accumulate that healthy bronze tone that attracts admiring glances and is the envy of your friends. A daily sunbath in the privacy of your own home will keep you looking as though you spent every day in the seashore sunshine—yet there will be no "bathing suit pattern" in white across your shoulders!

Beauty Is Built on Health

■ Your daily bath with ultra violet rays does far more than enhance your beauty, these rays actually help to increase youthful energy and vitality and to stimulate glandular functions. They are a great aid in some forms of skin disease, in destroying germ life, and in building up resistance to the common cold.

4 TIMES AS POWERFUL AS SUMMER SUN!

■ Now Health Ray has made a really high quality, genuine carbon-arc sun lamp available at a price within the reach of all—\$7.95. In 15 minutes with your Health Ray lamp you can get the equivalent ultra-violet radiation of an hour in summer sunshine.

■ Compact, convenient, easy to operate. Tested by the Electrical Testing Laboratories of New York, and fully guaranteed, this lamp will be one of the greatest investments you ever made!

TEST IT AT OUR EXPENSE!

■ We want you to *experience* the remarkable benefits the perfected **HEALTH RAY SUN LAMP** brings. We offer you **FREE** use for 7 days in your own home . . . 7 days works wonders in the way you look and feel! Then if you decide to keep it, it is yours for the remarkable new low price of \$7.95. Pay as little as one dollar down payment. Health Ray Mfg. Co., Deep River, Conn.

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This is **NOT** an order—Ship **NOTHING C. O. D.!**

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because it is one of the gayest in the picture. Tears behind a smile, tension behind a laugh. There's life for you.

You wanna know what this is all about? Well, pay attention. Gary is a multi-multi-millionaire (had I but a tenth of the dough that guy has been heir to in his pictures my name would be a byword around the world instead of merely from Vance to Poplar in Memphis).

Gary has been married seven times before and always in a businesslike (not to say gentlemanly) manner settles an annual income on his wives, of \$50,000. Claudette is No. 8 and she doesn't like the set-up one little bit. Although she is married to him she is determined to teach him a lesson and bring him to time. Wife in Name Only and all that rot. And she demands \$100,000, too! If I were Gary I'd tell her to go jump in the lake. Well, maybe I *am* being a little hasty about this business because Claudette gets \$165,000 a picture, which only lasts a few weeks, and Gary's getting her for \$100,000 a year indefinitely. Besides all this, it begins to look like I'm never going to be a multi-millionaire or even a plain millionaire so I'm getting all steamed up about nothing.

With Gary, it's different. He's got her and he's got to win her. He chooses the worst way in the world to go about it, though. He sings! And only a person who has heard Gary sing at close range can imagine what it's like. In self-defence Claudette eats a whole dish of shallots (didn't *anybody* get a dictionary for Christmas?) without his seeing her. After his singing fails and he's chased her all around the room, she finally turns on him and says, "Kiss me, Michael, KISS me!"

So Gary kisses her. The bubble bursts. Imagine a girl like Claudette, married to a multi-millionaire, with an onion breath! It's no wonder Mr. Lubitsch was pacing up and down. He always acts out the scenes for the actors to show them how it should be done!

R-K-O

WELL, from Paramount we drop over here—just a stone's throw. Ginger Rogers and James Stewart have resumed "Vivacious Lady" which was interrupted by Jimmy's illness last spring. They've just got married (here it is only January or February—I'm not quite over the holidays yet

and have sort of lost track of time—and I always thought *June* was the month of weddings, but the studios are full of them this go-round). They're on a train, standing in the vestibule and Ginger is telling Jimmy she's never going to be scared again because she has him—a big, strong man to lean on.

"Well," says Jimmy who looks like a strong wind would carry him away, "I've always tried to be a strong man—in a conservative way, of course."

Ginger looks at him adoringly. "Well, my big, strong conservative man," she coos, "get your shoulders ready for a lot of dependence. And you can start by carrying me across our first threshold."

I doubt that Jimmy could carry Shirley Temple across the threshold and he's looking for an "out." "But, dear," he protests, "that's a hangover from medieval days. I don't know why we should be ruled by people who have been dead a thousand years."

Ginger just looks at him and kisses him. Ah, Delilah. One kiss and Jimmy picks her up and staggers across the threshold, whether or no. "They were wise men," he pants.

Let me call your attention to Ginger's outfit. Gray suiting with a fine, chalk stripe—a very tailored coatsuit. The skirt is plain black with a bolero jacket of the material mentioned above. Black buttons and green tailored buttonholes? The overcoat has sleeves but is worn as a Chesterfield with the sleeves thrown over the shoulders.

"The Joy of Loving" stars Irene Dunne, with a cast including Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Alice Brady, Guy Kibbee and Jean Dixon (who used to be Joan Crawford's closest friend). Jean is Irene's secretary and Doug is her lover—the black sheep of a wealthy Boston family. They (Irene and Doug) meet and scrap—but of course!—and Doug, in order to arrange another meeting has her subpoenaed at a trial. And that, too, is where I come in. Jean is calmly sitting on the bed and Irene is pacing around like a wild woman. "Imagine that cheap masher!" she mutters, snatching her hat off the bed and going to the dresser to don it. "Dragging me into court." Dabbing on some lipstick. "He'll be sorry." Tucking her hair under her hat. "He'll wish he'd left me alone before I get through with him!"



Franklyn Panborn looks with suspicion at Herbert Marshall and Deanna Durbin in "Mad About Music."

Snatching her coat off the bed (mink, of course).

"He ought to get life," Jean remarks drily.

"Life!" Irene screams furiously at the door. "I'll see that he gets the electric chair!"

But he doesn't get the chair. In the end he gets Irene, which is the way all good pictures should end.

That other certain person on the RKO lot whom I dislike almost as much as I do Dietrich, isn't working today so I barge on to the set of "Bringing Up Baby." Cary Grant is working and so is Virginia Walker, who is much the nicer of the two women. Cary is a paleontologist and he is busy, in fact, his life's work is, putting together the bones of a brontosaurus. You remember that song a few years ago that began, "Go wash an elephant if you wanna do something big!"? Well, an elephant isn't in it with a brontosaurus. Cary is up on a high platform absent-mindedly waving the jawbone around. "I'm not sure this isn't part of the tail," he mutters.

"Nonsense," snaps Miss Walker, another Boston society girl who is entering pictures by way of playing Cary's secretary. "You tried it in the tail yesterday and it didn't fit."

"So I did," Cary remembers relievedly.

"David," she continues, "come down off that ladder. Here's a telegram."

"Open it," he orders.

She does—and lets out a little squeal. "David!" she gasps. "They've found it! The intercostal clavicle will be here tomorrow."

Naturally, Cary gets all hopped up but I could tell him he's wasting his emotion because not only will the clavicle be there but so will Hepburn. If I were he I'd sooner do without the clavicle and work in some other picture.

There being naught else to see at R-K-O



Six girls in "Walking Down Broadway." They are Lynn Bari, Dixie Dunbar, Jayne Regan, Leah Ray, Claire Trevor and Phyllis Brooks—tomorrow's ladies of glamour.

I trim my sails for another studio.

Over at Columbia

ONLY one picture going here—"The Lone Wolf." This features the personality kid, Francis Lederer, in the role that Bert Lytell once made famous. This has a European background, it has to do with a mythical kingdom and when I tell you the crown jewels have been stolen again

I've said everything. Frances Drake plays the *Princess Thania* and just at this moment the Grand Duke, Walter Kingsford (who is the real heavy) has Francis Lederer strapped to a board and is throwing knives at him to make him tell where the jewels are hidden. Lederer smiles with the utmost sang froid and keeps his trap shut. But Frances Drake gives out with a scream

[Continued on page 80]

HOW DID WE EVER GET ALONG WITHOUT KLEENEX*?

SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE HAS A
"KLEENEX TRUE CONFESSION"
HAVE YOU? WE'LL PAY \$5.00 IN CASH
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I USED TO BE
A "TERROR"
WHEN I HAD A COLD, WITH MY
NOSE SO SORE AND RED. "SINCE
KLEENEX"—HAPPY DAYS ARE
HERE AGAIN!

(From a letter by Mrs. W. T., New York, N. Y.)



DID MY EARS BURN—
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WHISPER THAT MY TOWELS WERE
STAINED WITH MAKE-UP! NEW KLEENEX
LIPSTICK TISSUES NOW END ALL THAT!

(From a letter by Mrs. H. E. B., Pasadena, Calif.)

● Adopt the habit of using Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box that ends waste and mess... boxes of 200 sheets now 2 for 25c. It's the handy size for every room in your home, for your office and your car. During colds, see how Kleenex soothes your nose, saves money, reduces handkerchief washing. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

I USED TO BE A TISSUE FUMBLER
...BECAUSE OTHER BRANDS
HAVEN'T THAT PEACHY KLEENEX
PULL-OUT BOX THAT MAKES IT
EASY TO GET ONLY
ONE DOUBLE-TISSUE
AT A TIME! NO
MORE FUMBLE
AND JUMBLE
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(From a letter by
Mrs. W. P. S., Chicago, Ill.)



BUY KLEENEX*
IN THE
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—it Saves as it Serves—one double tissue at a time—



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Happy Tidings

A SONJA RADIANT BEYOND IMAGINING...RE-UNITED
IN ROMANCE WITH HER "ONE IN A MILLION" SWEET-
HEART...IN A MUSICAL OF SUPERLATIVE SPLENDOR!



SONJA HENIE



DON AMECHE

A show aglow with joy-laden
wonder...winging from gay
Norseland festivals to New
York's wintertime spectacles!
And Sonja breathlessly in love
...breath-taking on the ice...
the radiant queen of a world
of dreams come true!



HAPPY LANDING

with
JEAN HERSHOLT
ETHEL MERMAN
CESAR ROMERO

BILLY GILBERT
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
WALLY VERNON • LEAH RAY

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer David Hempstead
Original Screen Play by Milton Sperling
and Boris Ingster

SONGS! SONGS! SONGS!

"Hot and Happy", "A Gypsy Told Me"
"You Are The Music To The Words In
My Heart", "Yonny And His Oompah"
by Sam Pokrass and Jack Yellen

It comes to you, of course, from **DARRYL F. ZANUCK** and his 20th Century-Fox hit creators!



Pat O'Brien



Virginia Bruce



Warner Baxter



Norma Shearer

SILVER SCREEN

Topics For Gossip

NELSON EDDY, who has been called the male Garbo of Hollywood because he prefers his own fireside at nights rather than ringside tables at the local clubs, seems to be breaking loose lately. One night, urged on by his companion, the irrepressible Woody Van Dyke, he sang several songs at the Swing Club in Hollywood, and a couple of weeks later the stay-uppers at the Trocadero were astounded to see Mrs. Eddy's blond boy take over the mike and treat everyone to the entire score, practically, of "Rosalie." It was *not* a publicity stunt. Mr. Eddy just felt like singing, and sang.

So what with Nelson singing all over the place, and Marlene dancing the Big Apple every chance she gets, all we need now is for Garbo to come back and entertain the night clubbers with imitations of the actresses who have done imitations of her.

NORMA SHEARER'S appearance at the recent Basil Rathbone party brought forth gasps of envy from the feminine guests. Her gown was a Princess model of white paillettes on a soft transparent velvet backing. The blouse was soft and full, with high neck, and had three large diamond clips down the front. With it she wore a short eton jacket of the same material, with long sleeves, full at the top and shirred round the arm from the elbow down. She carried a bag of the same glittering paillette material with brilliant ball clasp.

LET men kid the girls about the contents of their hand bags if they will, but take an inventory of what is contained in the gadget Basil Rathbone totes around. It is a gold case slightly smaller than the average cigarette case, and it contains a watch, a reading glass, a knife, a perpetual calendar, a door key and a lighter, and is engraved with his name and address for identification. It was designed however, by a woman—Ouida Rathbone.

WHILE his own car was in the garage for repairs, Edgar Kennedy borrowed one of those half-pint motor cars from a friend. Watching Kennedy park it caused more excitement in Hollywood than Greta Garbo on a shopping tour without her disguise.

The comedian finally gave up and squeezing his two hundred and forty pounds through the door, walked to the front of the car, picked it up by the fender and swung it into correct parking position. As he dusted his hands the actor was heard to mutter . . . "a charm bracelet, that's the right place for you."

JEANETTE MACDONALD'S western drawl in "Girl of the Golden West" was acquired from a group of cowboys at the B-Bar-H Ranch near Palm Springs. Before starting the picture Jeanette vaca-



Glenda Farrell

Marjorie Gateson

Basil Rathbone

tioned at the ranch with hubby Gene Raymond, and they say that she spent long hours every day down by the corrals absorbing the necessary western twangs of the cowboys.

THE bride didn't wear red when Virginia Bruce married her director, J. Walter Ruben recently. Virginia wore a long sleeved light blue jersey dress with a draped high neck, wine red sandals, and a white orchid corsage. Virginia won the prize for having the simplest wedding of the year.

But the party tossed for Virginia by the Countess di Frasso, Kay Francis and Ann Warner (Mrs. Jack) that night was something else again. It was held at Ann Warner's on account of she has the biggest house. Of course Kay Francis happened to be suing Jack Warner at the time for a breach of contract but a little thing like that didn't interfere with the fun.

The Rubens stayed for breakfast at the Warners, attended the tennis matches later, followed by a cocktail party at Alfred Vanderbilt's in the late afternoon. Sunday night they spent at the Trocadero. It started off as a quiet wedding but apparently it ended in an endurance contest.

THE most avid reader of the comics in Hollywood is Carole Lombard. She gets furious if anyone takes the paper before she has had a chance to look at the funny strips.

GLEND A FARRELL is wearing an interesting scarf. It is of wine red silk, and on it in white letters, is printed the Abdication speech of Edward VIII of England.

KEN MURRAY says he's tempted to change his name back to the original (Kenneth Abner Doncourt). As he was leaving the Brown Derby one night, Ken was stopped by a man wearing a broad-brimmed Western hat. "You're Ken Murray, ain't you?" said the man.

"I am," replied Ken. "Well, I come all the way from Texas to shake your hand. I think you're the best cowboy actor there is in the movies."

"But I'm not a cowboy actor," said Ken. "I'm on the radio."

"Well, I don't think so much of your radio stuff, but you ride better than Tom Mix and Buck Jones together."

"You don't by any chance mean Maynard, do you? Ken Maynard?"

"Maynard! That's the name. Say, who are you?"

"Jones is the name. Fremond Jones from Chickamauga," returned Ken as he stepped into his car.

EVERYBODY in town is perfectly furious with Warner Baxter. Warner put five dollars on the nose of a \$196 long shot at the Santa Anita racetrack the other afternoon, and the nag came in. The only other person known to be on that horse was the Richard Arlens' chauffeur.

PAT O'BRIEN'S little son Sean will probably grow up to be an extremely good natured young man. Pat simply can't resist waking him up from his sleep when he comes home from the studio and Sean doesn't seem to mind. The youngster is eighteen months old and refuses, since he has learned to walk, to be held in anyone's arms but Pat's. Pat takes it big.

MARJORIE GATESON, travelling along at a fair rate of speed was hailed by a traffic cop who queried in no uncertain tones, "Hey, you got any idea how fast you were goin'?"

"Thirty-nine miles," smiled Miss Gateson, who figured to keep within the forty mile limit.

"That ain't allowed along here," he said, digging for his ticket.

"I mean twenty-nine," quickly responded the actress, and at his glowering look she smiled sweetly. "A lady's got a right to change her mind, hasn't she?"

"Yep, but I ain't goin' to change mine," handing her a ticket.

FIREWORKS BEHIND

By Ed Sullivan

When Famous Roles Are Being Cast The Sparks Begin To Fly.

THE fireworks that were exploded on Page 1 when Claudette Colbert got the role in "Tovarich" which Kay Francis desired, brought to light something generally hidden from movie fans, the active fight that goes on in Hollywood for PARTS. Long before the cameras start grinding on a picture, the stars of the movies are battling for prized roles, for the players agree with Shakespeare that the play IS the thing. They know that they are as good as their material, so, in consequence, when their studios buy a Broadway hit play, the battle is on. The players themselves rarely appear on the battlefield, but stay behind the scenes, urging on their agents. That the Colbert-Francis row was revealed to the public was an accident. An alert newspaperman got wind that Kay Francis' agent was planning to go to court, in an attempt to break her contract, and the story was out.

Paulette Goddard's ambition to play Scarlet is another case. The situation had developed to the point where David Selznick practically had decided to give her the coveted role. Then the studio learned that one of the top-flight magazines had photographed Miss Goddard in costume, and was planning to go to press with a double-page "beat." Selznick immediately cancelled all negotiations with Paulette and gave out a statement to Associated Press that was a verbal reproof to those who, in Selznick's words, "were seeking to capitalize on the popularity of the book."

The M. G. M. radio program again spotlighted the quarrels that are carried on by the performers. Jeanette MacDonald agreed to appear on one of the early programs, providing no other girl singer was featured with her. At the last moment, the studio, seeking to build up Ilona Massey, an Hungarian importation, announced that



(Extreme left) Clark Gable, a poor judge of parts. (Left) No one blames Kay Francis for fighting for career-building roles. (Above) Jeanette MacDonald battled for a chance and now she fights to retain her position.

Ilona would sing on the same program. The furious battle that ensued will go into radio history. Miss MacDonald, however, won out. The Massey girl's performance was cancelled.

The star system of Hollywood creates all of this controversy. Once an actor or actress develops box-office power, he or she can practically

dictate the terms and conditions of his or her employment. Woe betide the studio if the feelings of a big star are ruffled. Not, mind you, that the actor or actress always chooses wisely. Performers are rare indeed who can read a part and decide on its merit. From time immemorable, performers look ONLY at the left side of a script, to see how many lines they have to speak. If they have sufficient lines, the quantity is a compelling argument. They are not always so scrupulously exact in their judgment of the quality of the lines.

"Mutiny on the Bounty," one of the greatest pictures made,

THE SCENES



(Above) The ambitious Robert Montgomery at last got a part he liked. (Right)

Joan Crawford, unwittingly her own worst enemy and (extreme right) Bette Davis, so charming and pleasant, yet her career blossomed when she played the meanest girl in screen history.

illustrates the errors in judgment of performers. Charles Laughton, whose characterization of Captain Bligh remains as one of the truly fine documents of celluloid, took the role with the greatest reluctance. Director Frank Lloyd told me exactly what went on behind the scenes when Laughton came to his office at Paramount to discuss the picture and the character.

"Frank, I can't play Bligh," protested Laughton. "Good God, man, I don't look like a sailor, I don't walk like a sailor, I don't talk like a sailor, and I get violently nauseous on any kind of boat. I must turn it down. The part is bad for me."

Lloyd reasoned with him, and finally had to remind him that the studio insisted that he play the role. On top of this, Clark Gable didn't like the role of Mr. Christian, the part that was to add to Gable's lustre as a star. "It's a bad part," Gable said. "It lacks conviction. The audience won't believe it."

That is the mental attitude which Laughton and Gable brought to "Mutiny on the Bounty." Laughton, the first time out on the tug, did get violently nauseous. Lloyd made him stretch himself flat on the deck, and the attack passed. It was while he was in that position, flat on his back on the deck, that Laughton let out a violent exclamation.

"Frank, I've got it, I've got it," he yelled. "Got what?" asked Lloyd doubtfully. "I was watching you just now, Frank," said Laughton, sitting upright, "and noticing how you cocked your eyes up to the mast of the boat. It's your eyebrows that give you that sailor expression. Look here, I have no eyebrows, just a fuzz. Get me eyebrows like yours, big, bushy eyebrows and I'll be able to play Bligh."

That's exactly what was done. The cameraman made pictures of Director Lloyd's eyebrows, and the Max Factor wig department made up a false pair which Laughton pasted on. From then on, he was Captain Bligh.

Gable, who is a swell scout, used to stand on deck, plainly unhappy and disapproving. Finally, after a series of exasperating delays, Lloyd and Gable went ashore at Catalina to have a few drinks.



"You look tired, Frank," said Gable. "I am tired," wearily replied Lloyd.

"I guess I've upset you some, haven't I?" asked Gable.

"Well, Clark, to tell the truth, your attitude has upset me," confessed the director.

"Well, from now, I'll do whatever you ask me to do, Frank," said Gable. "I won't guarantee you that I'll believe what we're doing, but I'll do it."

Lloyd says that Gable's sympathies are so keen that if you appeal to them, he'll do anything.

The point I'm making however, is that Laughton and Gable didn't like "Mutiny on the Bounty" in script form, but on celluloid it was a smash hit collectively, and provided outstanding individual successes for them. Performers

fight for parts, and fight against other parts, but few of them know what is best for them. As witness Mae West's unhappy radio experience. She insisted on certain material. It was ruinous.

Joan Crawford, for instance, is a

shrewd judge of this business. Yet Joan clamored to play "Gorgeous Hussy," and it was a terrific box-office flop. Then she asked for "Bride Wore Red," and a second flop registered against her. Neither she nor Spencer Tracy liked "Mannequin" while it was being filmed. I know, because I used to visit them on the set while Frank Borzage was directing it. Yet "Mannequin" is a box-office sensation.

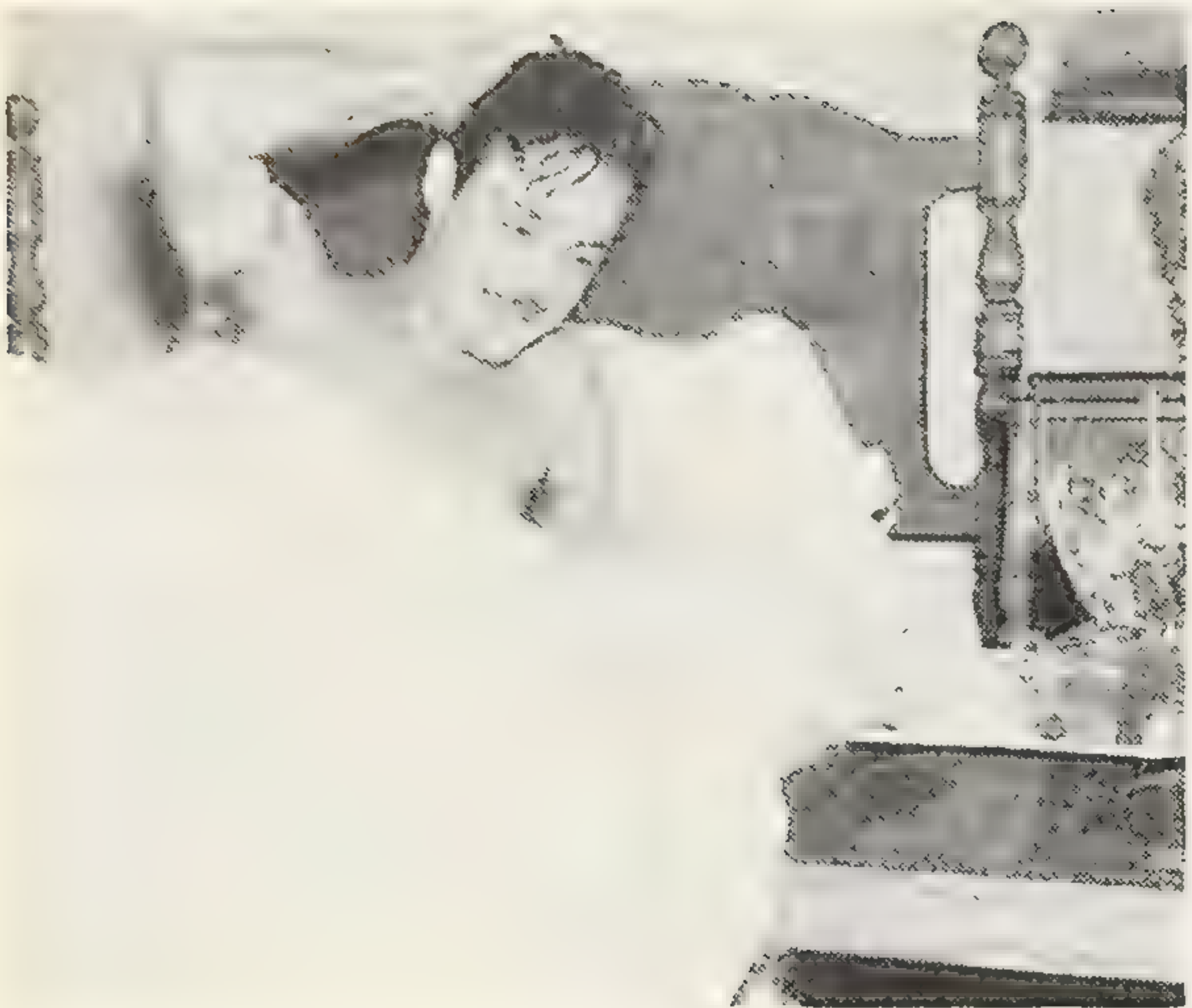
Paul Muni, after a series of great successes, wanted to go comic. The studio begged him to sidestep it. He insisted. "Hi Nellie" was the result, an egg-layer. Jimmy Cagney, [Continued on page 80]



When A Candid Camera Clicker Has Friends—That's Something. Zerbe Roams The Night Spots And Is Quick On The Draw.

Flash

By
Jerome Zerbe



(Top) Rosalind Russell pretending to be an opera diva—and J. Z. got it. (Above) Jimmy Blakely the morning after 1938 got started.



(Left) Marg Grahame and Bini Barnes arrive at Morocco for dinner. What, no men? (Below, left) Fred March in Doctor's Hospital. Flat on his back because of leg infection. (Below) Jean Hershey caught as he was making his getaway.

I KNEW the Fredric Marches were in town to do a play and so I called up Mrs. Brock Pemberton, who is a great friend of theirs, to find out where they were staying. "Fine thing," she said, "to be wanting to photograph Freddie now. He's very ill at the Doctor's Hospital, but I'll see if I can arrange it."

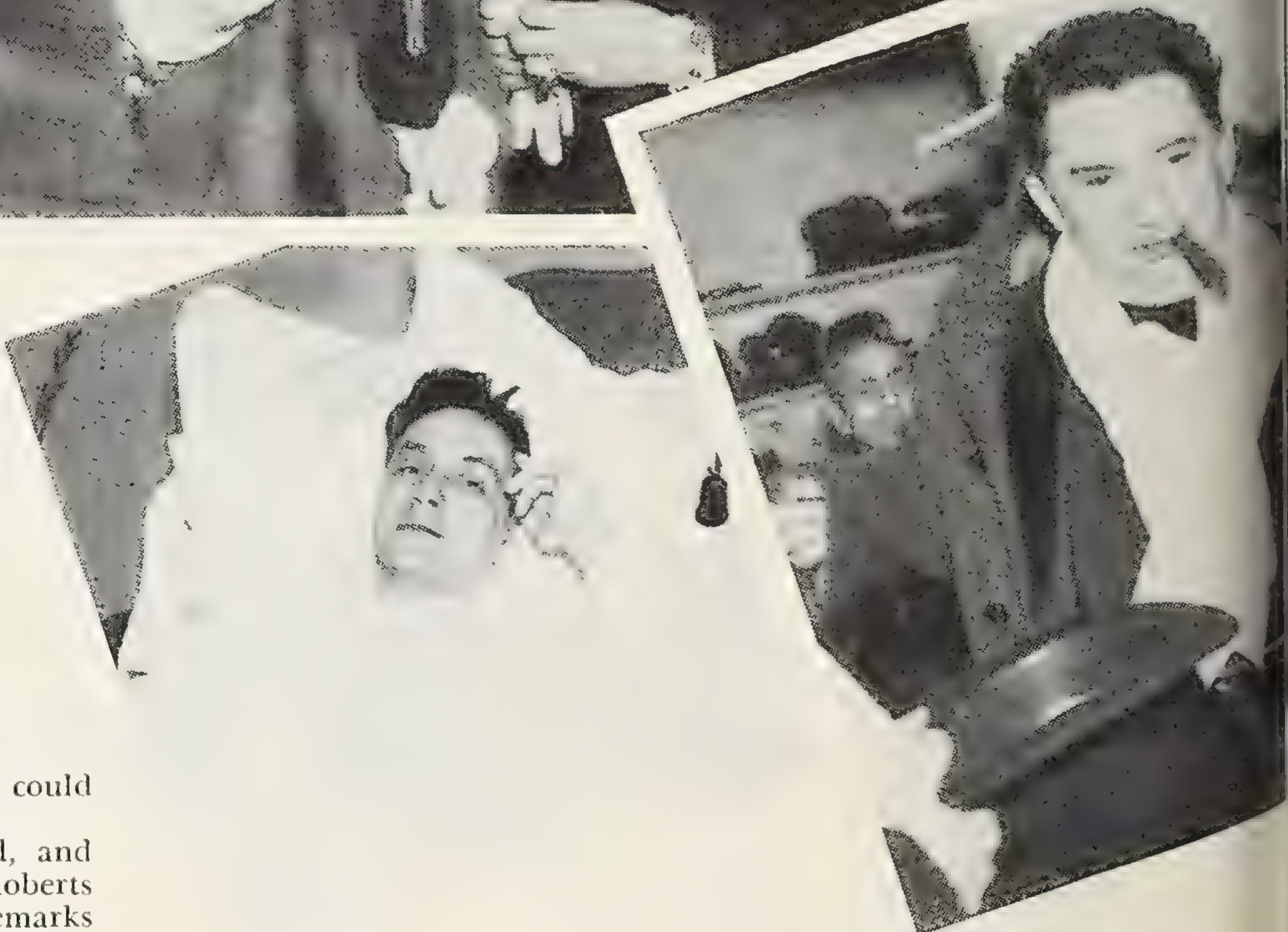
The next morning Mrs. March, who is the lovely Florence Eldridge, called to say that her husband would see me that afternoon and to call his nurse at the hospital and tell her what time I'd be there. So I called the hospital and asked to speak to Miss —, well, we'll call her Miss Roberts, which was not her name, to be kind. The operator said Miss Roberts wasn't taking any calls, that I'd have to call the secretary. I explained I was calling at Mrs. March's request and how, otherwise, could I have known the nurse's name?

The operator asked me to wait a minute, which I did, and then again she said she was very sorry but that Miss Roberts didn't wish to be disturbed. I made some mighty unkind remarks about that nursing Garbo and called the secretary who arranged for three o'clock as the best time.

I found Mr. March looking ill and very, very bored. He had to pass the holidays in bed with nothing to do but keep very quiet and watch the boats go by on the river below his windows. The play opening had to be postponed two weeks and a measles epidemic had broken out in the company to further complicate matters.

We discussed the play, and mutual friends, and I expressed regret that Mrs. March wasn't there to be in the photo. "But,"

he said, "I thought you knew. Florence is laid up at Mayfair House with a severe cold and won't be able to get out for two or three days." So, on the way downtown, I stopped at Mayfair House and sent up my name. Mrs. March received me, sitting up in bed reading. She was wearing a pink knitted bedjacket and the walls of the room were a soft blue-green. She told me she admired my photos, which put me instantly at ease and also gave a new spring to my step. She expressed restlessness at not being able to



photo

see her husband, also at being away from her friends and her lovely Hollywood home.

Later that evening I went to a costume party and everyone was very pleased because Rosalind Russell was there. Her sister, Mrs. Chet La-Roche, is a great friend of mine and I sought her out, as I knew Rosalind would be with her. And she was. Her costume was all pink, the cape lined with white and the hat, with its blue and lavender ostrich plumes, was tied with a big black ribbon. I told her I'd like a photo of her singing and she said, "All right, but surely not like this," and struck a pose which I took very, very quickly. I'm not sure she'll like it when
[Continued on page 70]



(Above) Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shields in a telephone booth, shot through the glass. (Note to wives.)



(Top) Brian Donlevy and the girl friend—Mrs. Brian Donlevy. (Center) Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Green (Betty Furness). (Above) Mrs. Fredric March (Florence Eldridge) sick, herself, in New York. (Left) Countess Clarita de Forceville, author, Lucius Beebe and the Lawrence Tibbetts. Tom Johnson, socialite looks on.

It Was George M. Cohan Who Understood Publicity. "I Don't Care What You Say," Said He, "So Long As You Mention My Name."

PITY the poor rising star! The bright hopefuls of the screen may not make a deal with Mephistopheles, but they pay a high price for fame. Win or lose in the struggle for top honors, there are few players who have not often felt that they were being tossed into an awful arena. Sometimes they are lionized—frequently they are thrown to the lions.

It does not take much imagination to picture Robert Taylor's feelings when he was surrounded by a bunch of hard-boiled reporters in New York recently.

"Do you think you're beautiful?" he was asked.

He probably felt like punching someone in the nose. It might have helped his state of mind but it wouldn't have helped his career. One of the best actors in Hollywood gave way to jangled nerves in Mexico a few years ago and he is still fighting desperately to stage a come-back.

The point is that Mr. Taylor himself has done absolutely nothing to make anyone think he is handsome—much less beautiful. An average young American, endowed with good looks and a vivid personality, he has had greatness thrust on him, publicly and privately. From the moment a producer first had the notion that he might make a fine leading man, he started a perilous journey, with a pack of wolves loping relentlessly along after him.

When he signed his first contract, he bought a new wardrobe. He also found that he was having a whole personality custom-built for him. Dozens of shrewd publicity experts immediately started casting an aura of romance and enchantment about his most prosaic activities. Gossip columnists had him madly in love with any presentable girl with whom he appeared in public (first it was Irene Hervey, later Barbara Stanwyck). Willy-nilly, he became the new matinee idol—the beautiful youth and the great lover of the silver screen.

As a matter of fact young Mr. Taylor has too much sound American common sense to be fooled badly by the enormous build-up he has been given. He has confided to friends that a lot of the contemporary myth that surrounds him makes life pretty unbearable, but he is too wise to give the wolves a chance to dart in and start tearing him to pieces.

Consider his recent trip to England to appear in "A Yank at Oxford." On his way East from Hollywood, the plane stopped at Kansas City, where 1,500 or more women closed in on him. He did exactly what you would have done under the same circumstances. He stayed in the plane. And so there were boos and catcalls before he winged on to New York to be heckled about being "beautiful." The day he sailed he was mobbed not once, but twice and two star-struck stowaways were dragged out from under his berth before the boat could weigh anchor. It still seems to me that the actor showed the real stuff of greatness when, in the midst of all that pandemonium he said:

"The only thing I'm afraid of—somebody's going to get hurt."

In Europe it was even worse. There he was really at the mercy of the mobs. In Amsterdam traffic was tied up by film-struck Dutch lassies. Women fought each other in London to retrieve his discarded cigarette butt. As a matter of fact, he saw none of the sights of London he wanted to view for the first time but had to take refuge in the country, thirty miles from the British capitol.

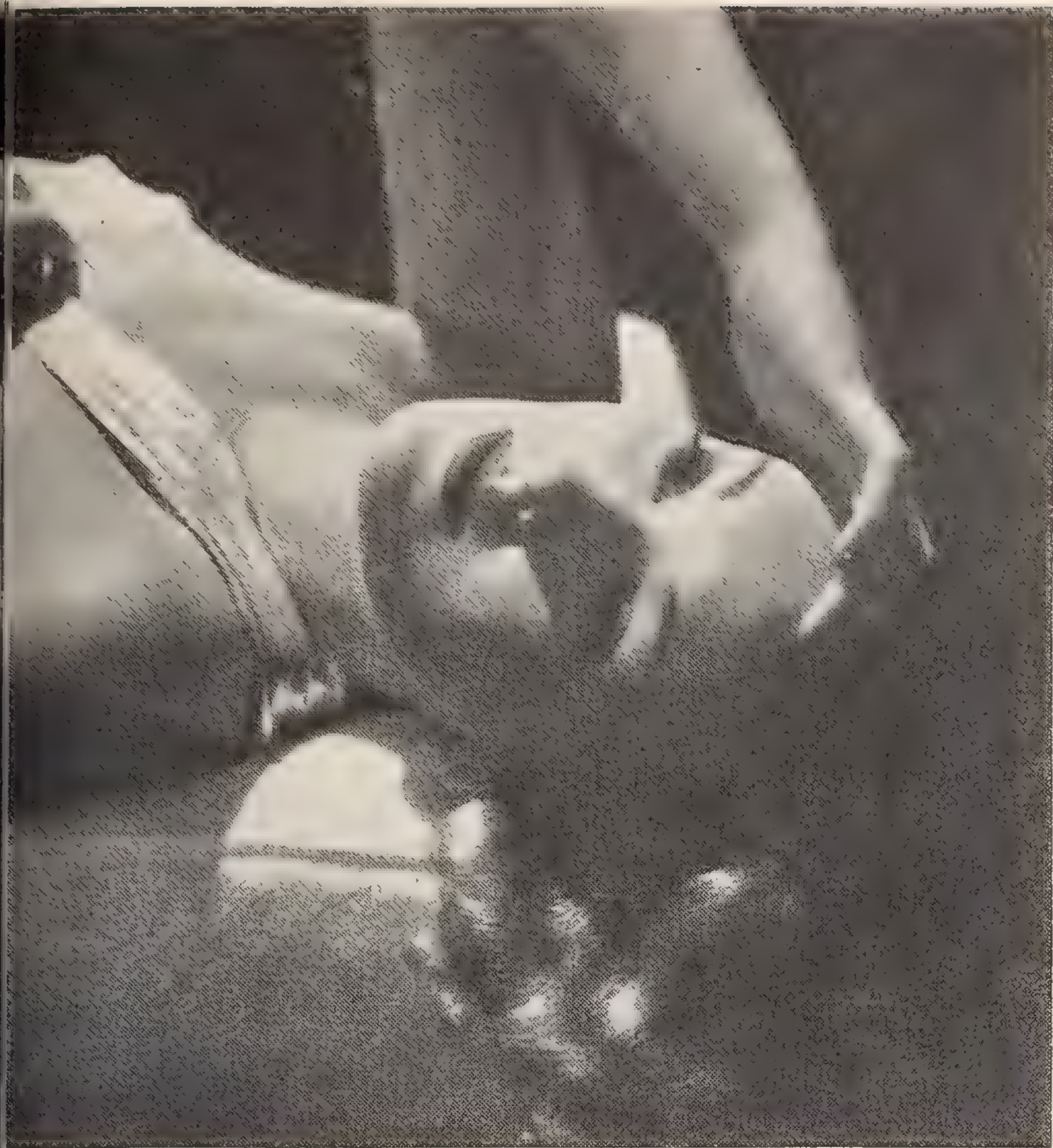
There is no ducking the limelight, though, once it has been turned on you. Here was a quiet simple fellow, who had started to be a doctor, had switched to economics and only got into the maelstrom of a movie career because a talent scout happened to see him acting in a college show. Almost over-night,

(Left to Right)
Paul Muni, Vicki
Lester and Sandra
Shaw. Fame is an
old story to Muni,
but a glorious
dream to the girls.

DOES PUBLICITY HURT THE STARS? By HOWARD BARNES

he was rich and famous. At the same time virtually cut off from the normal pursuits that most of us call living.

Even his retreat to the countryside was no help. The publicity experts still sent out reams of drivel about the private aspects of his life. The gossipers linked his name with that of Maureen O'Sullivan for no better reason than that she was his leading lady in the pic-



ture he was making. One commentator wrote a scathing piece of invective, based on press releases, in which he was sarcastically called "Robert Taylor, English country squire" who was in the custom of eating a "good old English breakfast of bacon and eggs."

Make no mistake about it "Heartthrob Bob" as he has been called, has plenty of scars from the wolves. It makes no difference that he is extremely modest about his acting abilities and that he has put himself on record as shunning stardom. He is in the very middle of the arena. He can cow his hecklers if he keeps his head, but he is faced with the greatest battle of his life at the very moment that his star is most brilliantly in the ascendant.

There are many screen actors who have not been as level-headed as he. There are many who have had no choice in the matter.

When I was in Hollywood not so long ago, I was told about *The Glamour Girl*. No names were named, but I was given to understand that here was the most beautiful, most exotic, most brilliant, etc., etc., actress

(Below — left) Garbo. It's strange how she always makes the headlines when her picture is about to break.



(Left) Anna Sten fell off her build-up — BAM! Now what? (Above) Will Doris Weston fulfill the studio promises?

who had ever made her way from the Old World to the New World and Hollywood. Being curious and a male, I was anxious to meet this new charmer who was said to combine all the best features of Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, Davis and Loy.

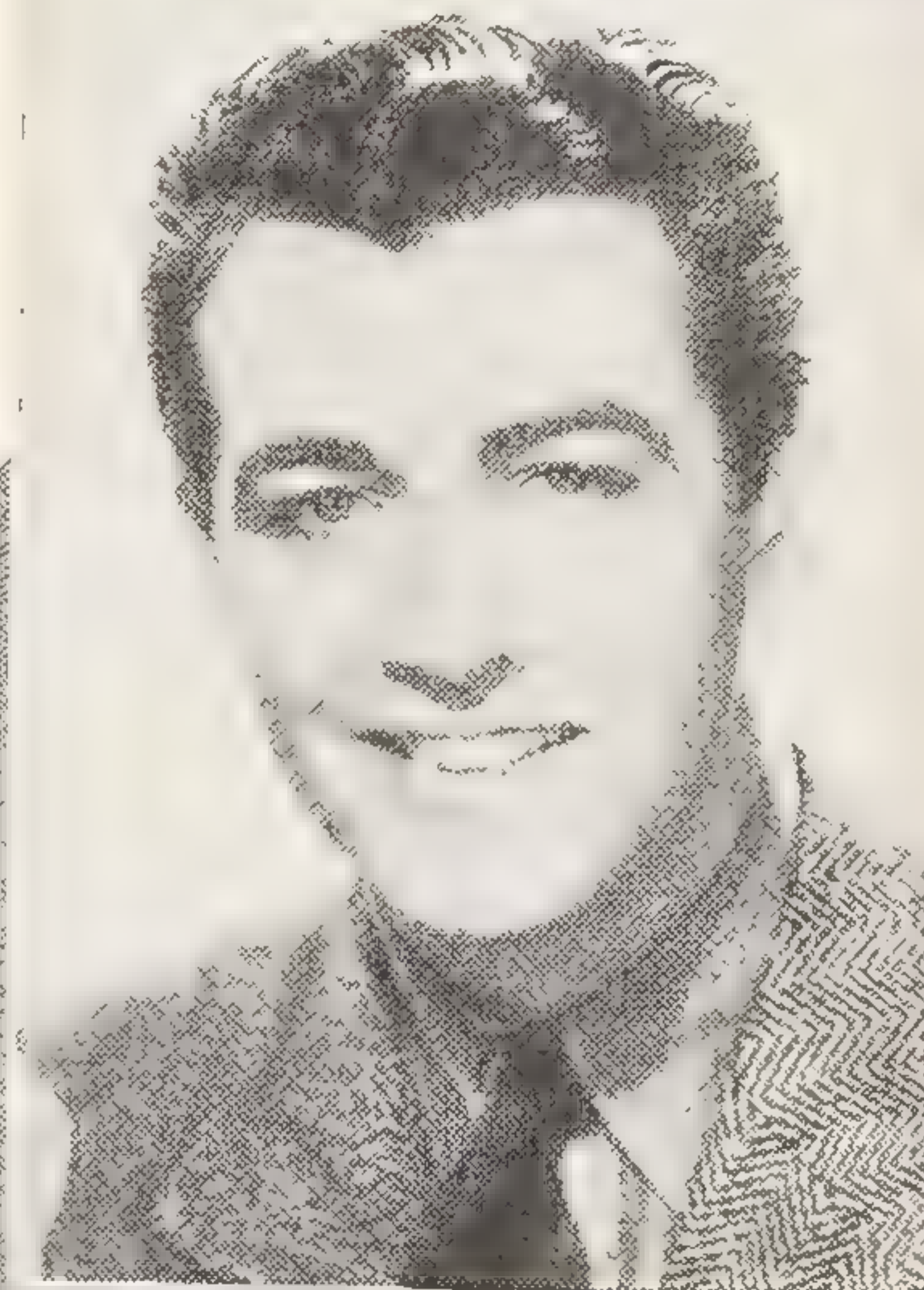
"You can't see her," I was told. "She's being kept under cover. But you wait until you see her in a picture. She's going to stun you."

As it turned out I did see her, at a producer's party, where for some reason or other there were no press agents to keep the glamour and mystery at white heat. She was a beautiful and attractive girl called Sandra Storme, who had had a considerable success as a mannequin in London. I certainly wasn't stunned.

A bit later I saw her in her first film. I still found her beautiful and attractive. I still wasn't stunned. To be perfectly honest, I resented the fact that she didn't live up to the fabulous build-up she had been given before I met her. Without her having had any part in it, I became prejudiced against the girl and had to fight against that prejudice to keep any kind of a critical attitude about her, although she wasn't called on to do much in the way of acting in any case.

The classic example of a player being thrown to the wolves is, of course, Anna Sten. Sam Goldwyn imported her after seeing her in a foreign film. For a year he paid her a princely salary while he had her coached in English, dramatics, singing and dancing. The build-up was enormous. Miss Sten became a sphinx-like creature, whose acting made Duse look like a tramp, whose singing and dancing were superb. The wolves gathered and they had a field day at Mr. Goldwyn's expense as well as Miss Sten's. Some \$400,000 was spent on the original version of "Nana" and the whole thing scrapped. Miss Sten definitely did not arrive under Mr. Goldwyn's

(Right) They keep the spotlight on Robert Taylor as if he were an escaping prisoner. (Below) Katharine Hepburn. Is she immune?



glowing banner.

The tragic thing about it is the fact that Miss Sten had a real talent for acting. Playing a simple peasant role, as she did in "Wedding Night," she was enormously appealing and moving. But she had been sold to the public as the very personification of glamour and the wolves brought her down before her career really started. One of the greatest build-ups that a player has ever been given almost destroyed her. It will take great courage and wisdom on her part to climb

to the top of the heap after that first terrible experience in the arena.

Incidentally, Mr. Goldwyn is too good a producer to make the same mistake twice. When "Hurricane" first went into production, there was a good-looking youngster appearing in the leading role. I asked John Ford, the director, about him but only got a vague reply. The press department didn't help me out beyond telling me that he was a new-comer who might work out in the assignment and then again might not. Jon Hall was his name.

He is a fortunate young man and if Mr. Goldwyn sticks to his plans for him he will continue to be fortunate. You haven't heard Mr. Hall being touted as a matinee idol and you won't, if his studio can help it. Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power can have the spotlight, can crash the scandal columns and get mobbed, but not Jon Hall.

When he made a swift tour of the country recently, after "The Hurricane" was released, to be interviewed by the motion picture critics of the key cities, the whole regular [Continued on page 79]

STUDIO "STENOGRAPH"

The True Story Of A Pretty Girl Who Tried To Break Into Pictures And Almost Broke Her Heart.

The caste system in the studio restaurant. The hopeful waitresses serve the big stars immediately—the typists can wait.

IT'S about time I went back to Hollywood to try my luck again. I intend to do my best to stay out of jail this trip.

Being a young woman reared under reasonably respectable circumstances, I really wouldn't know whether this Hollywood jail was above or below standard. I was confined in a semi-basement room with bad ventilation and worse light coming through small, barred windows near the ceiling, windows which had evidently not been washed for months. Originally it had been two smaller rooms; the door between had been taken out, and into this inadequate space some twenty girls were crowded. The floor was full of litter, the walls splashed with dark stains where the plaster wasn't flaking off in chalky patches, the air grim and musty.

But it didn't say Municipal House of Correction for Females over the door. Instead, it said Script Department, and it was the room in which some twenty stenographers toiled for a great movie studio. The black stains on the walls were sprawling smudges of ink where the boys who operated the mimeograph machines wiped their hands, and the litter on the floor was waste paper. But the only real difference was that we pounded typewriters instead of rock, were paid \$22.50 a week instead of contributing our services to the community gratis, and had the consolation of getting a good look at Hollywood from the wrong side of the fabric—in some ways a better look than people in good positions got, for we didn't stay in the cell-block all the time. Like the members of a chain-gang we were often sent to do outside labor all over the studio.

In college, I won a Dramatic Club prize offered for the best one-act play. Thus encouraged, I thought of Hollywood. A brother-in-law of mine was a famous director, so I didn't have the panic-stricken awe of the place which handicaps a great many aspirants. I was not screen-struck, I had no illusions about eventually making Greta Garbo gnaw her fingers over my rising threat to her supremacy. But I did have an idea that, if I were as smart a girl as I thought I was, the picture-business had room for me there in a real job.

I arrived primed with rash ideals, determined not to trade upon my brother-in-law's name. If I had to start by grafting a job, I didn't want it. It was just as well. When I arrived, I learned that my relative was under the cloud of a political studio-feud and couldn't get past the front gate. No more could I. For three weeks I tried to get an interview with anybody at all. At the end of that time, I had not even succeeded in getting the guards at the front entrance to say more than no to me.

There were other girls hanging around the studio door on the same errand. From them I learned that

As told to

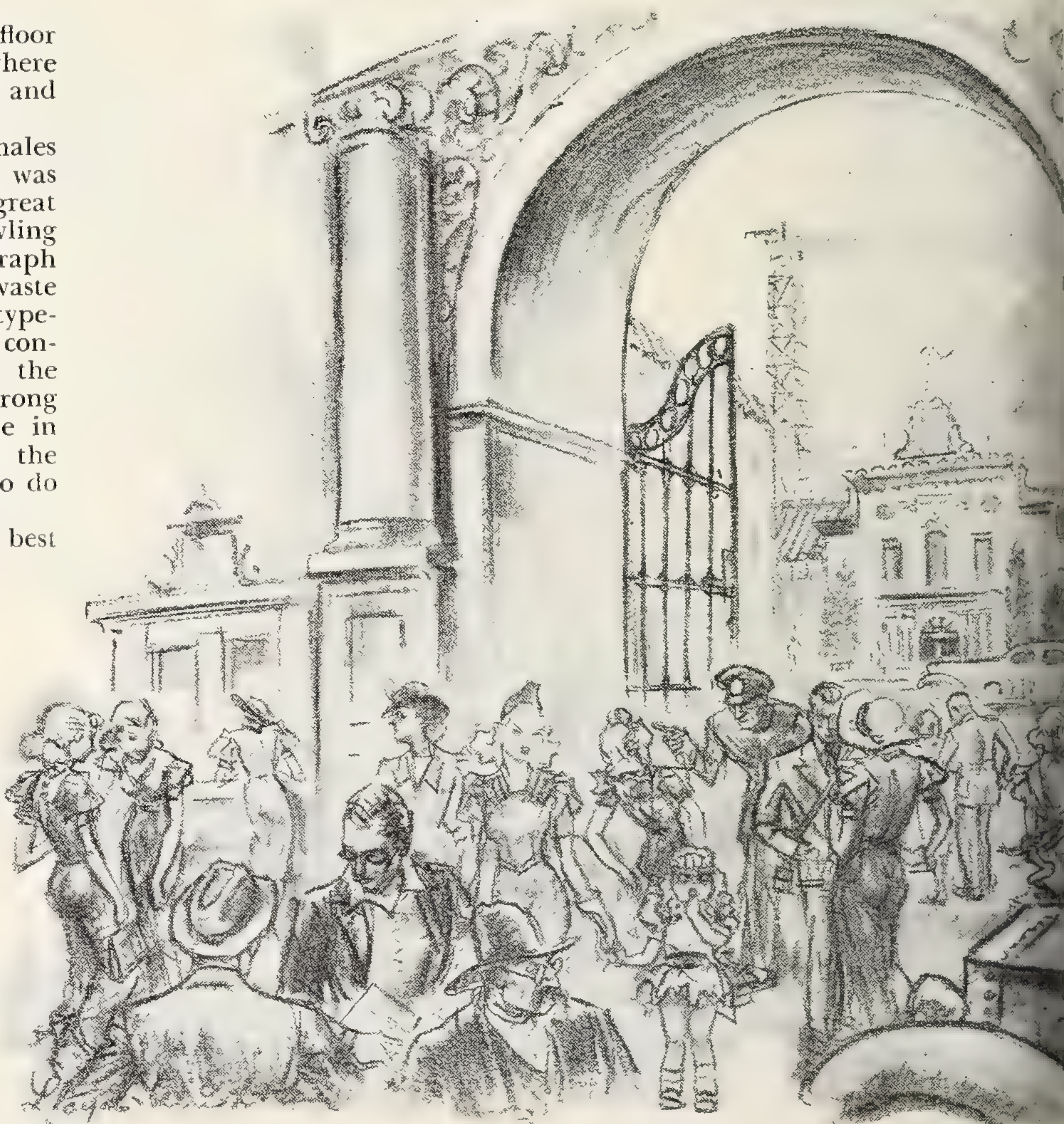
J. C. Furnas

Who wrote "And Sudden Death," the article that has saved thousands of lives.

even a would-be screen-writer has a better chance of crashing a studio if she knows short-

hand and typing. So for six weeks I went to a makeshift business college, the faculty of which guar-

anteed you a super-colossal business education in one-third the usual time. (Apparently they traded in movie-minded people like myself who had neither time nor funds to waste.) Between classes I sat on wooden



REVEALS ALL!

benches outside studio gates and drew circles and curves laboriously in my shorthand notebook.

Then, something happened almost as implausible as an old-time movie plot. A famous director whom we shall call Mr. von Strobitch came to pay a social call upon my brother-in-law while I was there. In the usual course of Hollywood events, this call was fantastically unprecedented. When you are out, in Hollywood, you are so completely out that no one remembers your name. Perhaps my brother-in-law owed him money; perhaps he had a hot tip on the races. At any rate that visit marked the point where the heroine deserted her principles.

"If you'll take my advice," Mr. von Strobitch replied to my appeal for a job, "you'll get married. But I don't suppose you want to take that kind of advice." I said I certainly did not, so he gave me a card which passed me on to the lady-head of the script department at the Jones Brothers' Studio. (Since then Mr. von Strobitch has joined my brother-in-law in the doghouse. The lady-head of the script department is there yet, but she can't last much longer. Things happen fast in Hollywood.)

The script department lady, who had an eye like a wary parrot's, started asking me questions.

"Have you had any studio experience?"

"No," I answered, "but Mr. von Strobitch sent me."

"Well, how fast can you take dictation?"

"Not fast at all," I said, thinking of that business course of mine which quit where a competent stenographer begins, "but Mr. von Strobitch sent me."

"Well, have you had any general busi-



Another "extra" call and she changes to sheers. For, to directors, legs are so important.

ness experience?"

"None whatever," I said, "but Mr.—"

"Well," she said quickly, "can you speak any foreign languages?"

"Not a one," I said, "—but Mr.—"

"I see," she said in great haste.

"Have you had a college education?"

"Yes," I said, feeling almost as relieved as she did.

"You'll do," she said, hastily gave me a copy of the departmental rules and put me in a little room with a typewriter to copy these rules as a sample of my work. I had not stayed at business college long enough to learn what tabular keys were, so I took far too long over the job and turned in a terrible piece of work. But I went on Jones Brothers' payroll next morning.

The other girls in the department were rather vague about how they

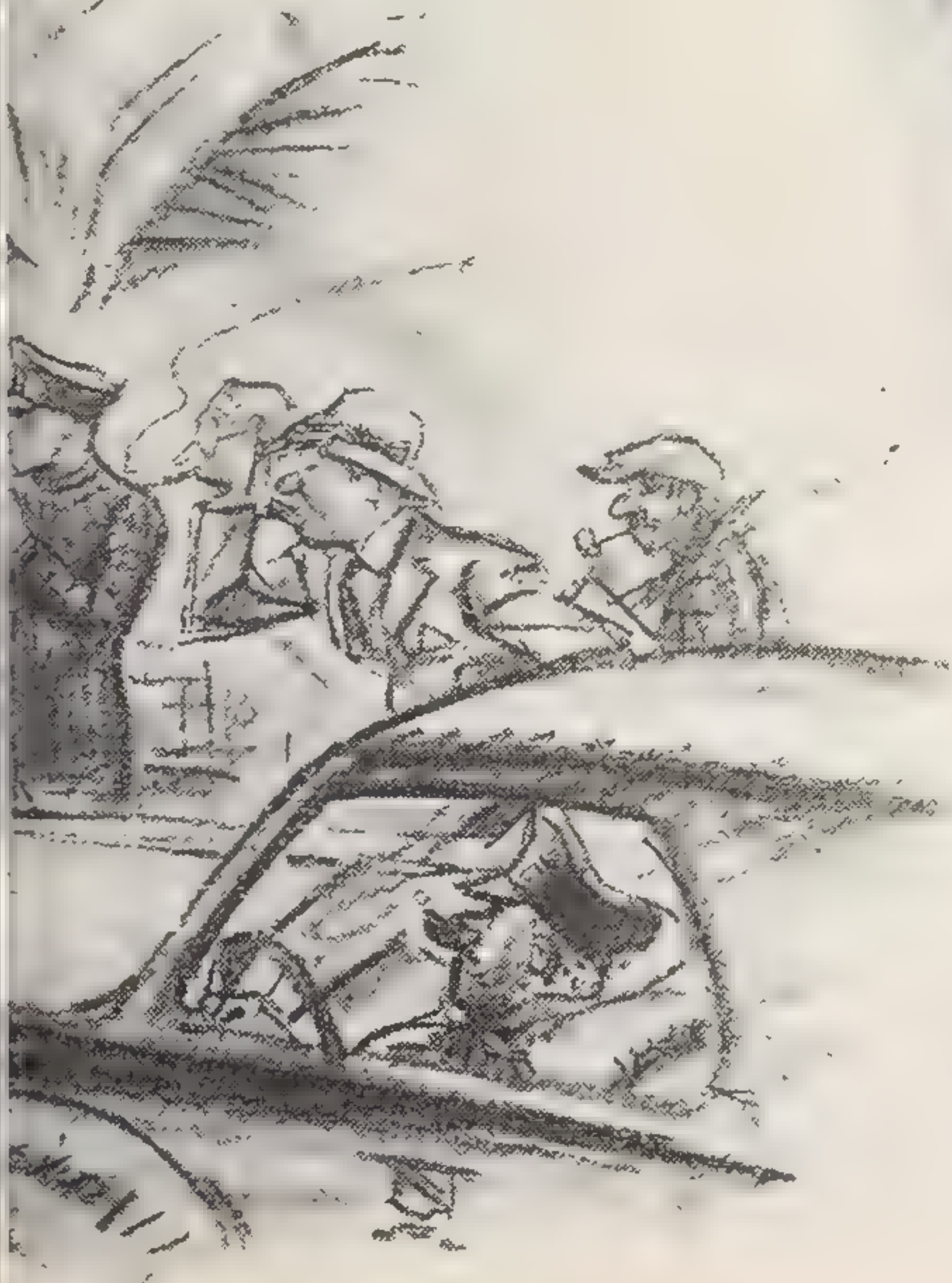
had got their jobs. Most of them must have had the equivalent of a brother-in-law who owed an important man some money. For many of them were little better stenographers than I, only two of us had gone to college, and, as to speaking a foreign language fluently, most of us hadn't mastered English.

Practically none of us had any liking for stenography as a career. Some were pretty youngsters who had won small-time beauty prizes and couldn't get jobs as extras. This was their last desperate effort to get inside the studio walls within eyeshot of casting directors. Others had heard legends of stenographers whose smiles had so affected big shots that they had been promoted along the girl-friend-cum-secretary route to a hundred dollars a week. Still others thought they could write. Some very few were in love with the shadowy image of a movie actor or the glamour of his leading lady and wanted to be near the charmed circle instead of writing letters to movie magazines to find out how much Clark Gable weighed and whether [Continued on page 64]

Sketches By
Lloyd Wright



(Above) The forelady who drove the pretty typists back to grim reality. (Left) The studio gate that stands between a girl and all her dreams of grandeur.



WHEN Errol Flynn came to Hollywood from London and New Guinea in the winter of 1934 he was twenty-six years old, weighed a hundred and eighty pounds, and was six feet two inches tall. His hair, brown like his eyes, he parted on the left side, and he was comfortably dressed in his favorite outfit: flannel pants and shirt, open at the throat, English tweed sports coat, and gay scarf.

The secretaries and stenographers at the studio, the most blasé group of people in the world, did him the honor of glancing up from their inner office memoranda as he passed by with long graceful strides, followed by Arno, his devoted Schnauser. After years of Eddie Robinson and Jimmy Cagney in fisticuffs, Pat O'Brien in sailor suits, Joe E. Brown in gapes, and Paul Muni in beards it was rather a relief to have a male around who looked tall, handsome and devastatingly romantic. Over their chicken patties in the commissary they pronounced Jack Warner's newest importation "a fine figure of a man."

Errol was under contract to the Warner Brothers at that time for one hundred and fifty a week, and

no one, least of all himself, had the faintest idea that he would become a national idol, after the release of his third picture, and have his salary upped to twenty times the original amount.

He arrived at the studio simultaneously with a batch of eager newcomers who seemed bent on expressing their personality, and curves, for the local newspapers, so it was quite some time before anyone, except the secretaries and stenographers, paid the slightest attention to Errol Flynn.

Hollywood, a rather exciting place to the dreamy folk who write and act, Mr. Flynn considered just another dull hole where nothing ever happened. The night clubs bored him. So did the Hollywood parties. He craved excitement. The nearest he could get to the chilling thrills of New Guinea was a ride in a radio patrol car going eighty in the midst of traffic, with the siren screaming. He made pals of the radio cops and hinted outrageously for rides.

Last spring he wrote in a national magazine, "Four years ago I quit New Guinea, the most savage, the least known and, in all respects, the wildest country on the earth's surface. In spite of two years in Hollywood movies, I haven't had a really exciting moment since."

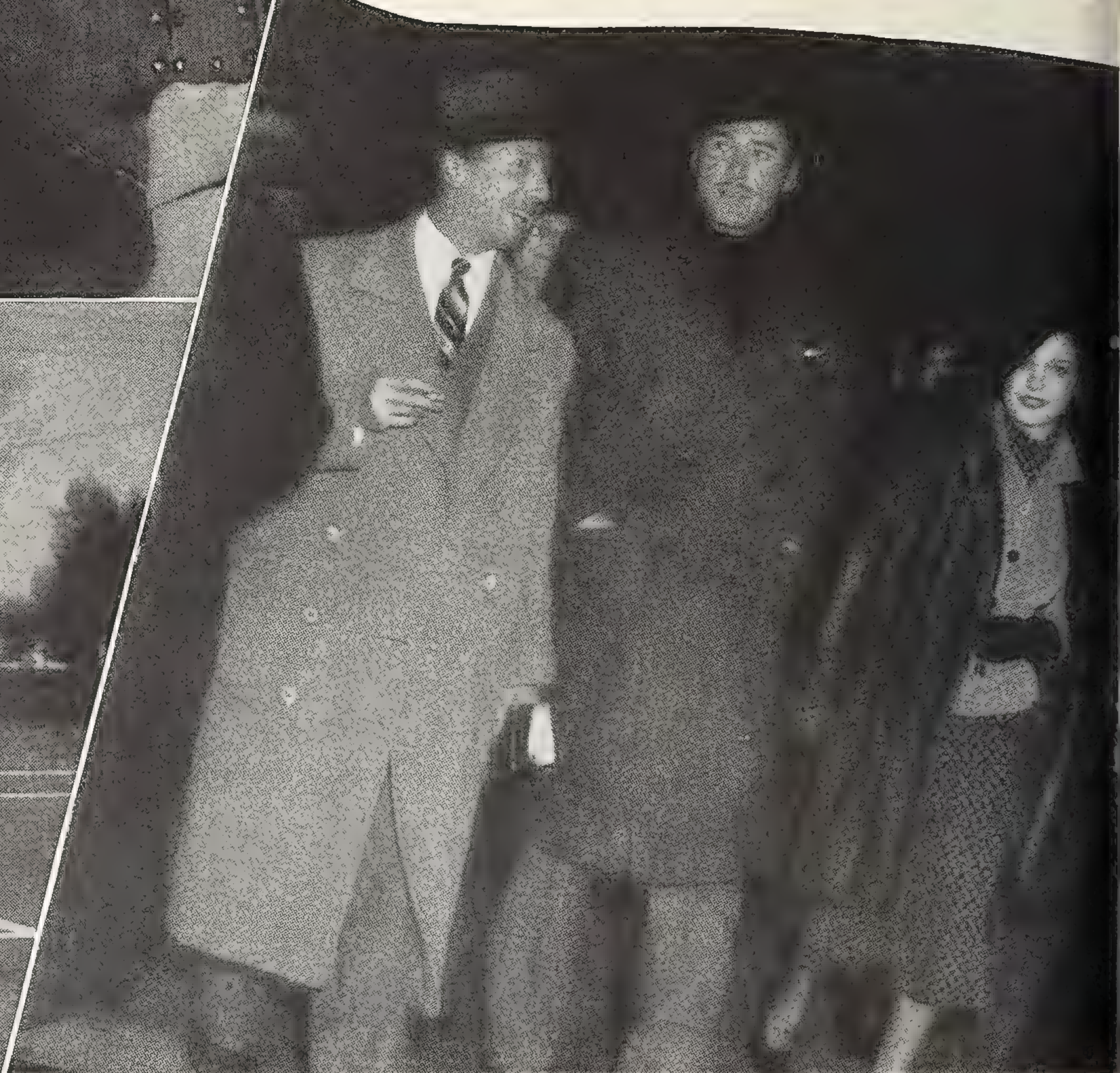
When Errol was introduced to Edward Selzer, head of the publicity department at that time, he called him "dear old boy" with a clipped British accent, and promised him that he wouldn't be late for appointments with the press, and that he would not sock people in public places. (To date he has kept his second promise but not his first—as we who write while the editors burn well know.)

Then he was turned over to the publicity boys for the filling-out-of-the-biography routine, a routine to which every newcomer to the movies is subjected. When Errol, trying to be helpful, mentioned his adventures among the head hunters in New Guinea, the cannibals in the untamed wilds of Papua, the deadly cobras in the uncharted jungles, and the rivers infested with man-eating crocodiles through which he had to swim, the boys listened with their tongues in their cheeks. Mr. Flynn, it

(Below, left) Errol Flynn has had a champion's training and keeps "in the pink."
(Left) In the lovable character of Robin Hood.



PROJECT



seemed, had been places and done things. Or else, Mr. Flynn had a very vivid imagination.

When they asked him if he had any famous ancestors, Errol said, "Well, I don't know whether you'd call him famous or infamous. Anyhow I am a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian who led the mutiny on the Bounty." Mr. Flynn, the boys decided, was a colossal liar. But thank God for Mr. Flynn. The more he invented the less they would have to invent.

After the release of "Captain Blood" (no one was interested in reading about Errol Flynn until that picture established him as a sensational new star) the publicity boys launched numerous stories about the amazing life of the Irish adventurer. Such as, "Captain Blood" was a fictional daredevil of the seventeenth century. Flynn is his counterpart in real life, born two hundred and fifty years too late to be a member of Blood's pirate band, but a youth equally adept at finding romance and adventure in unexpected places. He can shut his eyes against the bright lights of the premiere of his picture and remember that four years ago he was nursing a poisoned arrow wound, somewhere in the jungles of New Guinea, while the natives danced about his camp-fire in strange ceremonials, warding off the unwelcome visitor called Death."

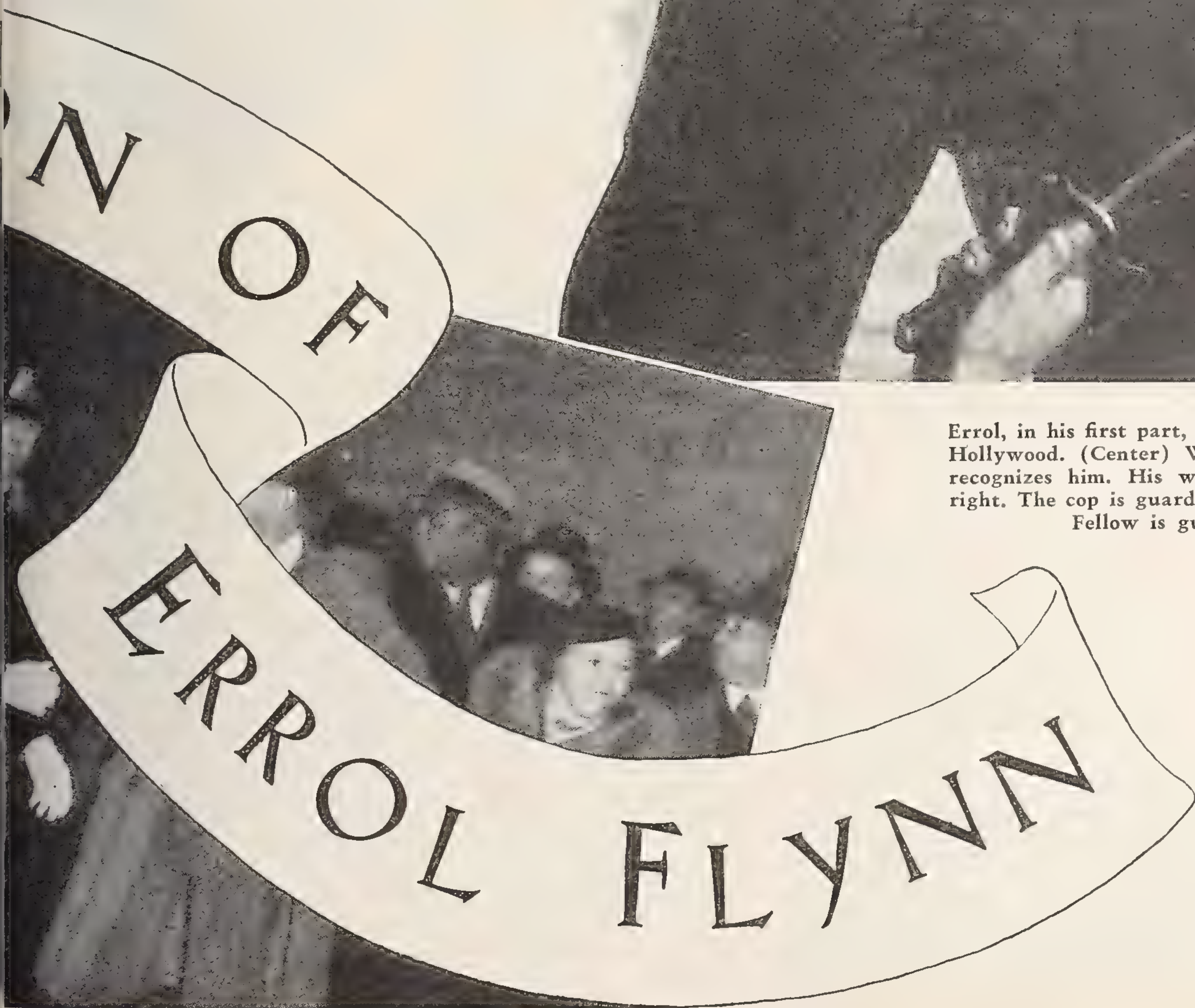
And, "Errol Flynn fought his way through the river water, his flesh crawling in anticipation of the ragged teeth of crocodiles. . . . A horrid way to die, to be pulled under water, jammed beneath a slimy log and there left to decay until soft enough to make easy food for gigantic reptiles. He'd faced death a thousand times in the last few jungle years but always on his feet, fighting, ready to die if he must, but ready to die like a man."

When the stories spread the whimsical people of Hollywood also put their tongues in their cheeks. They said, "Mr. Flynn is taking his Sabatini far too seriously." Others, inclined to be catty, said, "Mr. Flynn has quite a flair for publicity, hasn't he?"

When Errol discovered that Hollywood was giving him the tongue-in-the-cheek and the laugh-up-the-sleeve he shut up like the well known clam. To-day it is only to his most intimate friends that he will tell "tall tales" of those days not so long ago when he was Constable of the [Continued on page 71]



Errol, in his first part, "Captain Blood," conquered Hollywood. (Center) Wherever he goes the public recognizes him. His wife, Lili Damita, is on his right. The cop is guarding Errol, or maybe the Big Fellow is guarding the cop!



By
ELIZABETH
WILSON



Extras at work on the veldt. Native warriors are pressed into service for the battle scenes. They are descendants, no doubt, of the tribes among whom Dr. Livingstone was found. Address your fan mail to darkest Africa! (Center) Mrs. Johnson inspects the equipment of the "enemy tribe." (Right) Preparing dinner in the camp kitchen near Tanganyika. The African menu could include cobra cutlets and python steaks, or would you prefer zebra hash?

THE gamest woman in Hollywood, I thought to myself as I gazed at Osa Johnson's pain drawn but radiant little face. It was the only part of her that appeared from a veritable snow-bank of bandages.

I could stay but a moment. A nurse stood anxiously by and kept time. It was after that stormy night when a plane carrying Osa and Martin Johnson crashed into a California mountain side.

"I do wish they'd bring Martin in this room with me," Osa said softly, but her voice was as vibrantly alive as though she were 5,000 miles away, stalking lions in her beloved African jungle.

"You know," she chuckled confidently, "Martin is such a baby when he's sick. No one can manage him but me."

But now—fate had snatched his life out of her hands. Martin Johnson had gone on his last safari. I sat awkwardly, not knowing what to say. But not for long. Osa was off again—in Africa, bickering with natives and "hunting" wild animals with her camera. Already she had forgotten the hospital and her leg, broken in eight places.

And so, later, she took her adored companion back to the bleak, frost-bitten Kansas prairie.

I saw her again some four months later in Hollywood. Like Norma Shearer, another of Hollywood's gamest, she did not wear her grief on her shoulder. She was going back to work—back to Africa—and she was exuberant.

"It's to be a really great safari," she told me at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio where she was completing arrangements to head a film company on location for "Stanley and Livingstone."

"Do you know the story of Stanley and Livingstone?" she asked. I admitted that I was hazy.

"Well, Dr. David Livingstone, who was a famous explorer and missionary in that day, disappeared into the heart of Africa," she explained. "He was given up for dead, but every so often, tales would come out of the Lake Victoria country about a strange white man, just like the rumors that still float out of South America about Paul Redfern."

"A New York newspaper took enough stock in the reports to send a reporter by the name of Henry Stanley down to find him. That was in 1872. He had many narrow escapes at the hands of natives, wild animals and sickness, but he found Livingstone; It is a great story, isn't it?"

I nodded my head. It was a great story!

"Otto Brower will direct the filming and there will be 27 technicians and actors from Hollywood, not to mention 300 natives who will join us at Nairobi, the exact spot from which Stanley set out."

Osa laughed. "You see, they're taking me along as a combination mother confessor, dietitian, guide and hunter."

She joked about the hardships of the trip. It never occurred to her that she was heading the most hazardous expedition ever made for movie realism. Neither would she have admitted that she was the only woman in the world who could have handled the job—who could have made all the arrangements with African authorities and the Belgian and British governments, routed and equipped the safari, furnished it with wild animal meat and fish, (she was the only member of the party who had a hunting license), and who could have doctored the bruises, snake bites and fevers of the men.

She looked like an animated doll, sitting there on the edge of a big chair in a studio office. Her feet didn't even reach the floor.

"The natives are all hand picked," she was saying. "I know many of them."

She was silent for a moment, and I knew she was traveling in her thoughts back to Africa and by her side was a tall, bald, jolly man.

"The natives will be asking for Martin," she said at last. "They'll want to know where he is."

She was all business after that. "I must cable the British authorities about those old style guns," she reminded herself. "I am quite sure I can get the loan of them for the battle sequences. And the Mauser! If I don't get that ordered, your technicians and native porters will starve to death."

The gamest woman in Hollywood, I thought again. Game not because of charging rhinos, stampeding elephants, lurking cobras, or head hunters on the war path. She had faced all these many times and never flinched.

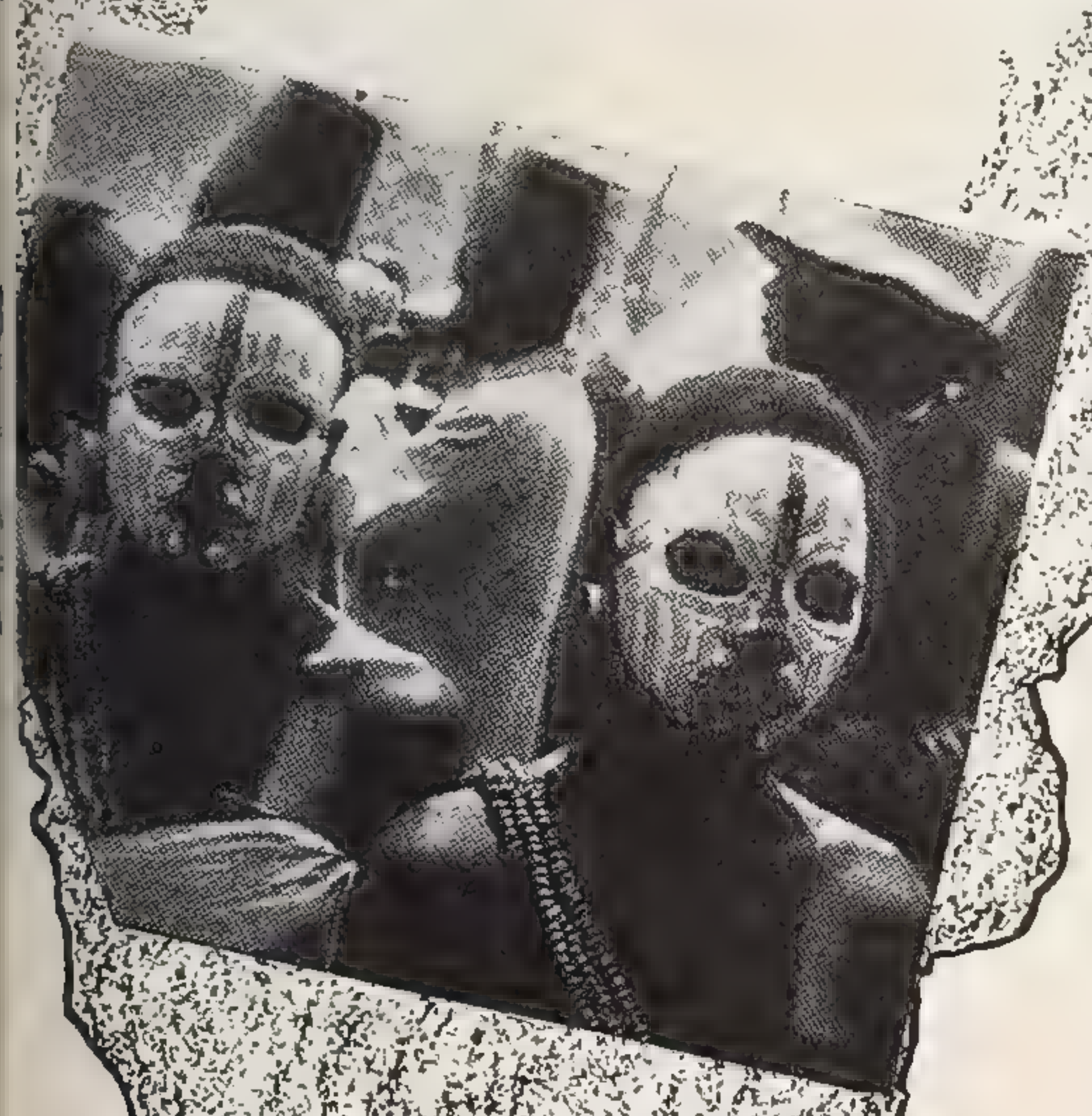
But there was one thing she had not faced in Africa, and that



SAFARI IN AFRICA

By Mildred Nixon

Osa Johnson Helps Hollywood
Make An Authentic Film Of The
Story Of "Stanley And Livingstone"



The faces of the
Nairobi tribesmen
are painted in prim-
itive fashion.

one thing she feared—loneliness. For loneliness, to Osa Johnson, was a sign of weakness, of self-pity. It would have been so easy, right then, to lay aside her dreams and spend the remainder of her days on a quiet Kansas farm with her memories, near the little town of Chanute where she was born and where she first met Martin many years ago.

But Martin would not have wished it. She must go back to Africa and face her Gethsemane alone. Go back to the jabbering monkeys, to the same natives whom they had both called friends, back to the scenes of their happiest days together, where every twist in the newly-chopped jungle trail would remind her of the one she loved more than life, yet whom she would never see again. Game Osa!

And now, after six months in the jungle, Osa Johnson has come back. I saw her in her hotel room the day she returned. She was full of Africa, of funny stories and tragic, for she has a sense of the dramatic as well as the humorous.

"I was proud of my big family," she said, curling up like a puppy in a great chair. "You know, I've nursed everything from baby hippos down to native babies. Martin always said I wasn't happy unless I had something to fuss over. But 327 were a few more than I'd ever handled at one time before."

"It was a pretty severe initiation for the Hollywood boys, too. At our very first camp, in the famous Riff valley, a native was bitten by an eight-inch centipede. I doctored him and he recovered."

"The next night I killed a large cobra as it was slithering into camp. Despite all this and the sight of lions and leopards prowling in the distance, there wasn't a single case of jitters among the jungle newcomers."

"Yet they had reason to be frightened. Not far from our camp near Nairobi, three natives were killed during the week of our stay, one by an elephant, one by a leopard and the third by a crocodile. In our own camp, one of the more daring natives ventured into what seemed peaceful, calm waters and suddenly found himself surrounded by hippos. One of them got to him. He escaped but he was maimed for life."

"Curiosity jeopardized us time and again. At our camp at Lake Naivaska, we killed three eighteen-foot pythons and several cobras which were attracted by our food boxes. It is suicidal in the jungle to venture a night's sleep without adequate guards on the job."

"We had practically every climatic handicap possible, too. But Africa is like that. There is always something new in the jungle. That's one reason it is so fascinating."

I wondered about that, wondered if an eighteen-foot python in the commissary or the sudden appearance of a leopard around the bend of a trail would be construed as fascinating by the average tenderfoot.

[Continued on page 69]

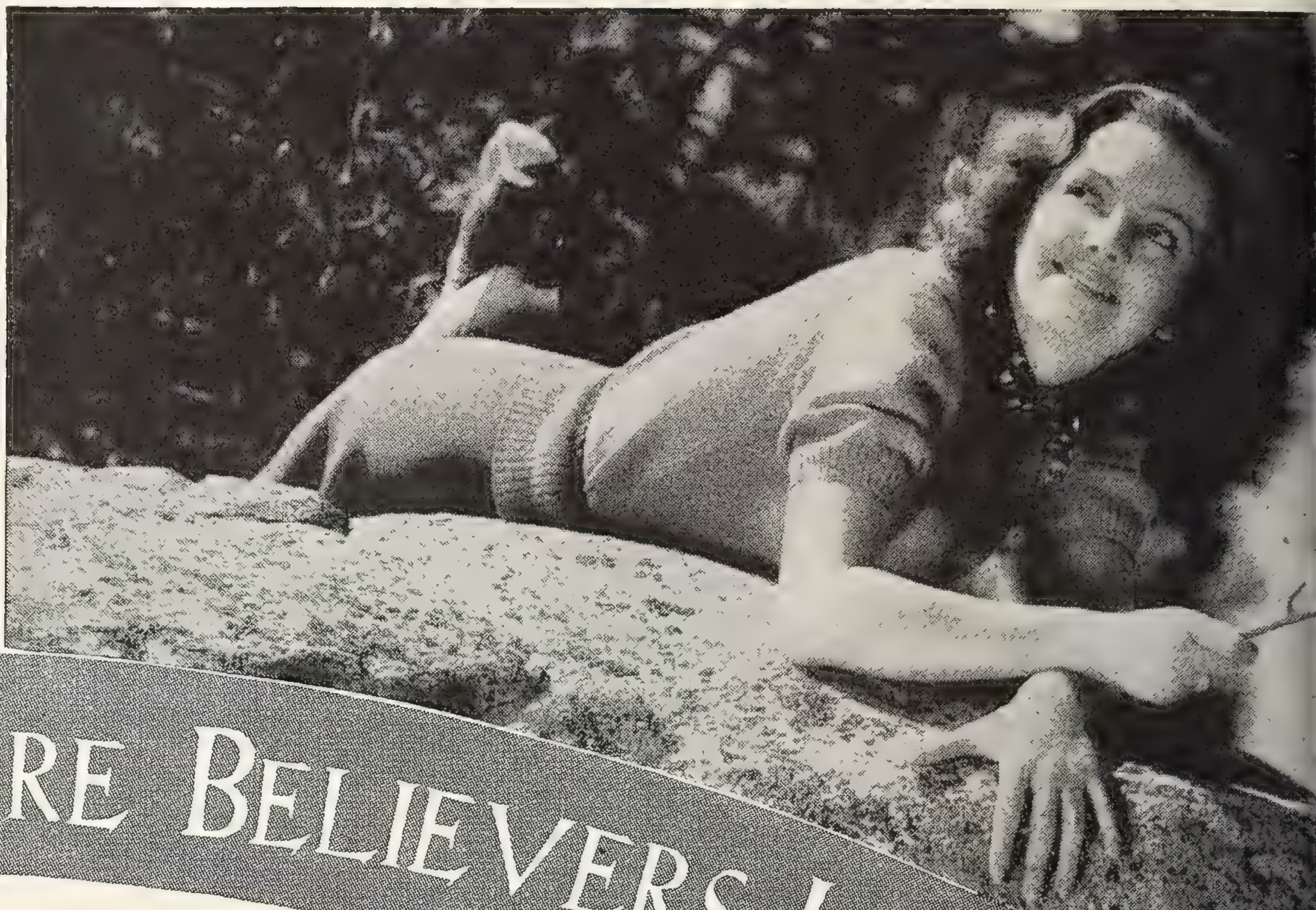
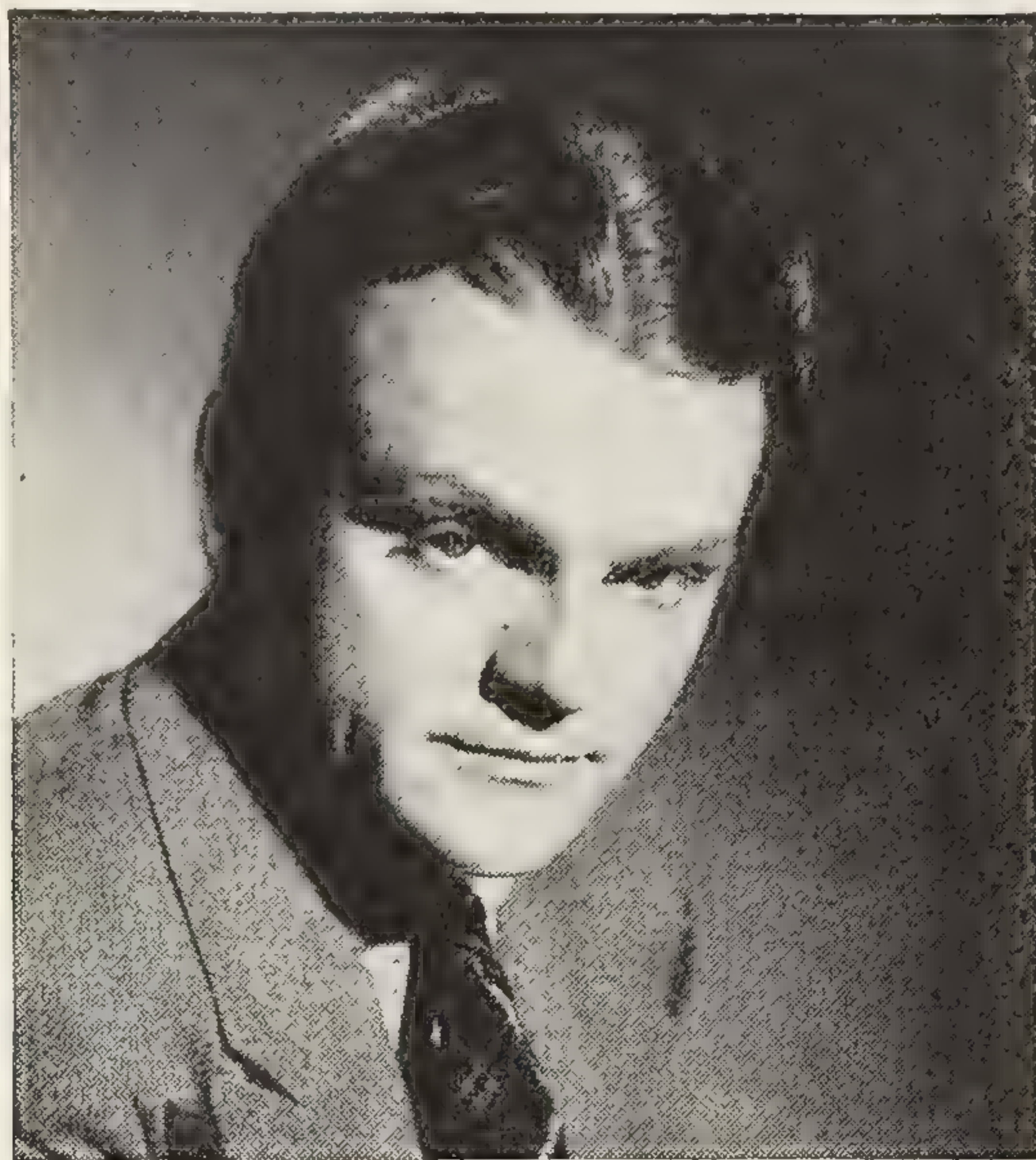
THE Maid of Orleans heard voices and saw a vision—and you, the boys and girls of today, in the rural districts, on farms, in small towns which may seem dull and cramped and too narrow for opportunity, in big cities where you feel lost and overlooked, you, too may hear “voices” and see “visions” as Andrea Leeds did, and Jon Hall, and Olivia de Havilland. Just as Sonja Henie did in far away Norway and Ilona Massey, a peasant, in the fields of Hungary.

You may be thinking: But what has the vision of the Maid of Orleans to do with us? That is a far-fetched analogy. But it is not so far-fetched when you pause to realize that Joan of Arc was but *fulfilling her destiny*. That her destiny led to martyrdom and made history is beside the point; the point being that it was *her* destiny and that she kept her eyes open, her ears open, her heart open to hear the call when it came. And everything is comparative, success, martyrdom, love, everything but birth and death, which are the only finalities. And you, and you, and you, whoever you are, wherever you are, may not hear the voices which will lead you to a coat of mail and the salvation of your King and Country but you may hear voices, on the radio, from the screen, from the tongues of immortals trapped in ink on the printed page, voices which will lead you to your own far horizons.

You may be thinking: Fine talk, fancy talk but if it be talk of Hollywood, what chance have I? Some of you may be thinking: I'm poor, my people are poor and obscure and without color. We live in an out-of-the-way place and no-one beats a path to our door. Or you may be thinking: I am awkward and stiff and self-conscious, how could I ever succeed in a world of grace and rhythm and poetry. Or you may be thinking: I am downright plain, ugly, I am condemned for life to a desk, to a clerkship, to monotony and poverty and dreariness.

Stop thinking these thoughts which are gags and nooses! For there was Eleanor Powell, born and raised in Springfield, Massachusetts, where there were not, certainly, many shining opportunities toward which a girl might

life more colorful, more emotional and also more dangerous and daring than anything she could know there at home, dared to go to New York, without much money, without experience, without pull, and try for a job on the stage. Getting it, she came to Hollywood



THEY

raise up her hands and touch the stars . . . and there was Eleanor, so shy, so self-conscious that school was an agony to her, so many pairs of eyes boring holes into her painful awkwardness. And then dancing school, the little inexpensive, local dancing school where Ralph McKernan taught. Ralph McKernan, who had

a genius for training small, stiff children, and it was in this dancing class that Eleanor first saw her vision, a vision of pleasing not only Mr. McKernan but millions of other people whose eyes, like his, might brighten, whose feet might tap, whose heart might dance the more lightly with her dancing . . . and she awoke and was on her way.

And then there was Luise Rainer, on her father's country estate outside of far away Vienna, a far, far call from Hollywood, Luise trying to write and, fumbling with words which were not her medium of expression, making figures of bronze and smashing them again because they expressed so poorly that which she wanted to express . . . Luise, then, reading Goethe and Schiller and in those soliloquies feeling her eyes open wide and her spirit expand into a desire to try to do, in *her small way*, what these had done for their age and for immortality. In those pages the young Luise heard the voices and saw the vision and, catching a glimpse of her own transfigured face in the mirror, knew suddenly that it was with her face and her body that she could best give to the world that which was within her to give . . . so the vision may come in many different ways and after many mistakes have been made, and detours taken.

Virginia Bruce, in Fargo, North Dakota, watched John Gilbert flame across the screen, in “The Merry Widow,” in “The Big Parade” and, aroused by that vision in film to the sense of a

ARE BELIEVERS IN DREAMS

All Over The World
The Struggling
Artists See A Vision
That Beckons Them
To Hollywood.

By
Gladys Hall

(Top) James Cagney was inspired to circumvent his humble beginnings. (Top, center) Jon Hall, who saw a vision of himself and followed it. (Above) Andrea Leeds has started to make her dream come true.

where she found her heart's desire, as well as the experience of grief and her own eventual fulfillment.

And if you think: But these girls are beautiful, there wasn't any gamble for them, there is the case of Helen Hayes, who was born the daughter of a meat-packer in Washington, D. C., and who said to me one time: "I was so plain, so absolutely without any attraction at all that when my mother took me out people were embarrassed because they couldn't say 'What a lovely child!' or 'Isn't she pretty?' or any of the things people usually say to a mother about her child. All they could think of to say was 'hasn't she a remarkable personality?'" And I soon realized what that meant! And when I finally got a chance to do a child's part on the stage I got it only because there was no other child available at the moment and the manager of the stock company in Washington said 'well, I guess she'll have to do! That very plainness gave Helen Hayes her vision, a desire to take the unremarkable clay which was herself and make it so sensitive, so pliable, that it could take any shape or form and create any illusion she desired.

Don Ameche was the son of a saloon keeper

in Kenosha, Wisconsin, one of many children, poor and struggling for the very necessities . . . but he heard voices over the air, watched the shadows on the screen and reached out his hands and his energies for success. Jimmy Cagney was born on Avenue A in New York, also the son of a saloon keeper, and he watched small boys, like the slithering shadows they were, foraging in garbage pails for enough to keep them alive and he saw a vision of a world where such things would cease to be and he worked, at all kinds of jobs, any job that came along, two or three jobs at a time until he had climbed out of the tenement streets and was able to extend a hand to his unfortunate brothers. And young John Beal, son of a department store keeper in Joplin, Missouri—it was John's elder sister who gave him his vision, for she was a violinist and would have been world-famous had she lived and in young John was born the desire to do that which would make her proud of him, as he had been proud of her . . . and then he saw Richard Barthelmess in pictures, "Broken Blossoms" and others, and kept scrap books about Barthelmess and knew that some day he wanted to be what Barthelmess was . . . somehow.

And Allan Jones, son of a Welsh miner, born in Scranton, Pa., sweating in the grim bowels of the earth, taught to sing by his father who had never had a chance to develop his own fine voice, looking about him and realizing that it takes money to make the first steps, out of the mines, onto the concert or opera stage, spending, then, all of his youth, all of his young manhood working, saving, a nickel at a time, a dime, a dollar, denying himself everything but the barest necessities in order to make that vision in the pits reality as well as a dream.

Annabella in France, born with a vision, she says, playing, from earliest childhood that she was not Annabella but others . . . a boy one day, a girl named Mignonette the next day . . . wanting to be more than one person, hating to be prisoned always in her own body . . . fighting her way out of that prison. . . . And Jack Oakie who is, surely, no Gable, making his mother and father laugh so that laughter rang through their home from morning until night and looking about him at the homes of others, at other people with dull eyes and mouths turned down at the corners and thinking what it might mean to make the whole world laugh, not only his own folks and the next-door neighbors in Sedalia, Missouri—perhaps to make the world

laugh may be accounted, in the last recordings, as valuable a call as crowning a Dauphin of France. And then there was Jimmy Stewart, a small town boy from Indiana, Pa., his father a hardware merchant—

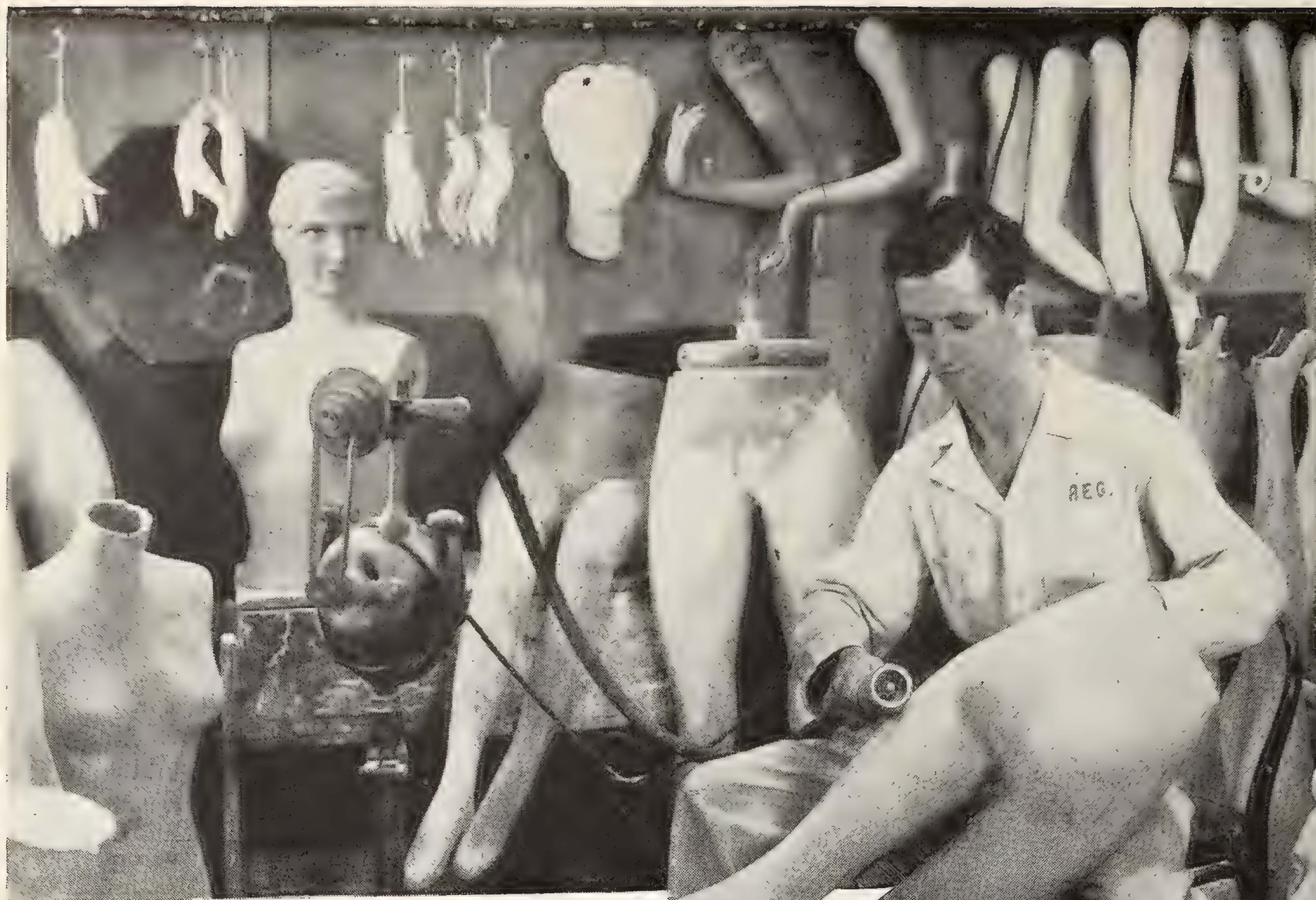
You see, you *do* see, don't you, that they were not born rich and beautiful and colorful, with opportunities heaped about them for their choosing. They might so well have stayed in [Continued on page 78]



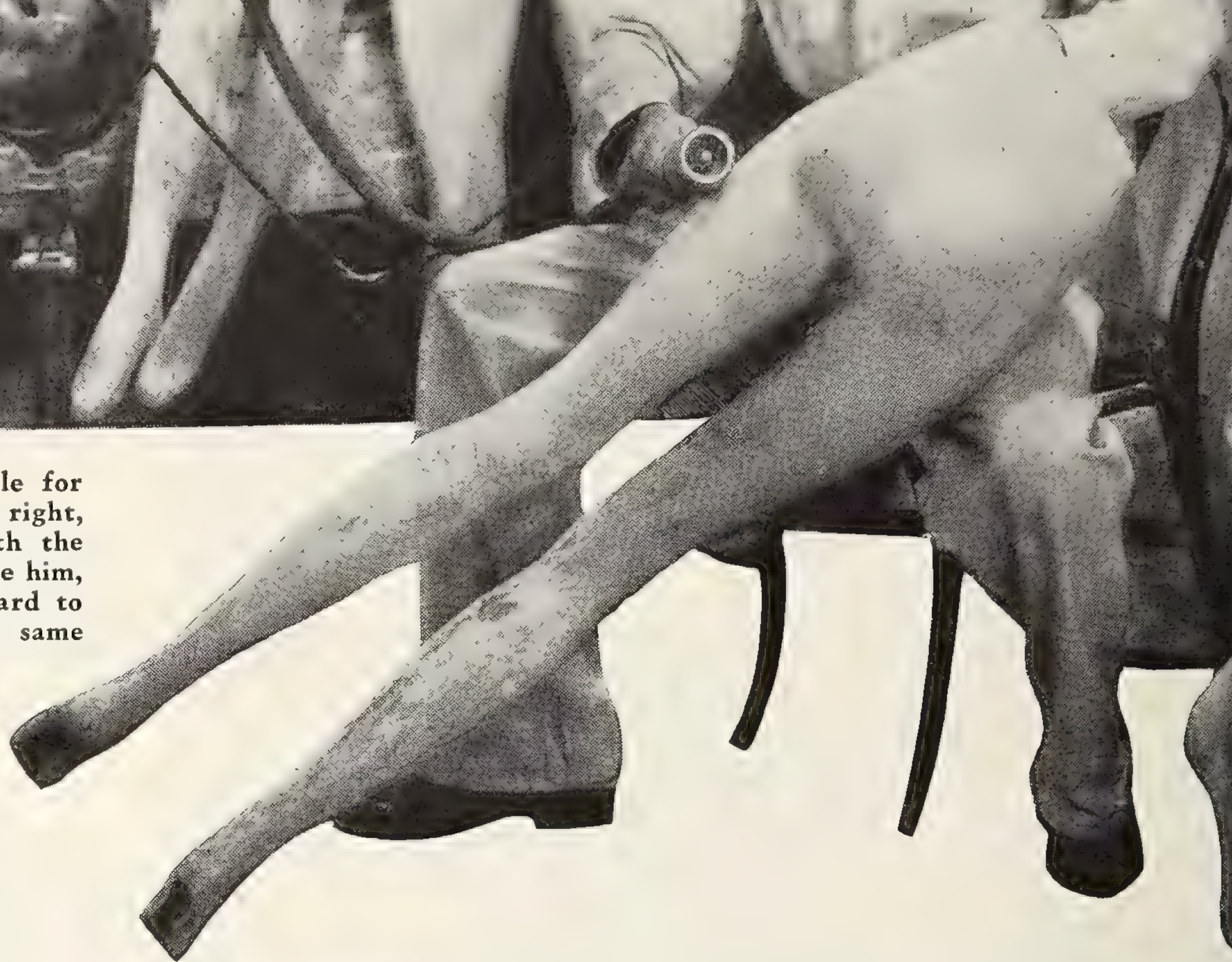
Olivia de Havilland's radiant brown eyes sought out unbelievable heights, and she eventually reached them. (Top) John Beal's vision brought him from Joplin, Mo., to Hollywood's cameras.



(Above, left) The thoughtful Jack Oakie is filled with awe at the road he has traveled. (Above) Among the eager young men of Hollywood no one has a surer future than James Stewart. (Left) Don Ameche's dreams awakened his ambition—how successfully, we now all know.



The making of figures to double for stars requires artistic skill. (At right, center) Katherine Stubergh with the implacable Clark Gable. She made him, and that's something, for he's hard to "make." (Below, center) The same artist modelling the Gable head.



OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

The Color And Drama Of The "Unfamous"
In The Most Famous City Of The World.

By Leon Surmelian

OUR editor has asked me to delve into the side streets of Hollywood, and bring out for his readers the color and drama of places off the beaten tracks, discover the hidden achievements, tragedies, laughter and tears of the unfamous in the most famous city in the world. I doff my battered reporter's hat to him for giving me this opportunity to tell you of these places and people, and I hope, as you roam around with me, you'll come to know the Hollywood behind Hollywood. The star parade on our much publicized Boulevard is an intriguing show, but even more exciting is the hidden life in the side streets of this amazing town.

In a white, arched building near Vermont and Beverly, I found Greta Garbo watching a beautiful girl in a green smock brushing the flaxen hair of Marlene Dietrich. "Hello, Greta," I hailed her in my best breezy manner. But she ignored me. "Don't you remember me?" I asked her. "I was John Gilbert's attache in Queen Christina. We flourished our plumed hats and bowed before you a hundred times as you sat on your throne, majestic in your sweeping red velvet and gold gown, and enjoying like a little girl the courtly homage we paid you." The Silent Swede didn't mind being talked to and even stared at me, but she remained true to form and made no reply. In desperation I turned to Charlie Chaplin, but he kept studying me in his baggy pants, and wouldn't say anything either. I saw Clark Gable in a corner of the room and hurried up to him. Clark was a regular guy and he would certainly tell me

the reason for this strange conspiracy of silence in the presence of a reporter who had said many nice things about them. But Clark just smiled at me with his dimples.

Mae West was on the point of swinging her hips and telling me to "Come up," but she didn't. Wallace Beery laughed. Joan Crawford looked in another direction and pretended not to notice what was going on. There were other stars gathered in the room—John





(Left) Racks of boots in the great costumers building that serves the movie studios. (Above) Costuming hundreds of extras gives employment to many a needleworker. (Right) Hundreds of pistols collected from everywhere to fit any demand.



Barrymore, Fredric March, Carole Lombard, even little Shirley Temple was there—but none of them would talk. For alas and alack, there were all made of wax!

Katherine Stubergh is the name of the girl in the green smock. She has created with her mother this amazing collection of life-like figures in wax. One of the loveliest young ladies this side of heaven, Katherine represents the fourth and last generation of this unique art that has been a family monopoly of the Stuberghs. Her likenesses of Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Charles Laughton were on exhibition in the Hall of Science of the Century of Progress Exposition. Charles Chaplin, à la Stubergh, and other pioneers of the motion picture industry are on permanent exhibition at the Los Angeles Museum. Katherine is planning a motion picture museum of her own to preserve for posterity the faces and expressions of your screen favorites.

A trip through the Stubergh studio is like visiting Hollywood with Aladdin's Lamp. You'll find there every player of importance in waxen postures, as well as world famous figures in other lines of activity, and a veritable gallery of rogues with severed heads. The place gives you a queer feeling as you step over the torso of Errol Flynn or the arms of Luise Rainer, but Katherine's serene smile puts you at ease.

"My mother was born in the Rhineland, but I was born in this country, in San Francisco," she said, as she started lacquering Marlene Dietrich's hair. "My mother ran the San Francisco branch of my grandfather's business, which was in

New York. My grandfather had done work for museums throughout the world, among them the famous Eden Musee in New York.

"I received my entire education in private schools and from private teachers, which enabled me to give the greater part of my time to the study of sculpture and dancing. My real intention was to be a dancer, sculpture being a sort of family hobby. For four years I studied the Russian Ballet with Theodore Kosloff and then interpretive and modern dances with Michio Ito. I also wanted to be an actress. You know, every girl passes through those periods." She

chuckled in self-deprecation. La Dietrich's hair was by now properly lacquered, and she took up a thin brush and began painting the lips of Clark Gable.

"I feel," she spoke again, "that I owe my career as a sculptress to Mae West and Albert Einstein. They were among the first people who sat for me, and they encouraged me to go ahead. Miss West was very nice, not vain at all, and spoke freely of her shortcomings as she imagined them. She has the finest complexion of any actress I've ever seen.

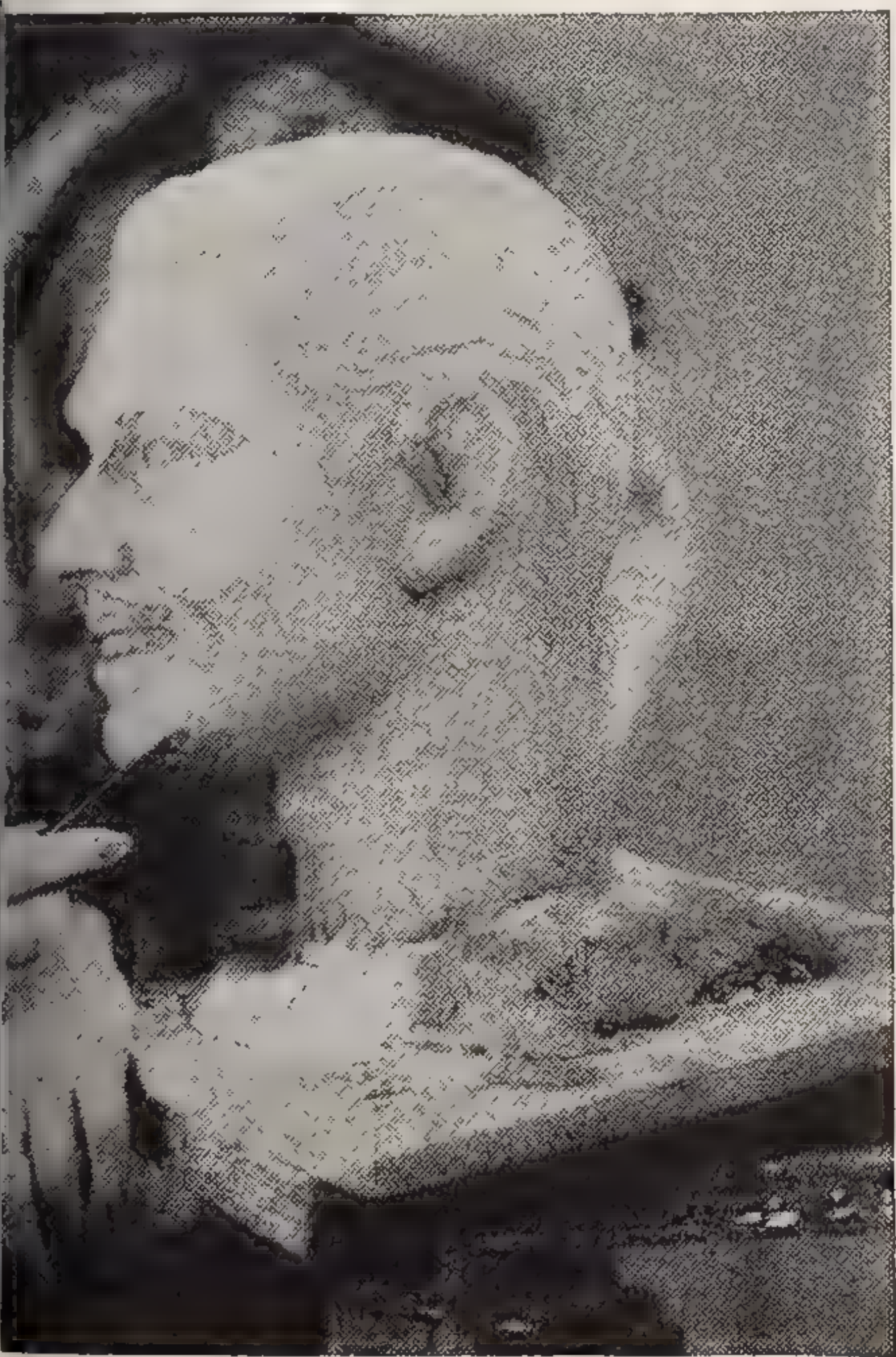
"I was working on a head of Albert Einstein when he came to Hollywood a few years ago, or rather, Pasadena. I had not seen him, and worked from photographs. A friend told me the professor would sit for me if I cared to meet him. Would I? I was thrilled. He sat for me two and a half hours. I know very little German, and he knew very little English, so we just smiled and bowed our heads. He liked the way I had modeled his face, without seeing him, but wanted a stronger jaw. I had made him look too spiritual, he wanted to look more solid, firmer. 'Don't make me too soft,' he said. He was very particular about that. He liked my work so much that I decided I might as well give up my dancing and follow in the footsteps of my mother."

Amelia Earhart and Art Goebel also have posed for Katherine. But most of her work is connected with movie stars. She was 16 when John Barrymore submitted to her deft fingers for a plaster mask. Perfect immobility is essential while the plaster is allowed to set on the features. Barrymore sneezed, and spoiled a mask. The life-like Chinese figures and doubles of stars in the lobby of Sid Grauman's famed movie palace are the work of the Stuberghs, mother and daughter. Katherine goes on the sets or to the homes of the stars for her modelling. "I now model in clay only," she explained. "I don't like to work from masks. Masks have a monotonous, wooden expression. I work mostly from photographs when I'm modelling a likeness of a movie star, after I once see him. I try to catch precisely the same qualities that the camera does. Off screen, the stars are different. I like to make them look like their photographic selves."

In particularly dangerous scenes, the Stubergh wax dummies are used as doubles. The Stuberghs also make models for clothing and beauty shops.

One of the most difficult jobs Katherine has had to do was making 64 Ginger Rogers masks for "Shall We Dance." Every mask had to be identical. She worked a month on them. Now Katherine is a movie fan, and talks like one when she tells you of the different stars she had modeled. But Ginger Rogers seems to be her very special favorite. "I smeared her face with the plaster," she explained, "and she lay still for twenty minutes with all that mud on her face. She didn't move at all and I got a perfect mold. Most stars are too fidgety. What I like about Ginger is that she is so natural and friendly that you wonder if she is really a movie star."

She seized an armature, and started [Continued on page 74]



HOLLYWOOD BUYS A

Now Yesterday Has Its Field Day On The Screen. The Years That Are Gone Were All Sleeping Between The Covers Of Books Until The Picture Makers Discovered Them.

By

Helen Louise Walker

PLAYLET IN THREE SCENES.

SCENE 1. A school room. Class is about to be dismissed and the boys and girls are closing their books and stowing away pens and pencils.

The teacher speaks.

"Attention, please. I want to give you your assignment for this week's homework."

Faces of the boys and girls fall.

Teacher continues.

"I want you to go to see the motion picture, 'Wells Fargo,' and be prepared to write a brief summary of it on Monday."

SCENE 2. A living room. Mother, Father and Young Hopeful are assembled.

Young Hopeful speaks.

"Pop! Will you and Mom help me with my homework?"

Pop looks apprehensive.

"Why can't you do your own homework? What is it now? Algebra?"

Young Hopeful.

"Teacher wants us to go to see 'Wells Fargo.'"

Pop beams. Mom beams.

"Fine! We've been wanting to see that. . . ."

Epilogue.

A fine time was had by all, including teacher, who went to see "Wells Fargo," herself.

WELL, all I have to say is that things weren't like this when I had homework to do! None of the adults in my family ever evinced any eagerness to accompany me to the public library and help me pore over the dusty books from the top shelf which would tell me something of the saga of the development of

The great Chicago fire that made history flames again in "In Old Chicago."



John Carradine gives us a portrait of Abe Lincoln in "Benefits Forgot." (Right) "Robin Hood" comes back, rich in pageantry. (Below) Marco Polo sees spaghetti for the first time. In China—of all places!



transportation and communication in my country while it was still young and raw. No one seemed anxious to give the picture of the fall of the Bastille a vivid and indestructible place in my memory. No one tried very hard to make me see the man, Napoleon Bonaparte, as a lonely, pathetic, ambition-scorched creature.

I'll betcha that twelve-year-old Mary Jones, around the corner, knows more of what Louis Pasteur meant to the world than most of us knew until we saw "The Life of Louis Pasteur" upon the screen. I'll wager that sixteen-year-old Billy Smith, across the street, knows more of the Dreyfus case and its significance, understands more of the possible horror

BOOK!



The pirates of the early days of the last century once more sail the seas by courtesy of De-Mille and "The Buccaneer."

of a miscarriage of justice, knows more of Emile Zola, has a clearer picture of life and people and politics of that era than you or I or Billy's parents did at his age. As a matter of fact, I doubt whether Billy Smith would have ever heard of Dreyfus or even Zola, if it had not been for that superb picture!

The curious thing about all this is that no producer will ever admit that one of these pictures is an "educational venture." The moment that the word, "educational," is introduced at a story conference apparently everything becomes hopelessly dull and depressing. Several major studios have made excursions into the field of "educational, historical, short subjects." The result of these efforts has been to cause the public (especially the younger fry) to stay away from the theatres in unanimous and discontented droves.

But "Lloyds of London," made at a cost which approached the two million mark, netted Twentieth Century-Fox a tidy profit and created, besides, a brilliant and valuable new star—Tyrone Power. Now, "Lloyds of London" was the story of the growth of an insurance firm—and insurance, to most of us, is a pretty dull subject. You wouldn't have expected it—would you—to be thrilling, exciting, to present an epic sweep of stirring events, to mirror a fascinating era? But it did. Darryl Zanuck will assure you, with haste, that it was merely "good entertainment with authentic, historical background."

It was certainly good entertainment and it is comforting to learn about the authenticity. I suppose it merely goes to prove that everyone enjoys history if it is dramatized for

him.

"Conquest" enjoyed one of the deftest scripts which has been brought to the screen in many, many a moon. It was the story of two people—Napoleon and Walewska. You sensed, you did not see, the terrific sweep of events which they caused and for which they suffered. You knew that world history was being swayed, maps altered, national destinies decided. You had an intimate picture of manners, costumes, methods of thought of the period. What you actually saw was two people, in love. You realized what one frail, obscure, rather frightened woman did to the world and to one of its greatest figures. The majority of people had never heard of her before. They had

thought that Josephine was important. They hadn't noted Walewska, who was infinitely more important.

In "Marco Polo," which you will no doubt see very soon, the canny Sam Goldwyn thought that Polo, himself, was more important to the world, more interesting to the public, than the period in which he lived, the ancient politics in which he figured, even the history which he undoubtedly swayed. In "Marco Polo" you will find a character to love, a romance to stir you. But you will also find the color, the atmosphere, the feeling of a world strange to you. You will have a fantastic adventure. But don't be surprised if you wake up next morning and find that you have learned something important about the world in which you live and about the people who inhabit it!

It's putting a sugar coating on history—possibly putting frosting on culture. Anyhow, it's great fun!

The research on these pictures is interesting. "Marco Polo," for instance, requires authentic reproductions of antique Chinese costumes and furnishings, fighting tools and so on. As long as the set dressers, armorers, costumers and so on stick to the general atmosphere of their period, they are all right. No one but a thorough scholar will rise to rebuke them. But—in a picture like "In Old Chicago"—every detail, down to the pattern of the crocheted face on a table doily, must be correct and authentic. There are thousands of people still living who remember, or who think they remember, accurately all the details of life of that period. They think they know how many globes there were in the chandelier in the lobby of the Palmer House. They are certain that they are thoroughly conversant with all the slang terms of that period. They know whether Aunt Minnie wore laced or buttoned shoes when the fire broke out. They know the names of all the cousins of the O'Leary's.

Research on a story of so recent a date is much more of a problem than research on an obscure era. Yet, "In Old Chicago" there is history. It mirrors an important phase of American development, and is a saga of terror and courage. (P. S. You will agree, too, that it [Continued on page 64]

(Below) The South of the aristocratic days returns in "Jezebel." (Left) "Wells Fargo" spread a magic carpet and sent us all to California and the gold fields.



IT HAS long been a popular belief with people who live East of the Rockies that movie stars don't think. They assume apparently that the glamorous dream children of Hollywood know every attitude and posture under the sun—except the one made famous by Rodin. As the best fence straddler of my time, and I must say I can do a neat bit of straddling, I see no reason why I should become involved in a controversy over popular beliefs, especially as I am feeling delightfully insane at the moment. So I shall merely thumb my nose pleasantly at the accepted tradition, and give you tonight a movie star who is thinking—and thinking, I may add, like mad.

The scene is an upstairs bedroom in a beautiful home on North Faring Road in Holmby Hills, where movie stars pay excessively for the privilege of breathing. In the middle of a huge four poster, with the covers slightly awry, lies Claudette Colbert, and very pretty too. No curlers, no chin straps, no goo. It must be getting rather late because all the lights are out in Irene Dunne's house across the street, and the last car has just pulled out of the Butterworth driveway with a cheery, "It was a swell party, Charlie. See you at the Troc on Thursday."

Claudette is chic as usual in a white satin nightgown, strictly tailored because she can't abide lace, her arms are crossed behind her head, and she is staring intently at the ceiling. Believe it or not, people who live East of the Rockies, she is thinking. She isn't thinking great big wonderful thoughts, to be sure, she's just thinking a whole flock of perfectly normal thoughts, even as you and I. Claudette is thinking:

"There are some people in this world who can cope with departures, and there are others who cannot. I am definitely one of the cannots. I don't know why it is but there is a certain hysteria whenever I leave a place. Even if it's only the studio commissary where I have dropped in for a cup of tea. I'm sure to have left my gloves behind. I suppose I am just not psychologically prepared to leave places. That's the reason I am never on time.

"A departure always takes me completely by surprise. For at least six months now I have known that on Tuesday I am leaving on the Chief to make connections with the Conte de Savoia in New York which is taking me to Europe on my first real vacation in eight years. And here it is Monday night and I still have a million things to do. I wish I could make out lists, and check them off, the way other people do, but I always lose my lists in the fan mail.

"I must remind mother to remind Mrs. Davey to change those curtains in the playroom while I am gone. I love my new playroom, with its hooked rugs, its big fireplace with the copper

Nothing To Worry About!

But Claudette
Colbert Tosses And Turns
The Whole Night Through Because
So Much Is Expected Of A Movie
Glamour Girl.

By Liza



Gary Cooper and Claudette in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," a comedy of marriage.

kettle, and its early American furniture. It's the room I have dreamed of all my life.

I wonder if the red chair wouldn't look better on the right side of the fireplace? Un-huh, I believe it would. I think I'll go down there right now and change it. No-o-o-o, it's pretty chilly in here and I'd probably catch a cold. Wouldn't it be terrible to arrive in New York with a runny nose? There's really nothing so unglamorous as a cold—unless it's a boil on the nose. Say, my nose feels funny. I wonder if I'm getting a pimple. Now that would be something. Claudette Colbert arrived in [Continued on page 76]

WE POINT WITH PRIDE

TO MELVYN DOUGLAS



Top) In "I Met Him in Paris," Melvyn released his natural sense of comedy. (Above) In "The Gorgeous Hussy," with Joan Crawford. Few actors are as versatile.

Stage Training Gave Him Assurance To Play Any Part Without The Desperate Effort That Ruins Many Screen Discoveries.

MELVYN DOUGLAS' father was a concert pianist and talent was Melvyn's birthright. He was born in Macon, Ga., in 1901, is 6 feet 11½ inches tall and married to Helen Gahagan, a brilliant actress. Screen actors who came up from extra work should study Melvyn Douglas to learn the importance of keeping something in reserve. Melvyn never is out of control. That's acting!



With Grace Moore in "I'll Take Romance." (Left) Mrs. Douglas, radiantly happy on the lawn of their Hollywood home.



"Arsene Lupin Returns" is Melvyn's next picture, in which he plays with Virginia Bruce.

HERE ARE



Clark Gable ran second. No one has ever outdone him; during the last six years he has been among the ten best bets.

Jane Withers is No. 6 where the shekels roll in. She's 11 years old. (Right) Sonja Henie is eighth among the ten leaders. 1937 was her first year in pictures. Her sudden rise is unprecedented.

(Top) Gary Cooper ranks ninth on the list. (He is fourth in the British Isles.) (Above) Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are voted together and stand seventh. How they will succeed separately is still in doubt.



THE MONEY MAKERS!

The Money Received At The Box Offices Does The Real Voting And The Players Who Are Selected To Head This List Rest Their Fame On A More Tangible Basis Than Do The Darlings Of The Fan Letters.



Myrna Loy is the tenth in money making qualities, but there is only one woman who rates higher. (Right) The fourth in theatre packing in 1937 is Bing Crosby. In 1934 Bing was seventh. Going up!



Robert Taylor is now in third place. Last year he stood fourth and the year before that he ranked eighty-third. Good work, Taylor!



(Left) William Powell is rated as the fifth star in drawing power. (Right) Shirley Temple is the Number One Box Office sensation, and has been for the last three years.



THE popularity of a movie player and the box office draw are two different matters. Robert Taylor was selected by SILVER SCREEN readers as being the most popular. These are the players whose pictures brought the greatest number of people to the theatres. The Motion Picture Herald contacted the showmen of America and compiled this list. The stars rank in the following order: Shirley Temple, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Bing Crosby, William Powell, Gene Withers, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (team), Sonja Henie, Gary Cooper and Myrna Loy.



The old joke about skating home would work in good with this Betty Grable picture, only Betty, as you well know, is Mrs. Jackie Coogan and they are owners of limousines. Skating is her beauty exercise—a leg shaper-upper!



(Right) Movita uses the twisting bending movement to be sure that her waist keeps down to about 24 inches. (Left) Trainer Appas moulds Joan Woodbury's figure.



The Ambitious Girls Of The Screen Bend Their Efforts And Stretch A Point To Be Willowy And Svelte.



(Right) The limbering exercise which Don Loomis prescribes for Priscilla Lawson is good for the waist and hips.



This treatment which the physical instructor is giving to Lynne Carver relieves pressure on the upper part of the back. It is excellent to relax nervous or tense people.

THE HOME STRETCH

IN THE privacy of their own rooms, the ladies of the picture studios go through their setting-up exercises. The girls who are generously curved must reduce to thoroughbred leanness. They diet and exercise because they are training for a bout with beauty, and screen beauty is tough to beat. Some girls have become famous for one perfect feature, but, more inspiring is the woman with a form divine who combines with her symmetry and physical loveliness the greater gift of talent.



(Left) This pulling exercise helps Joan Woodbury strengthen her back muscles.

(Above) Her instructor shows Joan an exercise that few can master. (Below) Everyone is familiar with the very beneficial bicycle exercise, but few look as lovely as Movita, who's going places even though her bicycle is imaginary.

(Left) Priscilla Lawson squats with pride. She has learned to maintain her balance, and that's something. (Right) To overcome insomnia there is nothing better than a breathing exercise. Lynne Carver assumes the correct position for deep breathing.



(Above) Fred March studies himself as "The Buccaneer" and, no doubt, is quite unimpressed. (Below) The intangible W. C. Fields in "The Big Broadcast of 1938" and (in corner) Fields himself. Without an audience a comic never knows if he is funny or not.



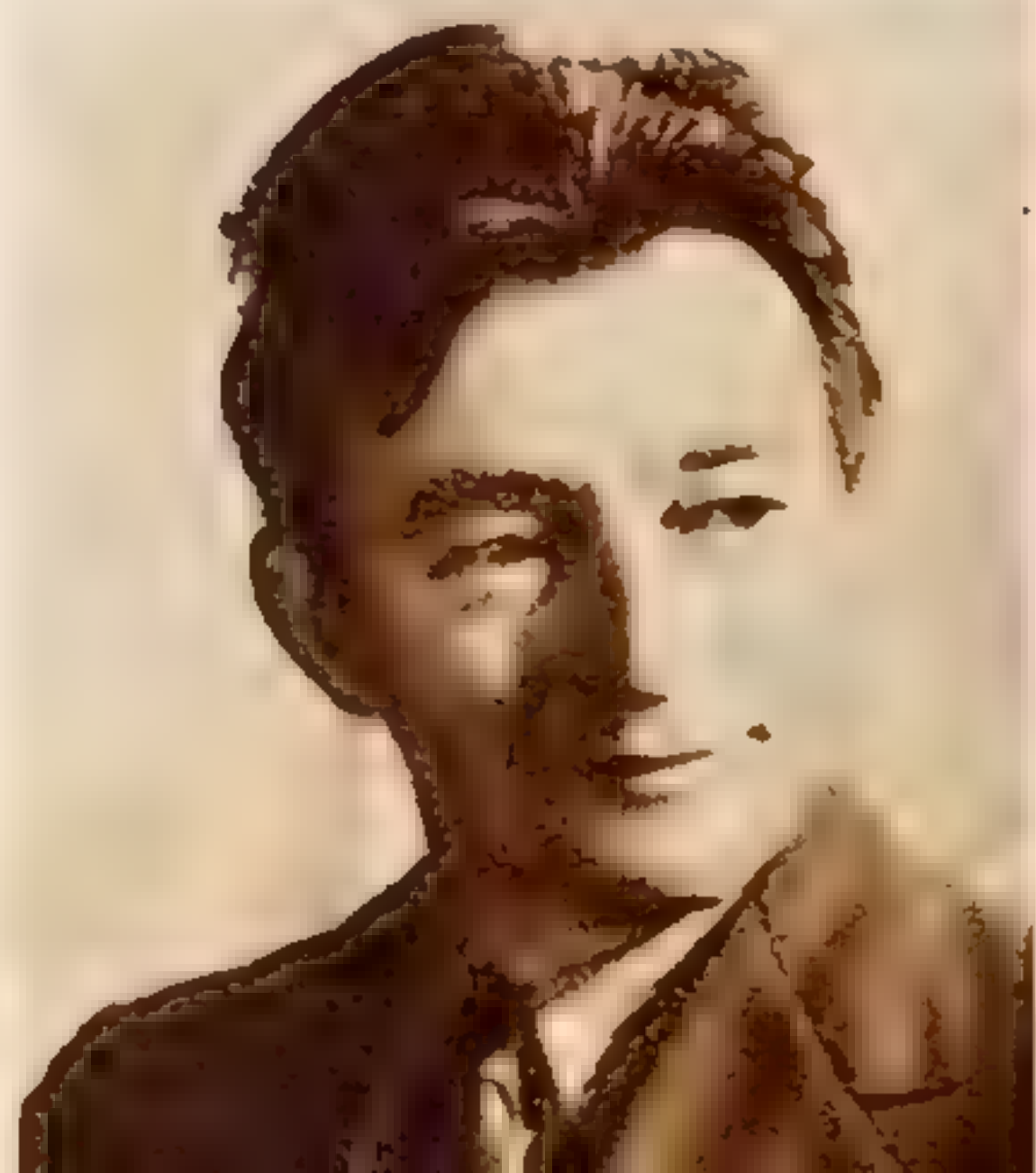
In "Doctor Rhythm," Andy Devine is treated quite disrespectfully by Bing Crosby, the doctor. But he can console himself—he gets the laughs.



THEIR FAMOUS SHADOWS



"Gold Is Where You Find It" introduces Claude Rains in an entirely different characterization. There is gold, also, in being a fine actor.



AS in a looking-glass, the movie actors see themselves on the screen. They look with amazement upon this strange person that is so familiar to the millions of movie patrons. They study the unfamiliar being who earns the big salary and pays the bills. He is loved by thousands and even is a model for other lives.

The screen is their mirror. Sometimes this particular vision of himself comes as a shock to the playboy actor. One player who was drinking too much saw himself on the screen, and, as the ancient Babylonians saw the writing on the wall, he read the message of his doom right there on the screen before him. He pulled himself together and has not had a drink in eighteen months and is regaining his lost position.



Constance Bennett should be very happy when she sees herself in her new comedy parts. In "Merrily We Live," she is separating Tom Brown and Bonita Granville.



He has played in many a picture and helped each one of them. This time Jean Hersholt is a genial landlord, in "Happy Landing."



Edward Everett Horton must feel like yelling to his screen self "Don't be such an idiot." But the public has made Eddie one of the best liked of the boob fraternity.



The Players Go To The Movies To Get Acquainted With Their Screen Selves.



(Above) Fay Wray and Kent Taylor in "The Jury's Secret."

Fay fills her stockings nicely, doesn't she? (Left) A scene from "Her Jungle Love," in which Dorothy Lamour continues her charming native girl role, with Ray Milland. She probably wishes she could act in some gorgeous gowns, but Dorothy is so lovely that we hope the sarong becomes the fashion.





(Above—left to right) Rose Stradner in a new version of the dinner gown, modeled after a Viennese fashion. The sweeping skirt is of black taffeta, and black and white checked taffeta is used for the tailored basque with its modified leg-o'-mutton sleeves. . . . Danielle Darrieux looking very superior indeed in form-fitting black crepe, the heart-shaped bodice of which gleams with magenta sequins. . . . And Simone Simon, very much the *jeune fille* in bouffant white tulle with a comet design of silver sequins. There's a halter neckline of crushed tulle and the waistline is banded with narrow white velvet ribbon.



(Right) Andrea Leeds is an exquisite study in this beautifully molded chiffon dance frock. The color is a deep, rich coffee brown, with wide lace inserts dyed to match. The shoulder straps are of taffeta, like the underslip. (Brown, by the way, is going to be very much in evidence this Spring.)

(Left) Milady matches up her jewelry these gay evenings. Anita Louise chooses lovely star sapphires set in delicately etched platinum for her brooch, ring and hair clip; whereas Jane Bryan smiles contentedly with her less precious costume necklace and bracelet of heavy gold chains, linked with simulated rubies.



"—CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?"

Then Come On An Early Shopping Tour
With These Charming Screen Players.

SIMPLICITY rules the feminine clothes-conscious mind at this season of the year—so far as daytime fashions are concerned. Tailored costumes that rely upon smartness of line rather than furbelows are in order. Where evening gowns are concerned, however, there will be little variation until the real warm weather arrives and cotton in its various forms takes the lead once again.

(Left) Gloria Holden in the new Tuxedo top coat of light grey tweed shadowcheck, with padded shoulders, and wide lapels. Under it she wears a simple plum colored wool crepe with a wide roman striped girdle. . . . (Right) Mary Carlisle in a sea-green crepe frock having an all-over soutache braid design on the blouse, and self-covered buttons from neck to hem. A three-quarter length beige camel hair coat and a beige felt cone, striped with green and henna suede and boasting an eye-catching quill, add contrast to this ensemble.

(Below) Lynne Carver wears a double-breasted top coat with revers, fashioned of an interesting combination of beige, cinnamon brown and cocoa brown stripes in wool. Maureen O'Sullivan in a navy blue wool skirt and hip length tailored cape worn over a navy blue and white checked waistcoat with a white pique collar. . . . Deanna Durbin's chocolate brown kaska suit has a high cut swing skirt and a pert saddle stitched bolero worn over a long sleeved yellow cashmere sweater with a turtle neck. A yellow felt off-the-face hat and brown accessories complete this outfit.



THE STUDIOS PRESENT:~



Wayne Morris and Barbara O'Neill in
"Everybody Was Very Nice."



Guy Kibbee, Beulah Bondi and Walter
Huston in "Benefits Forgot."



Milton Berle, Bob Burns and Jack Oakie in
"Radio City Revels."



Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,
in "Having Wonderful Time."



Jack Holt, Craig Reynolds and Beverly
Roberts in "All Were Enemies."



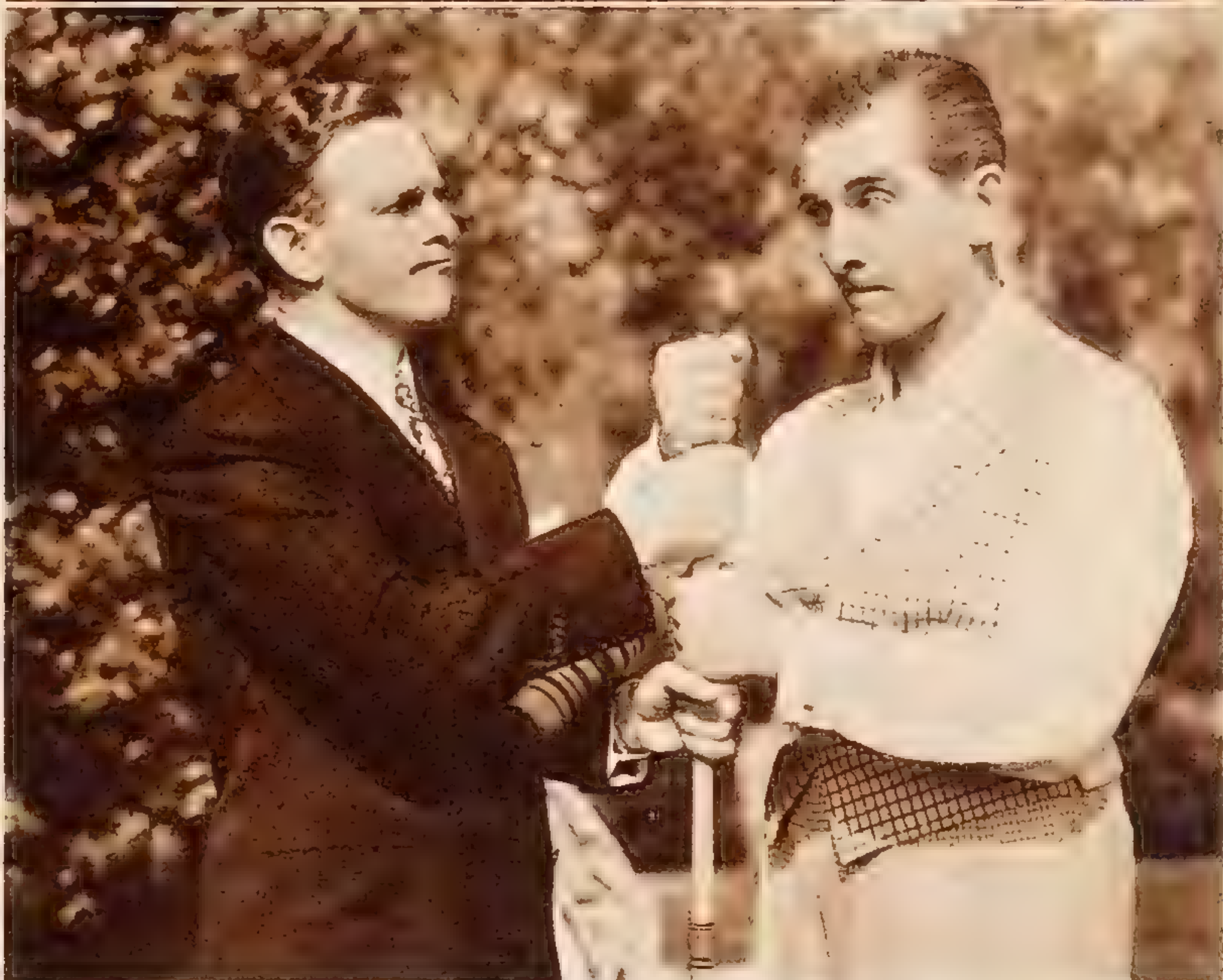
Akim Tamiroff, Harvey Stephens and Anna
May Wong in "Dangerous To Know."



Bette Davis and Henry Fonda in "Jezebel."
(Right) Reginald Owen, Reginald Gardiner and Billie Burke in "Everybody Sing."



Guinn Williams, Preston Foster and Sally Eilers in "Easy Millions."
(Right) George Burns and Edward Everett Horton in "College Swing."



RUNS KILL S.A.

"No wonder your 'date' went sour, Sis—a nasty run like that!" Brothers know how runs detract from the smartest frock—dim your whole effect. There's an easy way to cut down on these glamour killers . . . just use Lux.

*Girls, ask
your brothers—*
they'll tell you about

Brothers speak out frankly. They'll tell you how men frown at stocking faults . . . runs, ugly wrinkles, snaky seams.

Why not guard against these—rate high on S.A.*? It's easy with Lux.

SAVES ELASTICITY. Lux saves the *elasticity* of silk—lets threads *stretch* without breaking so easily, then spring back into shape. Runs are fewer—and stockings retain flattering fit.

Avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity and rob you of S.A.*

*S.A.=stocking appeal.

S.A.
[stocking appeal]

Cuts down runs . . . saves S.A.



BIG SHOTS IN LITTLE SEQUENCES



In "A Yank At Oxford," Maureen O'Sullivan demands that he do his stuff, so Robert Taylor gets to work on a clinch. But he fell for her! So another Great Lover loses his glamour, or something.



She decides to use force.



When she brought her beautiful legs into action, the heart of Mike was touched and he became like spaghetti in her hands.



The Studio Adventure of Martha Raye, or Why Knee Action Microphones Get a Girl Down.



Buddy Ebsen propositions the mule. He tries gentle persuasion and then, his ire aroused, he grows brutal. "There," yelled Buddy, "You're making an ass of yourself being so obstinate."



Sonja Henie on skates is beautiful, poised and graceful. Her routines are based upon ballet dancing, which was her first accomplishment. The central figure shows a dance kick which she does in "Happy Land-ing."



Luli Deste with John Boles in "SHE MARRIED AN ARTIST"—a COLUMBIA PICTURE.

"HANDS SHOULD BE GLAMOROUS"

says *Luli Deste*

(COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR)

"HANDS EXPRESS EMOTION and beauty," says Luli Deste, "and should receive the care necessary to keep them exquisite. This rule applies as much to home life as to professional life." Girls—prevent ugly chapping, keep hands lovely with Jergens Lotion!



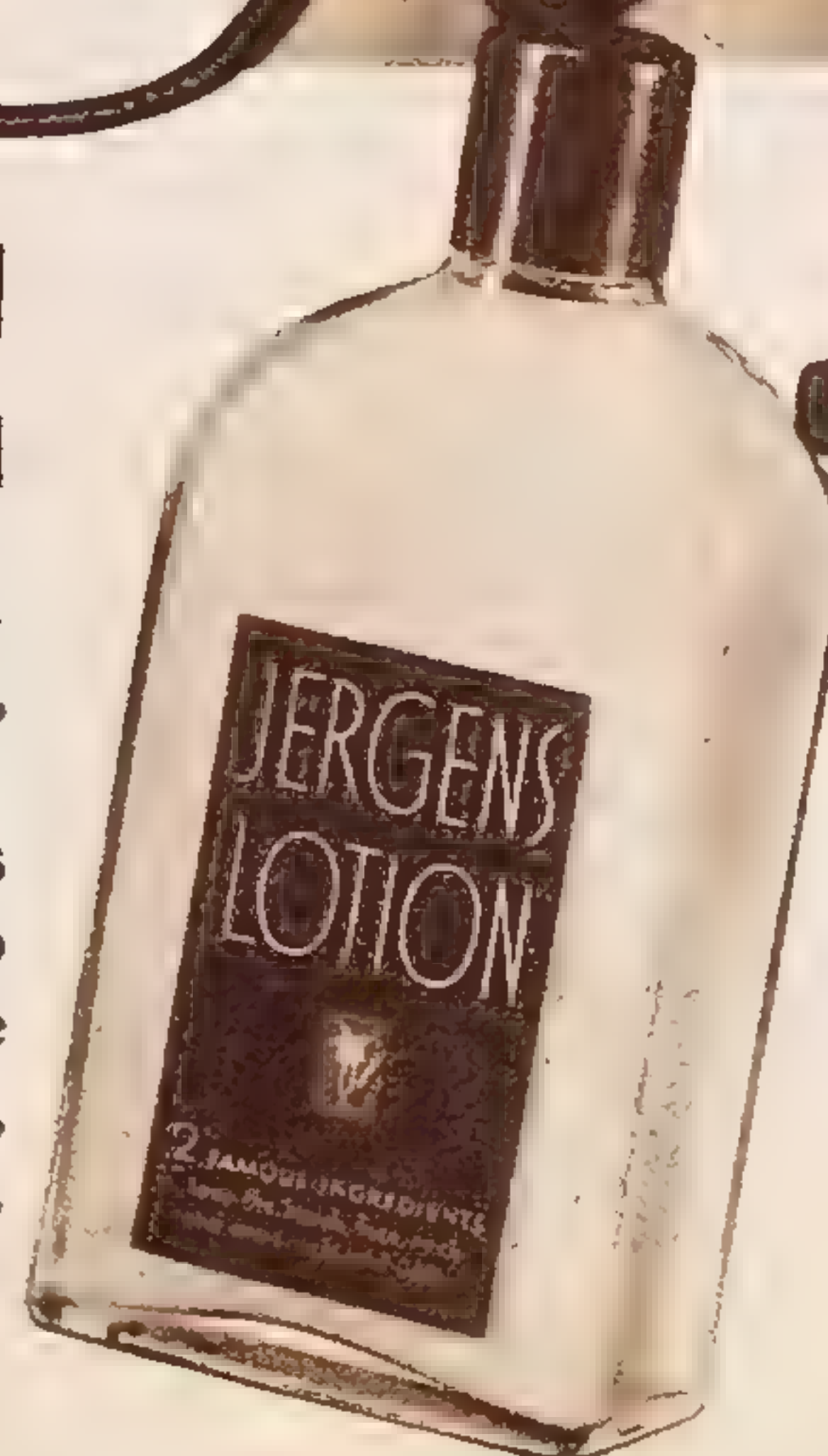
Chapped, Rough Hands soon Soft and Smooth when Lotion goes INTO THE SKIN

YOUR HANDS get rough and chapped when water, wind and cold rob the skin of moisture.

But Jergens Lotion easily replaces the lost moisture because it goes into the skin. Of all lotions tested, Jergens goes in the most completely. Leaves no stickiness. Quickly soothes chap-

ping. In no time, Jergens makes coarse red hands attractively soft, white and young-looking.

Two fine ingredients in Jergens are the same as many doctors use to soften and whiten. For exquisite hands—use Jergens. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00—at all beauty counters.



JERGENS LOTION

FREE: PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion goes in—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co. 2339 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario)

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

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SHOWS WITHIN SHOWS



(Above) In "Paradise For Two," Patricia Ellis and Jack Hurlburt catch the theatrical atmosphere for this British made picture. (Left) It takes a bevy of show girls to give Allan Jones and Lynne Carver the feel of the footlight world. (Below) In "Shanghai Deadline," shimmering Dolores Del Rio, as a night club performer, throws herself into a flamboyant pose, the very opposite of dramatic realism.



The Performers Do
Better On Stages,
Even Though Au-
diences Are Missing.

Alice Faye is quite
at home in a dance
number. From "Sally,
Irene and Mary."



"THE KID COMES BACK"



*The laughing,
larruping hero of
"Kid Galahad"!*

*The heart-break-
ing, chin-busting
gob of "Sub-
marine D-1"!*

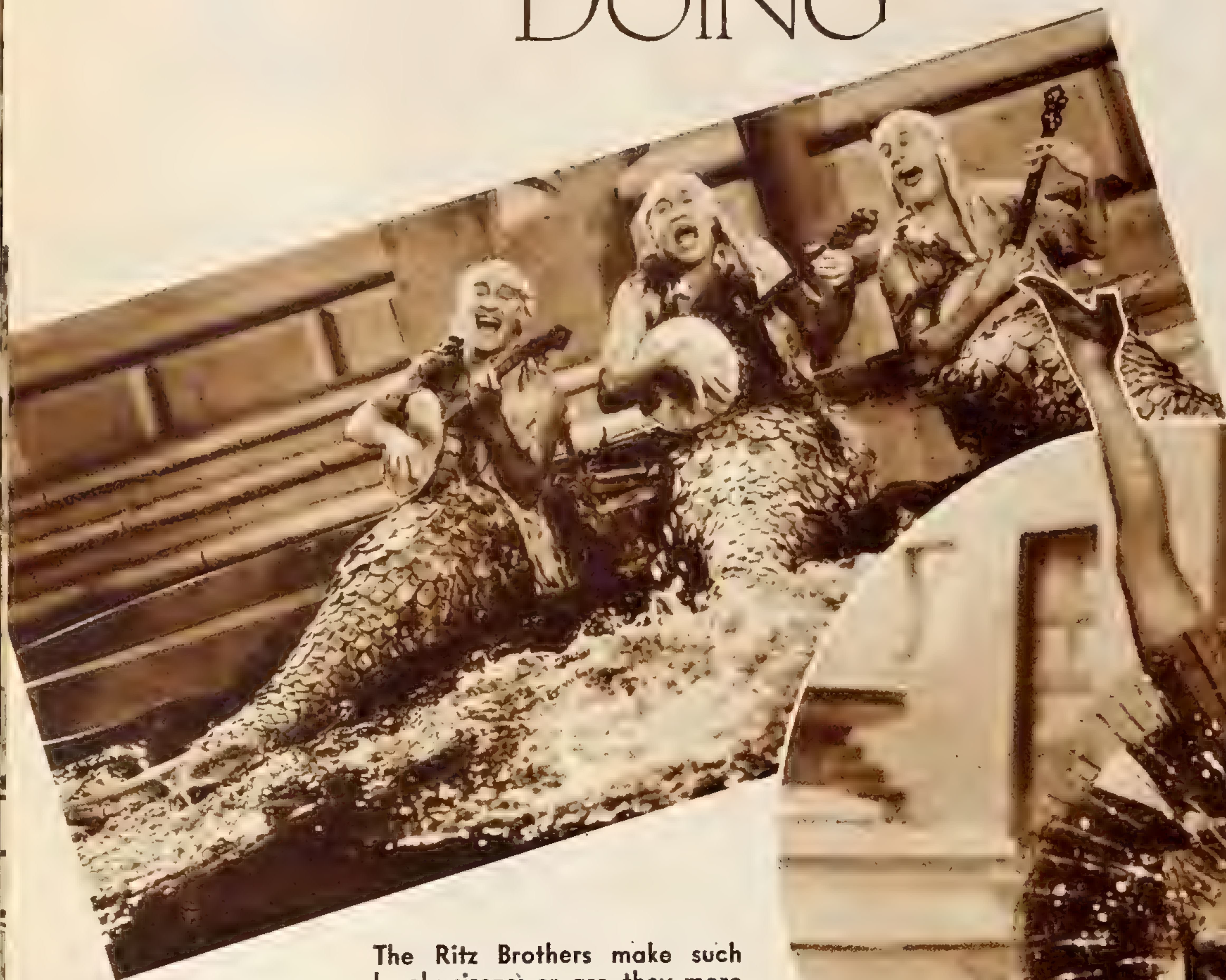


Speeding to stardom faster than any other screen hero in years! Here's the daring, dashing new thrill in boy friends, with the devil in his eyes, a wallop in his mitt and heaven in his arms! Winning millions of hearts in every role he plays! See him now—more exciting than ever—in the tingling romance of a fightin' fool who knew how to love!

***Shooting another love punch straight
to your heart in "The Kid Comes Back"!***

with
**WAYNE
MORRIS**
A WARNER BROS.
PICTURE

ALWAYS SOMETHING DOING



The Ritz Brothers make such lovely sirens; or are they more like steam sirens? In "The Goldwyn Follies."



Real Hawaiians, in "Hawa Calls," doing the hula—just another Big App with free hippping. (Left) Vera Zorina introduces new movement in her ball dance in "The Goldwyn Follies," winning hands down. (Below) Preston Foster and Sally Eilers and Cary Grant for his autograph. "Things must be getting tough," he wrote "when we have to ask each other for our names."



(Above, left) Fanny Brice, Reginald Gardiner, Judy Garland, Director Edwin L. Marin, Billie Burke and Reginald Owen in the spirit of "Everybody Sing." (Left) A great director at work. Lubitsch is trying to show Gary Cooper just how he thinks Gary should play his part. The Lubitsch sock.



Before and after. The lower picture shows the spot selected for a film location. The one above was taken after a village was built on it. The two pine trees outlined against the sky prove these shots are of the same site.

Villages, On Picture Locations, Spring Up Like Magic (A short short, complete in this issue)

CLARENCE BROWN carefully examined the script of "Benefits Forgot." It was a story he loved. In fact, nineteen years ago he had such faith in it that he bought it. It was his personal property. The silent screen wasn't ready for a story of fine characterizations and down-to-earth human emotions. But Brown saw ahead. He waited. Then Hollywood came to see the value of stories like "Ah, Wilderness!", "Night Must Fall," and of the human characters that made these stories great. So Brown was ready to direct his story, "Benefits Forgot," with Walter Huston, James Stewart, and Beulah Bondi in the cast.

The locale was a backwoods Ohio village of Lincoln's day. The principal characters, a pioneer circuit-riding preacher, played by Huston; the son, with ambitions to be a surgeon and out of sympathy with his father's religious zeal, played by Stewart; the wife and mother, blindly adoring both, played by Beulah Bondi.

There were two choices; either build an Ohio village on the "back lot," or go to some location.

"In a story depending on characterizations rather than plot," argued Brown, "the background must necessarily be as important a character as an actor." So search started for a location on which to build the backwoods village, with its church, general store, blacksmith shop, dock and river steamer, rail fences and the rest of the picturesque detail.

The first step was routine. Brown and the art director, who had read the script and laid out preliminary sketches of the village, visited the files of the location manager. They looked at pictures of hundreds of possible spots. They gradually narrowed their choice down to several locales. Then they visited these. Scenery was considered, and topography was considered, as the village was to be designed along certain lines for camera angles.

Brown always watches these details himself. He started life as an engineer. Today he uses the exact mathematical machine of an engineer's brain to check on the flights of fancy of the artist that is in him. He calculated the exact angle of the road leading from the village along the hillside to Parson Huston's home. The next minute he was envisioning the old-fashioned horseshoes nailed on the door of the blacksmith's shop. No detail is too small for his notice, from a guttered candle in a pioneer shack to a flock of sheep, backlit by the sun, in a sylvan pasture.



Clarence Brown, the creative director of "Benefits Forgot."

NOT DONE WITH MIRRORS

By
Gregory Squire

The North Shore of Lake Arrowhead was finally chosen. Architectural plans were drawn for the carpenters. Brown checked them all, and the construction work began with Brown right on the spot, just as an architect supervises a house. He saw that the painters placed just the right shades for photographic effect. He saw that the corn and pumpkin fields were irregular enough for primitive country.

Walter Huston, who plays the principal role, was, like Brown, an engineer. The two men have a great deal in common. Huston accompanied Brown around the village, to make sure he could "live" in it. They conferred with Harry Oliver, artist, and Charles Whittaker, historian. A little was taken from history, a little from art, as tiny details were added to the location. . . . A country churchyard with rough wooden crosses. A charming stile, over a fence made of rails such as Lincoln used to split. An old brass-bound wooden churn for Beulah Bondi's kitchen. An heterogeneous jumble of medical tools, magazines, and whiskey bottles for the office of the bibulous Doctor Shingle, played by Charles Coburn.

Their homes were made to describe the characters. Clews to mannerisms, such as the hiding place of a bottle, the resting place of a pipe, were considered in making "characters" out of the sets.

Finally, Brown considered the location complete. A company of two hundred journeyed nearly 100 miles, by cars and busses, to location, and "Camera" was called on the first scene.

SOME people still lift an eyebrow. They still believe all that truck about the duke and maharajahs whom Poppy Bonita drove to ruin, even suicide, before she left Europe flat, flamed into Hollywood, and got where she is now—in the top-flight of the screen. But here's the inside dope.

At first Poppy Bonita was only a name which had come to Mr. Irving Seal from out the pregnant silences of genius; only a dream girl cloaked, as Irv himself modestly admits, "with the mystery, the perfume of summer night; with all the exotic elusive glimmer of siren womanhood!"

Hot dog!

"Poppy Bonita!"

Irv loved that name. Wistfully. Then Poppy became real. She was born. Not in Europe, as per publicity, but publicly—on a sidewalk just south of Hollywood Boulevard.

Having lunched late and long on shirred eggs, double-thick buttered toast, and champagne, Irv left the Hollywood Derby and started across Vine Street.

Simultaneously Mr. Joe Bilson abandoned the opposite curb in front of Al Levy's Tavern, glowing inwardly from a mixture of sweetbreads, mushrooms, soup, and Manhattans which had been taken aboard in the order specified, and likewise began a crossing.

Each moved frowning and in haste, but this was only for the sake of appearances, for neither had anywhere in particular to go. Mr. Bilson felt that no automobile would dare to run down the ex-studio-manager of National Art, so he paid not the slightest attention to the swarming summer traffic till a sudden squawk from the twin horns of a speedily approaching sedan increased his own speed with the promptness of a pin in the seat of the pants.

A second startled squawk, this time from a swooping coupe, also wiped the wrinkles of non-existent portentous affairs from the brow of Mr. Seal and convinced him of the desirability of a quick, forward, kangaroo leap.

The two gents smashed head-on in mid-air and mid-pavement, and knocked each other sprawling. They were neither insane nor plastered. But the fact that they sat up still alive and amid a pleasant crunching of fenders was due only to the protection of those debonair and dizzy gods who watch over maniacs, inebriated persons—and Hollywood executives.

"Hello, Joe," Mr. Seal observed.

"Hello, Irv," Mr. Bilson said.

"How you doing, Joe?" Mr. Seal inquired.

"Swell!"

"Joe," Irv derisively cracked, "this morning the papers say you are canned from National Art. Let out, they called it."

"And also that you, Irv, are canned from Super-Tone Productions," Joe cracked back.

They studied each other sharply. Both were young, intelligent, clever. But whereas Mr. Irving Seal was rugged, short, dark, and expensively upholstered in chamois Norfolk jacket and wide checked pants, Mr. Joe Bilson was sleek, muscular, and loosely but expensively tailored in homespun.

"If we're gonna talk," Irv suggested with a sudden, acquisitive gleam in his eyes, "let's get outa the street. It might be safer."

"Okay," Joe said.

They adjourned to the Tavern side, this time using a little caution. Irv said with elaborate friendliness, "Did National Art pay you enough potatoes so you emerge with some salted away in the bank, Joe?"

Joe recognized Irv's tone only too well. "Never mind about that," he said. "Let's talk about you. Yesterday a producer. To-

day a jobless bum. Were you trying to steal the whole Super-Tone studio in just one year? You shoulda taken two years at least, Irv."

Irv looked wounded.

"Now, Joe, is that any way for an old New York pal to talk? All I do is, I chisel a mere five percent for myself out of all salaries and other items spent by my unit in making pictures, and I always chisel from agents and such, who are rich. This is not crooked but a guy's plain duty to himself, as anybody but a rat could see."

"Only five?" Joe sneered. "Me, I collected six percent on the whole studio. Until," he admitted, "some narrow-minded sneak told the big boss."

"In that case, old pal," Irv said, "let's spend the afternoon right here, like when we were a couple punk kids just outa college and standing on Forty-second Street and betting one C note on each taxi which comes around the corner, before we ever went to work in any moom picture business. Remember?"

A new light had sprung into Joe's eyes. They would bet, he said, not on the next taxi but on the next blonde.

"Whoa!" Irv said in alarm—"King's X! Nobody can tell about a blonde, is she odd or is she even. Not even Gable!"

"Right!" Joe snapped—"But we won't be betting against each other, we will bet together against the world. Lookit! We're both all buttered up with dough but no jobs. We know this picture racket cold. Therefore we pool our kitties and make some pictures, and the star of our pictures will be the next—"

"Stop!" Irv said, "You're killing me!" But then he himself stopped, for the essential soundness of Joe's idea rang a bell in his brain. He knew that movie magnates do, against all laws of reason and chance, occasionally discover or create a new star. Rapidly Irv reminded himself that if an

THREE IN LOVE

actress can act it is helpful but not necessary, he breathed deeply and said mildly, "I'll go you! But not the next blonde. The next girl any coloring, but glass eyes and wooden legs barred."

"Okay," Joe said at 2:38:01 P.M.

Now, as everyone knows, Hollywood swarms with girls of all descriptions. Girls with and without money, toe-nail polish, families, boy-friends, problems, extra underwear, jobs, Scotties, sex appeal, astigmatism, furs and street-car tokens. If the wheel of fortune had stopped on anyone else this report would be different, and love might not have entered the lives of Mr. Joe Bilson and Mr. Irving Seal exactly as it did. But the wheel chanced to stop on Miss Mary Johanssen, although Mary herself kept walking briskly and executed the turn into Vine at precisely 2:38:24.

"Okay again?" Irv inquired.

Joe said, "Okay!" because Miss Johanssen wore no hat and her hair was the color of corn; because in the hot sun she wore blue and white tennis slippers and shorts and a tricky blue shirt, and her long legs were bare and anybody could note without effort that the shape was O. K.

Together Irv and Joe moved into the middle of the sidewalk.

"Baby," Joe politely began, "we have decided to make—"

Miss Johanssen cut him with a gasp, a look that should have burned his collar off but didn't, and an attempt to walk around him. Mr. Irving Seal suavely got in her way.

"Do not be alarmed, sweetheart, because we—"

Miss Johanssen re-



coiled. She seemed to reflect, abruptly she grinned and maliciously she opened her mouth and loosed a flock of blood-curdling screams.

Officer O'Shane came running from the intersection.

"What—" he demanded severely—"is all this?"

"These men!" Mary stormed. "Mashers! And in broad daylight, too!"

"Is that all?" O'Shane said. "I thought it was somepin serious. The way you yelled," he explained. "Cluck, don't you know who these two guys are?"

"I do not!"

O'Shane told her.

"Oh!" Mary said.

"Furthermore, baby," Joe said, "we have some news for you, in case you can listen without further screams. We are going to make you over into a famous film star, at once!"

She thought Joe was cute. She liked tall, lean, well-dressed gorillas. But her startled, questioning glance leaped to Irv. She also liked short, sturdy, well-dressed gorillas.

A New Silver Screen Feature—Fiction That Gives The True Flavor Of The Romances Of Real Men and Women Who Live And Love In The Fantastic Atmosphere of Hollywood

By

Robert Neal Leath

Illustrated by James Trembath



"That's on the level," Irv assured her. "Stardom. Immediately."

"To what do I owe this honor?" Mary sneered.

Irv said, "To coming around the corner."

Mary thought she was being kidded.

"Like Miss Prosperity," I suppose.

Joe loudly clapped his hands. "That's wonderful! Miss Prosperity, a new film star because she came around a corner! What Maxie Murphy will do with that! I can see it right now! Front page stuff every paper in the world!"

"Nothing doing!" Irv said flatly. "Her

"I might have expected something like this," Mary snapped as she socked Joe violently.

name is Poppy Bonita and she broke the hearts of twenty dukes!"

"Are you guys nuts?" inquired Officer O'Shane, who in a town of dizzy dialogue had never heard any quite as dizzy as this. Of course, he stood on the street and never got inside an executive office.

"What do you care?" Joe said.

"Buddy," O'Shane told him triumphantly, "I'll tell you! I don't care a good—good—"

"Whoop?" Irv delicately suggested.

"Whoop!"

Mary explained, "The flat-foot means he doesn't care a good, feather-legged damn!"

"Thank you, baby," Joe said fondly. "We shall get along. And as for you, officer, you'd better scram because we cannot tolerate such profanity as yours in the presence of a lady! So scram at once!"

Considerably bewildered, Officer O'Shane retired. He belligerently awarded six tickets to drivers who went past the go signal before he remembered it was the stop signal and not the go which merited his attention. Meantime Joe and Irv had towed Miss Mary Johanssen into Levy's and ordered old-fashioned all around.

"What do you see, Joe?" Irv inquired.

Joe inspected Mary. Usually there was something like a film over his eyes—a filter which turned his eyes into camera lenses and impersonalized a girl's charms before they got to his brain. The filter melted. His heart began to thump, although he thought Miss Mary Johanssen was not particularly pretty. Sun-freckles had been sprinkled across her nose, which was straight. Her lashes were black and long, and her upper eye-lids had an odd droop. Her mouth was full, lush, and later discovered to require no rouge at all. She had very small, entrancing, mercenary ears. She looked good and true and merry and rough. Joe felt a sharp pain in his middle which might have been indigestion. Amazed, Joe knew it wasn't. It was love!

"Gosh!" he breathed, giving her nearest knee an enthusiastic pat—"I see somebody I been looking for a long time!"

"I might have expected something like this," Mary snapped, and with a single flow of motion she knotted one shapely hand into a fist, socked Joe violently in the nose getting her shoulder into the blow, slipped from her seat and got half-way to the door before Irv overtook her.

"Honey, honey!" Irv pleaded—"Come on back! I personally guarantee to keep that ape in his place and no more knee-patting will occur, honest! Give us one more chance!"

"I ought to know better," Mary said.

Joe had not risen. He had a blood-splotted napkin against his nose but the rest of his face wore an enchanted smile.

"My goodness, you are quick," he complained. "Since it is marriage you insist upon, sweetheart, how would Saturday suit you?"

Irv gulped.

"This whips me down!" he observed. "This completely stops me! Am I hearing right, old pal, or did you just now actually proposition this doll, which you never saw before, with a real made-in-heaven wedding ring, payable this coming Saturday?"

"Why should a guy go through a lot of red tape when a guy has made up his mind?" Joe said reasonably—"How about it, toots?"

Mary finally caught her breath.

"No. No! No!" she said. "Certainly not!"

"Good!" Irv said. "Now we can get down to business. What have we got here, Joe, and what are we gonna do with it?"

Joe sighed. The enchanting doll was mad at him. That meant he must wear her down. He brought the napkin down, discovered that his nose although numb had stopped bleeding, rubbed a hand across his forehead, and went artistic.

"We got—freshness," he said. . . "Dewiness!" He liked that. "She's dewy! What we got here, Irv, we got a typical American girl! We got another Jean Parker, another Jean Muir, maybe another Gaynor or Pickford! What we will do, we pull at the old American heart-strings! That gets 'em! We will make this blonde baby America's Sweetheart Number One account of the old heart-strings always yank 'em one hundred percent past the box office!"

"Please, Joe," Irv said with withering patience, lifting one uncalled-for palm, "Heart-strings. Nuts!" He half rose from his cushion, bent across the table, and tapped Joe impressively on the chest. "Think, Joe! And look! What do you see first? The eyes! Droopy—long—exotic—glammerous. And think! What has Garbo got? What have Crawford and Dietrich got?"

"What has Shirley Temple got?" Joe retorted with caustic venom—"Sex appeal, I suppose!"

Irv, carried away, paid no attention: "Glammer! That's what most of the big money-makers have got! And glammer's what we want, because we do not wish to put our dough on a long shot but on a favorite!"

"You," said Joe, "are completely screwy, Irv, if you will pardon my saying so!"

Mary said, "And if I may say a word—"

"Please!" Joe said—"You can't! He glared at Irv and Irv glared back. At last Irv said, "We need a umpire."

"That's it!" Joe slapped the table. He summoned a waiter and the waiter brought three more old-fashioneds and a telephone. Joe called the million-dollar Isaac Smith Cosmetic Corporation and after mentioning his own name, heard the quick thaw of a supercilious secretary and soon the voice of Isaac Smith himself.

"Come right over to Levy's," Joe said. "I and Irv Seal need you quick!"

"I cannot do it!" Isaac protested. "Mae West will be here any minute for personal attention to the hair."

"Now listen!" Joe cracked—"Are you a cheap appointment slave or are you an artist? I hear you are the greatest make-up artist in the world but at present I begin to believe certain contrary rumors I also hear; you are really nothing but a cheap hair-dresser and no artist whatever! You're not big!"

ANNOUNCEMENT

In this issue Silver Screen introduces to you a new feature—a love story with a Hollywood background. Clever fiction stories furnish an opportunity to describe the intimate atmosphere of the studios and convey to the reader the champagne quality of Hollywood love. Next month there will be another of these interesting fiction stories, rich in glamorous detail and untrammelled by facts.

* * *

The stars lead lives whirling with excitement, touched with the shining moments of fame and the complacency that comes with burgeoning bank accounts. That is, the successful ones. But there are other aspirants for fame who offer their talents with little hope of success. Leon Surmelian, in the April issue, writes a dramatic and colorful story teeming with episodes right out of the side streets of Hollywood.

* * *

There is an unselfish streak which runs through the famous stars. Did you know that they give thousands of dollars to their associates when the shooting is over and the picture is finished? Read all about these lavish gifts in the next issue of Silver Screen.

* * *

Many other fascinating articles of the screen world will appear in our April issue, on sale March 11th.

Not big!

A sound of crunching teeth came through the wire at those most fighting words of Hollywood, and then Isaac said, dripping outraged dignity, "I am coming! Wait!"

Ten minutes later he arrived, quivering. He was fat, enormous, pop-eyed, and sensitive as a Stradivarius violin.

Irv pointed. "Her! What can you do? We want glammer!"

"We do like ents in the pents!" Joe snarled. "We want heart-strings!"

The impresario replied only to the waiter, ordering a double Scotch. He took two long refreshing gulps, sank backwards and down, shuddered, closed his eyes, relaxed, and went into a sort of trance from which he emerged only once to stare intently at Miss Mary Johanssen. Every day hundreds of beautiful girls storm the casting offices and cocktail parties of the film capital. But they seldom rise to any important place, because somehow they all

look alike—perfect in loveliness, different in coloring, but somehow all alike.

Isaac, a showman to his finger-tips, also was an authentic genius. If he saw a girl might be beautiful but had a high forehead, he did not bring bangs over that forehead to make her look like all the other girls; he emphasized the forehead instead, and in one case actually had given a French actress a forehead like a peeled pear: she had been an overnight sensation. Lovely wide mouths he made even wider, and to hawk noses he imparted a go-to-hell lovely emphasized arrogance. From the silence he murmured: "As a starter, it will cost one grand."

"Shoot the piece," Joe said.

They waited. Mary was quivering, too. Stardom in motion pictures, out of a clear sunny sky, was indeed something. But a proposal of marriage, even if promptly rejected, was something else again to any girl. A girl couldn't help sort of palpitating and thinking about What If I Had Said Yes?

Isaac's eyes popped hopefully open. "Can you speak any language except American?"

"Also German," Mary astonishingly said. "Also Swedish, Russian, Spanish, Italian, and Japanese. I'm foreign correspondence expert for a great big old bank."

"Twice in one afternoon I am stopped!" Irv delightedly gasped. "This puts me away! A blonde with brains! I—"

"Please!" Isaac snarled. "I am thinking!"

After perhaps three more silent minutes, abruptly his face lighted and he sat bolt upright. Producing an old envelope and a pencil, with a few strokes he drew an outline of Mary's face, which he separated into six sections with one vertical line down the middle of the nose and two horizontal lines through eyes and mouth. He studied the balances, the proportions, and sagely nodded to himself. Mary nervously peeked, and her blood boiled indignantly, for she saw that Isaac's method was that of the caricaturist rather than the glorifier.

"Glammer it is!" he finally announced dramatically.

Irv spread his arms wide.

"Poppy!" he said—"Poppy Bonita!"

"This is Wednesday," Isaac said. "Friday night to you I will present glammer! Ten o'clock! The Trocadero! The party," he added, "will be on you guys, as also the necessary additional expenses for wardrobe. Baby," he instructed Mary, rising, "come with me!"

"Nuts!" Mary said demurely—"I have heard no mention of money for myself and I am very fond of regular meals."

"You will get a contract, gorgeous," Irv promised largely—"later. Contracts take time to draw up, unnerstand. Don't you trust us?"

[Continued on page 59]



Ralph Bellamy, Marcia Ralston, Isabel Jeans and Carole Lombard between scenes of "Fools For Scandal."

LET BEAUTY GO TO YOUR HEAD

And Don't
Be A Copy-
ist. Let Your
Hair Express
You!

By
Mary Lee



Mary Carlisle believes that frequent brushing keeps the hair glowing with health.

HAVE you ever looked in your mirror and thought you'd give almost anything to change yourself? Perhaps you have no idea of what you'd want in exchange. You are just good and tired of looking the same.

There's a solution to this self-boredom that works like magic!

Change your hair! That changes your appearance and your outlook on life. It seems to give you a new grip. Every so often, repeat this old recipe for a new self. This is a great Hollywood method for new faces and new personalities, and I cite Bette Davis and Carole Lombard as the most versatile exponents of hair changes—both blondes, by the way.

Hollywood offers practically a post graduate course in personality through this hair change business, beginning right at the roots in the matter of hair care. For Hollywood hair is a constant problem. Therefore, it is about the best groomed hair in the world. Consider how your star must take it in the head. Some undergo a daily shampoo when working in a picture—this to give that silken sheen before the camera. Then the hairdressing, itself, takes one whole early morning hour. Overnight, too, because of character requirements, or for the sake of Technicolor, the nice brown head becomes a blonde or vice versa. When I last lunched with Helen Vinson, she was a soft blonde. I met her on the screen in "Vogues of 1937" a flaming redhead, grand with the greens she wore. Or there are girls whose hair parts the wrong way for the right effect, or who haven't the right hairline, and so a wig takes care of them. Thus Hollywood hair has to be strong to take it and still be beautiful.

Almost all stars answer in chorus to hair care, "Hot oil treatments!" This is olive oil, castor oil or one of the prepared oils warmed and applied to the scalp before

the shampoo. If it can be done the night before, so much the better. In that case, cover your pillow to protect it. You won't look well for social encounters at this stage, but you will when the oil is washed out.

I am a great believer in the home shampoo, even if you have your hair set professionally, which many heads need. You can make a quick and thorough job of it via the basin, shower or tub method. If you use the tub, try resting your elbows on your raised knees while you rub. It saves arm strain. Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo, that cleanses perfectly without any lather, gets warm praise from the homeworkers. It leaves hair soft, yet with body, shimmering and easy to manage. I have found it particularly good for naturally curly hair, which is usually coarse and unruly after washing, because it seems to give a silken texture. Then there is a newer Admiracion companion-piece, Foamy Oil Shampoo, which I think you will like immensely. This gives a rich, billowy lather, non-drying. The feel of lather on the head is liked by many. It seems to insure extra cleanliness, just like soap and water for the face. Both shampoos are very reasonable and are made of oils so that no final lemon or vinegar rinse is needed. For the too oily, dry or otherwise misbehaving scalp, there is Admiracion Hair Tonic that does a good job.

After the shampoo comes the brush and it ought to be a good sturdy one. I've had the same Pro-phy-lac-tic brush for about four years. It has brushed many thousand strokes, had many baths, and it's still good. These brushes last wonderfully well. Brush with vigor. Put energy into it, and you can get in between one and two hundred strokes in about five minutes. Nothing gives your hair the polish and sheen of good brushing, and it does not remove curl. Instead, it makes hair more pliable, and so

the curl becomes deeper, more lasting. In an emergency, try this quick cleansing method. Push a square of cheesecloth down through the bristles of your brush—then brush. Renew the cloth as it becomes soiled.

If you do a home set, try Nestle Superset Waving Lotion first. It makes waves go in deep and smooth, ends curl softly or a Page Boy look like a gleaming ribbon of smoothness. For ends that are too permanented, dry or brittle, the Ogilvie Sisters have Crème Set. A tiny bit rubbed on these ends makes them tractable, and the Set seems to condition hair as it grooms. It is very good, also, on hair that has been too bleached until it looks lifeless; and it will give body to fine, limp hair.

Lechler Laboratories have been doing splendid scalp and hair aids for years. A great number of women praise their

Moorish Hair Coloring Pencil to cover unattractive or premature gray streaks or spots. This is not a dye. It's vegetable coloring in pencil form. Simply dampen and apply to the streak. It lasts until shampooed away. There is a right tone for every head, too. Gray and white hair can be so beautiful when the tone is clear, unmarred by yellowish streaks. For these heads, Lechler offers Snow-Lox, a shampoo soap that neutralizes the yellowish tinge, giving that pure platinum tone to gray or white hair. It is suggested, too, for hair burned reddish by the sun, in case you've been South, and to remove that deep yellow look from overly bleached hair. It gives more of an ash blonde cast to the latter.

The other Lechler specialty is Curl-A-New, a very mild shampoo soap that encourages more curl in the permanent, naturally curly or childlike hair. If you are now praying that your baby may keep those soft tendrils, this soap is a wonderful aid. Try it for taming wiry hair, too. The soap is pure and mild, used largely for children's heads.

An idea, if you want to make your curls very neat looking—try using a small child's brush to persuade them over your finger instead of a large brush. The little brush is easier to manage and gives a smoother curl. Also use your fastidious personal taste in even such small details as hairpins. Ask for De Long Bob Pins if you want a lovely, unpinned looking, though secure, final effect.

And where are hair styles going, you probably want to know? Hairdressers say up, up, up. We, however—and Hollywood stars agree—say keep hair like nature meant it to be but make it shine like satin, glimmer with life and wear it the way it looks best—up, down, back or forward. For hair, after all, is about your best expression of good taste and individuality.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

RECOMMENDED TO EVERYBODY—OLD AND YOUNG—Disney—RKO

GRIMM's fairytale of little Snow White, her cruel stepmother, Prince Charming, and the seven gallant dwarfs is the inspiration of Walt Disney's first feature length film told with animated drawings. It exceeds in idyllic beauty and grand entertainment even the wildest expectations of Disney's millions of fans.

So human has Disney made his fairytale folk that you find yourself laughing hysterically over the comic antics of the dwarfs, hating with a great big hate the jealous stepmother, and sobbing your soul out over Snow White's death. (Tsch, Tsch, there isn't an unhappy ending—don't forget Prince Charming and his loving kiss.)

Snow White, a lovely little star without any false lashes or make-up, sings sweetly two charming ballads "Some Day My Prince Will Come" and "The Wishing Well." The dwarfs, of course, you will go deliriously mad over, and will have to use all your self-restraint to keep from barging right up there on the screen and taking them home with you. I must have Grouchy and Dopey before the winter's over. Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse, I hear, are as jealous as they can be.

This beautiful and delightful picture is highly recommended as perfect entertainment for all ages. You don't have to be a whimsy-pooch to like it. In fact if you don't go to see it as many as two and three times I shall be very disappointed in you.

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

A MUSICAL COMEDY DONE IN THE LAVISH SCREEN MANNER—WB

THE story takes that old situation of a small town boy who arrives in Hollywood on the crest of the wave, gets pushed about considerably by the studios and the big shots, and eventually lands on top himself thanks to the sane scheming of a little stand-in who's fallen in love with him.

Dick Powell is the boy, and Dick is at his most charming best, especially when he's singing "I'm Like a Fish Out of Water" and leading that nutty production number "Sing, You Son of a Gun." Rosemary Lane plays the pretty stand-in, and joins Dick in his songs. Lola Lane is simply grand as the temperamental star with an amazing vocabulary.

Deserving of much praise are Alan Mow-

bray as a hammy actor, Glenda Farrell as a secretary, Louella Parsons as Louella Parsons, Hugh Herbert as a movie father, Ted Healy as a shoe string agent and Edgar Kennedy as the manager of a drive-in. "Hollywood Hotel," the famous Campbell Soup Hour, comes in for a big plug and if you are a radio minded person this is your chance to see your air favorites.

SWING YOUR LADY

A HILLBILLY FARCE WITH MUSIC—WB

SOMETHING new in rowdy burlesque! And the chances are you'll like it. Nat Pendleton plays a dim-witted wrestler who is being matched for local bouts down through the backwoods country of Missouri. Humphrey Bogart is his manager and business is pretty bad until he meets a village blacksmith, who is none other than Louise Fazenda.

Bogart arranges a match between the buxom blacksmith and his wrestler and the whole countryside is aroused and eager for the fray. But Nat Pendleton, the big sissy, falls so much in love with Louise that he simply swoons in the clinches and the fight has to be called off.

It's comedy at its broadest, and there's certainly nothing dainty about it. Penny

Singleton plays Bogart's sweetie and she livens things up considerably by dancing and singing. In fact the hillbilly songs as sung by Penny and the Weaver Brothers and Elviry are so good you wish there were more.

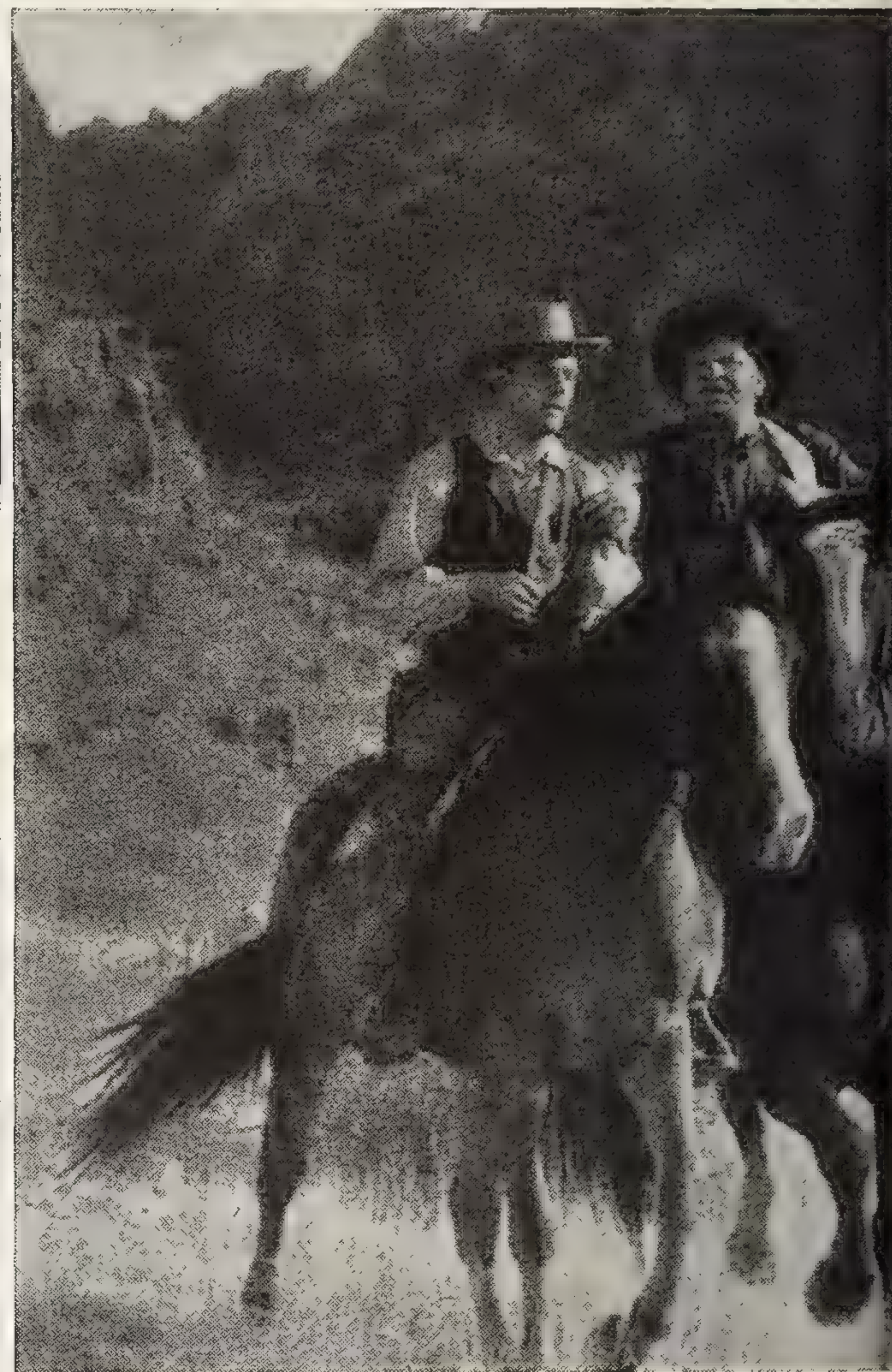
EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY

MAE WEST'S LATEST DIVERTISEMENT—Par.

THIS film is a decided improvement over Mae West's last few, and ranks right up there next to "She Done Him Wrong." And



(Above) Humphrey Bogart and Penny Singleton. No holds are barred in "Swing Your Lady." (Right) The smiles of Rosemary Lane and Dick Powell reflect the spirit of "Hollywood Hotel."



Snow White and Grouchy in Walt Disney's artistic success, "Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs."

REVIEW

it might be interesting to note that the censors were so pleased with it that they okayed it without a quibble.

Mae plays Peaches O'Day, a belle of New York's underworld at the turn of the century, and she is caught in the opening sequences selling Brooklyn Bridge to Herman Bing for \$200 while she berates him for not paying her \$300.

But Mae soon falls for Edmund Lowe, an honest cop, and straightway she espouses



(Above) Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford in "Mannequin." A new team. (Left) Lloyd Nolan and Mae West in "Every Day's a Holiday," another story of the underworld. Evidently those days were pretty dramatic.



relationship. There are many violent and dramatic incidents which finally culminate in one of the most sensational gun battles ever screened.

After all, for good old movie thrills there's really nothing like a Western. The kids will simply eat this up. Dennis O'Keefe plays the son and Guy Kibbee his manager. Bruce Cabot is terrifically menacing as the venomous "Blackjack" and Joseph Calleia is perfect as Trigger's right hand man. And don't forget to look at the scenery. It's real western too.

MANNEQUIN

GOOD DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT—M-G-M

JOAN CRAWFORD and Spencer Tracy are teamed for the first time in this sincere and dignified drama which has been adapted from a Katherine Brush story. They make a grand team—let's have more of them.

Joan gives a beautifully sympathetic performance as a poor girl brought up in the New York tenements, who lifts herself out of the squalor and horror of the slums by marrying Alan Curtis, a weak, fast-talking but personable young man. She soon discovers that her marriage is a mistake, and that instead of getting jobs for himself her husband is only interested in getting jobs for her. When he suggests that she exercise her charms, for the purpose of getting money, on Spencer Tracy, a wealthy ship owner, Joan divorces him.

Months later, after she has worked as a mannequin, Joan actually does marry Spencer. Her first husband makes plans for blackmail, but is thwarted when Spencer loses all his money in a shipping strike. There is a satisfying and dramatic denouement. Elizabeth Risdon, Leo Gorcey and Oscar O'Shea are splendid as Joan's Irish-American family.

THE BUCCANEER

A THRILLING PICTURE—DON'T MISS IT!—Par.

THIS is C. B. DeMille's lavish production of the adventures in the life of Jean Lafitte, one of the most famous pirates in American history. Months of research were spent on this picture and the historical background is quite authentic. Mr. DeMille assures us, and so are the swamps and bayous of New Orleans, where a location company took scenes that will make your spine tingle. Fredric March plays Lafitte

[Continued on page 62]



(Left) A big moment for Bert Lahr and Joan Davis in "Love and Hisses."

(Left) Dennis O'Keefe and Wallace Beery in "Bad Man of Brimstone."

the cause of clean government. She puts on a black wig and poses as Mlle. Fifi, a musical comedy actress, and this disguise enables her to keep the honest cop from driving her out of town while she gathers up evidence on Lloyd Nolan, a crooked police inspector. She sees to it that Lowe is elected mayor, that Nolan is exposed for the crook he is, and the taxpayers' money

is saved. She takes on quite a job!

The Old New York background is lush and colorful and there are plenty of good hearty laughs, contributed mostly by those top-notch comedians, Charles Winninger and Charlie Butterworth.

THE BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE

A REALLY GRAND WESTERN—M-G-M

THIS will thrill you to the core, no matter how sophisticated you may think you are. The locale is the wild and woolly Southwest as it actually was some fifty years ago, and the story revolves around Trigger Bill, the bad man of Brimstone, who thinks nothing of mowing 'em down with his trusty sixgun. Wally Beery is, of course, Trigger Bill.

To the town of Brimstone comes, one day, a young prizefighter from the East who decides to settle down there, marry Virginia Bruce, and bring law and order to the community terrorized by the outlaw Trigger Bill. Trigger Bill discovers that the perky young upstart is his own son and in a typical Beery-Pagliacci performance tries to help the boy without revealing his

F PICTURES

SYRUP IS GETTING A NEW BREAK!

By
Ruth
Corbin

(All recipes
pre-tested)

(Below) A luncheon
menu with syrup
used in every dish.
(Right) Anita Louise
trying her luck with
Gingerbread Petit
Fours.



SYRUP, the veteran seasoning that dates back to covered-wagon days, still is a gastronomic favorite in this age of streamlined kitchens. Thousands of modern cooks, like the pioneer women, keep cans of various types of syrup on their pantry shelves, ready for use as an ingredient in baking or cooking, or as a flavoring.

Today entire menus may be created in which some kind of syrup is used in every course, even in every dish. Here is an ideal luncheon menu, containing all the necessary elements of food value plus the visual satisfaction every hostess demands in the dishes she serves.

MENU

- *Baked Grapefruit, Hawaiian
- *Virginia Ham *Belgian Endives, Braised
- *Sweet Potato Puffs
- Pear, Date and Cream Cheese Salad with
- *Molasses Salad Dressing
- *Molasses Ice Cream Praline
- *Gingerbread Petit Fours or
- *Sweet Potato and Nut Loaf Coffee

BAKED GRAPEFRUIT, HAWAIIAN

Slice fruit in half and core. Separate slices. Drop spoonful of Brer Rabbit Molasses between slices and in center. Sprinkle lightly over the top with Domino Cinnamon and Sugar. Bake under broiler for five minutes.

VIRGINIA HAM

By this method of preparation a ham need not actually be one of the famous Joiner or Thomas hams of Virginia. Even an ordinary ham can be endowed with a flavor which will bring words of praise from your guests and your family and make them send their plates back for more.

Wash the ham thoroughly in warm water, scrubbing with brush or cloth. Boil slowly, with top on boiler, until ham is tender and large bone in butt of ham becomes loose and protrudes. The average ham requires approximately 25 minutes cooking per pound. When ham is done, remove from boiler and when cold enough, remove skin and some of the fat. Stud with whole cloves and a layer of Brer Rabbit Molasses. Sprinkle some fine bread crumbs over ham, place in an open baking pan and add a glass of sherry wine. Bake in oven until fat becomes brown. Sherry wine, like syrup, is a seasoning standby of the average southern cook.

BELGIAN ENDIVES, BRAISED

Clean endives. Butter a baking dish and place endives in it. Melt a little butter, add juice 1 lemon, a little salt. Put this mixture over endives. Cover with a buttered paper and put a cover over it. Bake in oven until tender. When done, arrange on a platter, put a little Brer Rabbit Molasses over it and glaze under broiler.

In all recipes where molasses is indicated I use Brer Rabbit. Where cane syrup is mentioned I use Domino. They are both fine flavored and rich with a constantly excellent taste and texture which makes for better flavor. I do not mean these are the only good brands on the market; there are many others such as Log Cabin, New Orleans Black Molasses, B and O, Karo and many fine maple syrups. But Domino and Brer Rabbit just happen to be a personal choice.

MOLASSES SALAD DRESSING

Over a salad of pear, date and cream cheese balls, pour a dressing which consists of 2 parts mayonnaise, 1 part molasses and lemon juice to taste. For four, the recipe is—

1/2 cup molasses 1 cup mayonnaise
3 tablespoons lemon juice

You will find this dressing particularly well suited to all kinds of fruits. For those who like a slightly sweet, slightly tart dressing it is acceptable for almost any type of salad. If, however, the molasses taste, though barely perceptible, is too heavy,

substitute Domino Syrup.

MOLASSES ICE CREAM PRALINE

Yolks 8 eggs
1 pint milk
1/2 pint molasses
1 pint heavy cream
2 ounces freshly
chopped roasted
almonds

Mix egg yolks with molasses. Add slowly boiling milk. Put in a double boiler and cook, stirring slowly with a wooden spoon. DO NOT BOIL. When mixture begins to thicken, remove from fire and let cool. Keep stirring. When cold, add heavy cream and chopped almonds. Freeze. Freezing may also be accomplished in a mechanical re-

frigerator. This is not only something entirely new in desserts but it is the most tantalizingly delightful dish you have ever eaten.

GINGERBREAD PETIT FOURS

2 eggs	2 teaspoons ginger
3/4 cups Brer Rabbit Molasses	1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
3/4 cup Domino Old Fashioned Brown Sugar	1/2 teaspoon cloves
3/4 cup melted Crisco	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
2 1/2 cups Pillsbury Flour	1/2 teaspoon baking soda
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	1/2 teaspoon salt
	1 cup boiling water

Add beaten eggs to sugar, molasses and melted shortening; then add dry ingredients which have been mixed and sifted, and lastly the hot water. Bake in a greased pan in moderate oven (350 F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Cut into Petit Fours. Frost with quick icing made by mixing 1 cup of Domino Confectioners XXXX Sugar with the white of 1 egg and beating until smooth. Stir in 1 teaspoon of vanilla, 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice and about 1/2 cup more sugar until thick enough to spread.

SWEET POTATO PUFFS

6 sweet potatoes	6 teaspoons butter
1/4 cup molasses	1/8 teaspoon nutmeg
	1/2 cup cream or milk

Bake potatoes until tender. Remove carefully from shells and mash well. Add molasses, nutmeg and milk and beat until light and fluffy. Return to shells and bake in a moderate oven (350 F.) until brown.

SWEET POTATO AND NUT LOAF

3 cups mashed potatoes	1/2 teaspoon salt
	1/3 cup raisins
1/3 cup Domino syrup	3/4 cup chopped nuts

Combine ingredients in order given, reserving a few of the raisins and nuts. Transfer to a greased baking dish; sprinkle top with remaining raisins and nuts. Bake in a moderate oven (350 F.) 30 minutes, or until loaf is brown on top. Unmold; and serve.

Yams are, of course, always more desirable than regular sweets. The flavor is better and the rich orange color brightens up your table.

Three in Love

[Continued from page 54]

"No," Mary said. "All movie stars receive at least five thousand per week and I can eat quite nicely on that."

"Okay," Irv said, "we will fix it up, starting at thirty dollars a week now and working up to five grand in five years, with a raise and an option every three months."

"Make it five hundred to start."

Joe looked dreamily into her disturbing eyes, thought of fifty dollars, and rosily said one hundred and fifty.

Mary got up. "Sold, temporarily," she said.

Now, despite everything, it must not be supposed that Joe and Irv were either illogical or ill-bred, for they were not. Like so many of the present moguls of movieland, they had never missed a meal in their lives.

Mr. Irving Seal was the sole son and heir of a late, celebrated, highly paid and highly acquisitive Hungarian violinist.

Mr. Joe Bilson, during thirteen years at home, four years at Groton and four more at Harvard, had been exposed to cultured gramma but had decided against it, with that high-handed individualism which Cambridge halls seem to bestow upon all their products. Upon graduation he also had decided that any man is a fool who does not realize he has only one life to spend in the wide world, and that the most exciting way to spend it is in trying to secure large sums of money as rapidly and painlessly as possible. The game of staying alive being harshly what it is, his reprehensible but sound logic could not be refuted, and it led him by easy jumps from Harvard to New York, sidewalk and stock-market gambling, and finally to Hollywood and the motion picture business, which is undoubtedly one of the greatest gambling enterprises on earth.

The next two days the partners spent in rapid, intelligent action. They called upon banks, attorneys, and magnates who might be persuaded to market their pictures. By wire they outbid everybody and bought the most expensive play on Broadway, "Three in Love," not because they had read it or liked it, but because its heroine was glamorous and the story already possessed that one unarguable badge of merit—the public's box office approval. They engaged elaborate office space in an independent studio, installed their secretaries, and engaged three more. They hired Maxie Murphy, publicity genius, and Maxie went to work.

"Poppy Bonita, Celebrated Soviet Star, Secretly Imported to Hollywood" appeared in headlines throughout the nation, as well



Lovely Mary Maguire is one of Warner Brothers' treasures.



At the 20th Century-Fox studios, Don Ameche, William Collier, Sr., and Robert Young put action into "Josette."

as an account of Poppy's previous love-life and screen triumphs, personally invented by Maxie himself. They borrowed Karl Kutte, the most expensive and sophisticated director in town, and Ronald Anderson, the most expensive single-handed scenarist, paying to the regular employers of these two gents a premium of twenty percent over customary salaries. International Artists accepted the set-up, agreed to market "Three in Love" when completed, and Joe and Irv and Maxie Murphy donned top-hats and tails and arrived at a rim-side Trocadero table only forty minutes late.

They had, however, underestimated Isaac Smith's showmanship. Eleven o'clock came; half-past eleven; midnight, the Troc held its ultimate crowd: but no pop-eyed Isaac, no Mary.

"The rat!" Joe hissed—"Fell for her himself!"

"Jealous!" Irv jeered—"Haw!"

"Shut up! And—and look!" said Joe, whose glance had strayed nervously back to the entrance—"Look!"

Other eyes were looking, too . . . staring—having been forewarned through Maxie's efforts that the siren Poppy Bonita would make her first public appearance in Hollywood here tonight. Isaac was standing in the entrance, and beside him stood a slim, feminine, dramatic figure in a coat. No common mink or ermine, this—but what a coat! Velvet, orchid-colored; a floor-touching coat, the graceful, wide-skirted, bust tight coat of a princess; a coat that reached tightly up over the shoulders but kept on going into a pointed hood which could, as now, conceal even the face of the wearer.

She waited while Isaac consulted the head waiter. She might have been standing upon a stage, for the Troc knows its stuff and the cheerful low-ceilinged room even between dances is never brightly lighted, although the entrance is very brightly lighted indeed. Then, swiftly, with Isaac she approached.

"Gentlemen!" Isaac said.

He waited while Maxie Murphy and the partners rose; he waited longer, till they were perfectly motionless. Then, reverently, he peeled the hooded velvet coat off Poppy Bonita, nee Mary Johanssen.

"Oo-ooo!" Irv softly and delightedly moaned—"Baby!"

Mr. Joe Bilson felt a hunk of lead drop from his throat and go plunk against the bottom of his interior, and everybody sat down. Irv bent forward not even waiting till the waiter had served additional champagne.

"Poppy!" he rapidly breathed—"The girl

of my dreams and will you kindly do me the honor to become my wife right away, so I can protect you from the passes which undoubtedly will increase in your direction and also make me very happy indeed, since I am crazy about you!"

Maxie Murphy's spine straightened with a jerk. "A fine speech," he decided happily, then looked at Mary.

She had orders from Isaac Smith never to appear excited, and she didn't, but she was. All the famous people in this room. The pantherine rhumba, starting. People on the floor, dancing slowly past and calmly staring. She herself—one girl squired by four men. A girl with a new dress, a breathless, changed face. Such a girl had a right to feel excited, privately, inside. Mr. Irving Seal's heart was right there looking at her. He was neither plastered nor crazy. Long ago he had created a certain girl in his mind and now here she was. And Irv looked, Mary thought, quite handsome and intense, and very clean and sturdy and effective. She liked Irv fine.

"Thank you," she drawled politely, "but no. I couldn't quite," she explained, "since Joe asked me first and I turned him down too."

Joe glumly and abruptly got up.

"Good night," he said—and was gone.

"Now!" Isaac observed—"What's eatin' on him?"

"Jealousy," Irv said.

Maxie Murphy said, "Excuse me a minute." Happily he went outside, found a telephone, and called all the morning newspapers. There was a story in the fact that Poppy Bonita's two partner-producers had announced themselves as rivals for her affections.

Meantime, "Three in Love" progressed slowly but well. The partners had had no difficulty in collecting an excellent cast. Instead, competent professionals with box-office names vied for the supporting parts, knowing as they did how famous the stage play had proved. And since "Poppy Bonita" was the star and not some bit-player trying to become a star, there wasn't as much scene-stealing as there might have been. Unprotected, Mary would have been slaughtered. But not with Karl Kutte as her guide. In direction, Kutte gave Mary precise instructions for each minute bit of action and dialogue, rehearsed over and over, and cut each separate take as short as possible. Preview night revealed that the picture was good—but not a wow. But, considering the extravagant claims which had been made for their star, Mr. Joe Bilson and Mr. Irving Seal glumly acknowledged



ardent
color

Yes!

lipstick
parching

No!



Every girl knows that bright lips tempt. But some girls forget that *rough* lips repel.

So choose your lipstick for two reasons... its sweet, warm color...and its *protection* from Lipstick Parching.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is enriched with "Theobroma," a special softening ingredient that protects the soft, thin skin of your lips...encourages a moist, lustrous look. In 5 thrilling shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢. "Air-Spun" Rouge is new! Blended by air...its texture is so mellow-smooth, it seems related to your own skin! 50¢.



Eight precious drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb". That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

to each other that a wow was absolutely essential.

"Maxie, get to work! Faster!" Irv commanded. "With publicity you must deliver to us a wow. Otherwise the critics will tear us to pieces. We are throwing the premiere of this picture in Sponberg's Parthenon, although Sponberg does not know it yet."

Maxie tried but he didn't get far because word had gone out through Hollywood that "Three in Love" was only an excellent program opus, as distinguished from the super-extra-special-colossal-Epic. And only half the Parthenon had been sold, the premiere lay only ten hours distant when Joe stormed into Irv's office wildly brandishing a newspaper which had been folded to display an advertisement.

"You're responsible for this!" Joe yelled—"You!"

The advertisement read: "Tonight! World Premiere! Poppy Bonita in THREE IN LOVE! . . . All Seats Reserved, Five Dollars Fifty Cents—But!"

"BUT!!!"

"DOUBLE your money BACK!—if you do not agree Poppy Bonita is one of the greatest stars you have ever seen and THREE IN LOVE is not one of the greatest pictures of the year! We don't want the motion picture industry to come to this Gala Premiere!—We want YOU! . . . Sponberg's Parthenon Theatre—"

Irv said in a pleased way, "Certainly I'm responsible. Good, eh? It came to me like a flash. Inspiration," he explained. "It works with cigarettes and tooth powder. Why not pictures?"

"And we, I suppose, personally underwrite the deal?" Joe demanded through his teeth.

Irv tossed this into the air.

"A negligible consideration, old pal," he said.

Joe's mouth hung furiously, speechlessly open till he realized the complete futility of further discussion. Then he closed it and went running out. He failed to reappear all day, nor did he show up to accompany Irv and Mary to the Parthenon. The house was packed. Irv palpitated with triumph. Afterward, he made his dream girl wait till the theatre was almost empty. Then, coming out into the long forecourt, he demanded, "What's the trouble, beautiful? This is your night to howl."

"I'm—I'm exhausted," Mary said. "Do you think Joe got hurt or something?"

"That mug? Naw—"

A difference impressed itself upon Irv's consciousness. Something had changed. The

forecourt! When they had entered there had been nothing unusual about it, beyond the customary excitement, crowds, noise, glaring lights, ropes, policemen. But now there was something very unusual indeed. The regular box office, located on one side, had been closed and a portable box office placed far ahead, almost on the distant sidewalk. And directly down the middle of the forecourt vista stood a series of red-lettered signs which nobody, departing, could miss. Reading the first of these, Irv felt his blood pressure nearly burst his arteries.

It read:

"Poppy Bonita has never even MET a duke! She is only a sentimental little doll from Iowa!"

Irv grabbed Mary's hand and barged forward. The second sign was even worse:

"She's so very sentimental, if you can bear the truth, that she has pledged 100% of her salary to Charity!"

Ahead was a small crowd, looking at something. Irv made a passage. Murmurs rose as Mary-Poppy was recognized. But, paying no attention to the murmurs, Irv's astonished and furious glance fell upon a small, elderly, kind-faced man in a white coat standing beside a long cage. The cage had been separated into sections with wire gratings and now contained a startling assortment of dogs. Dogs of all ages, from sprawling half-blind puppies to white-whiskered, limpid-eyed great-great-grandmothers. And across the top of the cage hung the third and last sign.

(Jaybee Dog Refuge, Inc.)

WE are Poppy's Charity!

Ruin POPPY—and Again you will ruin US! Double Your Money Back—If You Want It! Box Office Straight Ahead

With a stricken cry, Mary, in silk and silver fox, Mary of the corn-colored hair sank to her knees, poked her fingers between the wires and began to make small gurgling sounds.

But from round a corner of the cage Irv heard a large, skeptical matron demand: "About this salary business? Who says she gives it all, every cent?"

"The boss," the white-coated veterinarian said. "Him," he said, pointing.

Irv looked. Mr. Joe Bilson, in overcoat and slouch hat, was lounging against a near-by pillar.

Bubbling with rage, Irv charged.

"It's no myth," Joe said calmly.

"That's even worse!" Irv moaned—"If it is an on-the-level charity and Poppy doesn't pay up one hundred percent as advertised,



Made up and ready for work, Marie Wilson takes a last look at her script.

In this New Cream
the "Skin-Vitamin"
the substance which helps
to make Skin Beautiful

What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?



Mrs. Ogden Goelet

Blonde, petite, with a delicate fair skin. "Pond's Cold Cream with the 'skin-vitamin' has done wonders for my skin. Now it's never rough or dry—seems to keep smoother and fresher looking always."

(ABOVE) Mrs. Goelet at an informal musicale.

(LOWER LEFT) In the Museum of Modern Art, looking at the famous "Bird in Flight."

Mrs. Goelet's home is in New York, where her appreciation of music and art is well known to her friends.

TODAY, we know of one important factor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain vitamin *aids in keeping skin beautiful*. The important "skin-vitamin" about which we are learning more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly

Over four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin, when applied right on the skin, helps it more directly! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually healed skin quicker and better!

Pond's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. They tested it—during more than three years! In

animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits

Today, women who are using Pond's Cream—the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it *does* make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and

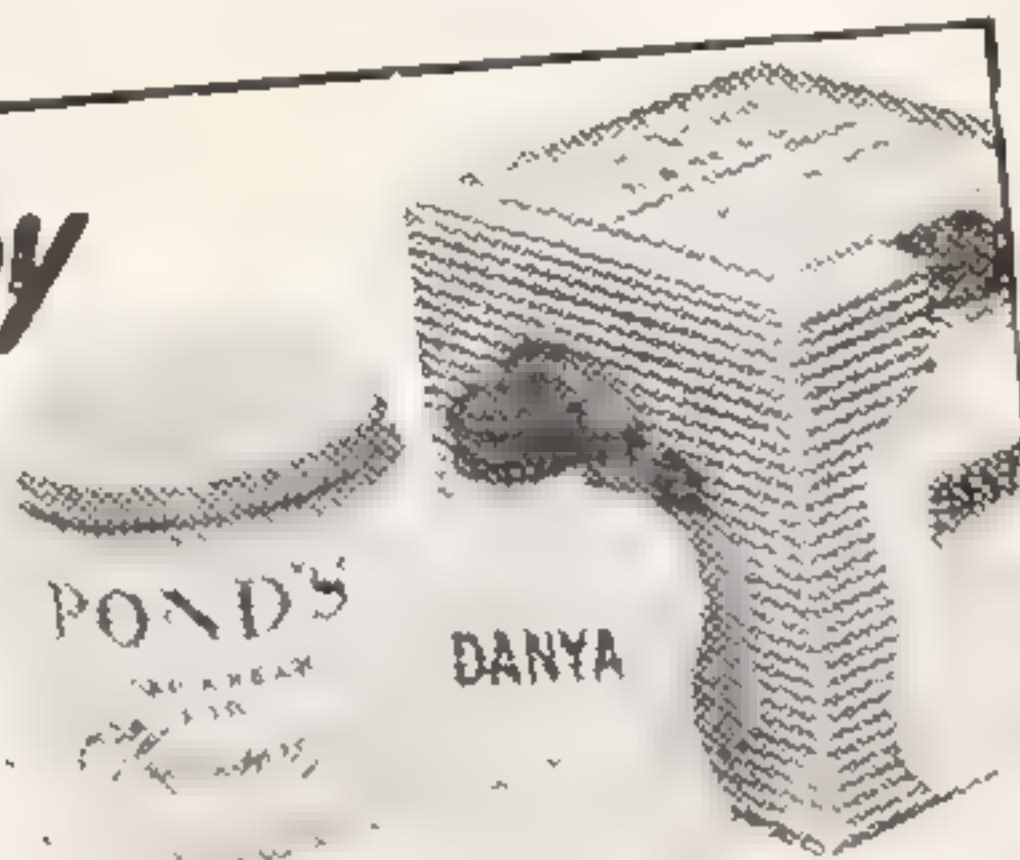
whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

**EXTRAORDINARY
 1¢ OFFER**

AT LOCAL STORES
 While they last! With purchase of a regular 3½-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get for only 1¢ extra a large introductory bottle of DANYA, Pond's new-type preparation for hands.



**BOTH CONTAIN
 THE ACTIVE
 "SKIN-VITAMIN"**

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

ON OATH TELLS HER SECRET OF GAINING WEIGHT



Anne Johnston swears before Notary Public

Many Report Gains of 5 to 15 Pounds After Taking New Ironized Yeast Tablets

NO longer need thousands of girls remain skinny and unattractive, unable to win friends and popularity. For, with these amazing new Ironized Yeast tablets, thousands who never could gain before have put on 5 to 15 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh—often in just a few weeks!

Listen to what Miss Anne Johnston, who is just one of many users, swears to under oath before a Notary Public:—

"Under the strain of working in several pictures in Hollywood, I became terribly rundown. I lost weight, my skin looked terrible, I suffered with headaches and my nerves were simply on edge. Of course I knew I couldn't stay in the pictures, looking so skinny and worn out. I was in despair until a friend recommended Ironized Yeast tablets and I bought a bottle. Almost at once I felt lots peppier and stronger. My skin cleared beautifully. All my headaches and nervousness disappeared, and in 2 months I gained 8 pounds. With my new pep and new figure I've gained loads of new friends, and the hard work of pictures never bothers me."

Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.
Sworn to before me
Donald M. McCready, Notary Public

Why they build up so quick

Scientists have discovered that many are thin and run-down only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new process, this rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested biologically for its Vitamin-B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder, then, that these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements quickly to gain new normally attractive pounds, new charm.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets today. If with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 263, Atlanta, Ga.

the papers will crucify her! Positively!"

"Good!" Joe said. "Women have got to be kept softened up. And the best way to keep them soft is you don't allow them to keep any coin." He walked past his woeful partner, made his way to Mary, and knelt beside her.

Her eyes, turning, were wet.

"Oh, Joey! How did you know I like dogs?" she whispered.

"I like them," Joe whispered back. "At the Jaybee Refuge, of which I am president and sole support till now, I got two hundred eighty-seven dogs. Very expensive. Took all my spare dough."

"They're so sweet, Joey! . . . So kind of helpless, like. . . ." She added suddenly: "Babies are sweet, too."

Mr. Irving Seal, abandoning all hope that they would rise, also knelt. He held his own voice also to a whisper lest their audience might hear, but fury still throbbed in it.

"Sweetheart! Don't you see what this rat is doing? He's got a dog farm on his hands, and he is wishing it off on you! He is giving away every dime you ever earn!"

Joe whispered rigidly: "Movie stars can get dimes from their husbands! Go away, Irv!"

"I won't!" Irv indignantly whispered—"Nobody treats me like this! It is not possible! Think, Poppy! Think what—"

"Poppy?" Mary said in surprise while two brown objects happily chewed the polish off her finger-nails—"Oh! My name isn't Poppy. It's Mary. I'm a sweet sentimental doll from Iowa which Joe wanted to keep just the way she was. And Irv darling, if you will, please, actually go away now I'll introduce you later to my best girl friend. She's glammerous as everything already, without alterations, honest."

"Name, please," Irv said skeptically.

"Vleska Skarl."

In delight but disbelief, Irv beamed.

"Does she look half so glammerous as she sounds?"

"You betcha!" Mary said just before Joe kissed her, right there to the admiring applause of everybody.

"Vleska Skarl!" Irv said without whispering—"Ah-h!"



Priscilla, Lola and Rosemary Lane take their mother to "Hollywood Hotel."

REVIEWS OF PICTURES

[Continued from page 57]

and it is one of his best and most outstanding performances.

The action of the picture has to do mainly with the efforts of the British fleet in the War of 1812 to capture New Orleans, which strategic position is defended by General Andrew Jackson and his ragtag backwoodsmen. Lafitte, in a vain effort to gain the respect of the people of Louisiana, turns patriot and puts at the disposal of General Jackson his band of cutthroats, who rise like mosquitoes out of the swamps and bayous.

Thanks to Lafitte, so the story goes, New Orleans is saved, and he is the idolized hero of the Victory Ball given by the socialites of Louisiana. But his hour of sweet success is soon over. It is learned at the Ball that the Corinthian has been sunk at sea by Lafitte's pirates, and his sweetheart's sister murdered on the boat. The people turn on him and are ready to hang him, but General Jackson, in exchange for his services to the American army, gives him one hour's start on his pursuers.

Lafitte, his hope for respectability and marriage with a "great lady" crushed forever, returns to his pirate boat. The picture is filled with choice bits of comedy contributed for the most part by Akim Tamiroff, an ex-cannoneer of Napoleon who turned pirate, and Walter Brennan as General Jackson's backwoods corporal. Margot Graham is Lafitte's New Orleans sweetheart,

Ian Keith is a British spy, and Hugh Sothorn is particularly striking as General Jackson. Making her Hollywood debut in this picture is Franciska Gaal, from Budapest, who gives a charming performance as a little Dutch girl who loves Lafitte.

LOVE AND HISSES

IF YOU'RE FOND OF LIGHT MUSICAL FILMS, THIS SHOULD BE EASY TO TAKE—20th Century-Fox

AS everybody knows who can read billboards by now this is the picture in which Simone Simon sings. And very prettily, too, with plenty of personality. The story reveals that Simone is Ben Bernie's discovery, but he very slyly arranges things so that Walter Winchell will do all the hard work of making her famous in America.

But Winchell discovers in time that Bernie is pulling a fast one, so he arranges with a local mob to have the old maestro kidnaped and brought blind-folded and scared to death before the patrons of his own night club.

That swell comedian, Bert Lahr, comes into his own in this picture and his "great lover" scenes with Joan Davis will have you in hysterics. Two grand song hits are introduced: "Sweet Someone," which Mlle. Simone puts over with a bang, and "Broadway's Gone Hawaii" a musical number featuring Ruth Terry and the plumpish Peters Sisters.

PARAMOUNT'S NEW STAR

Franciska Gaal CHOOSSES THIS MAKE-UP

FRANCISKA GAAL

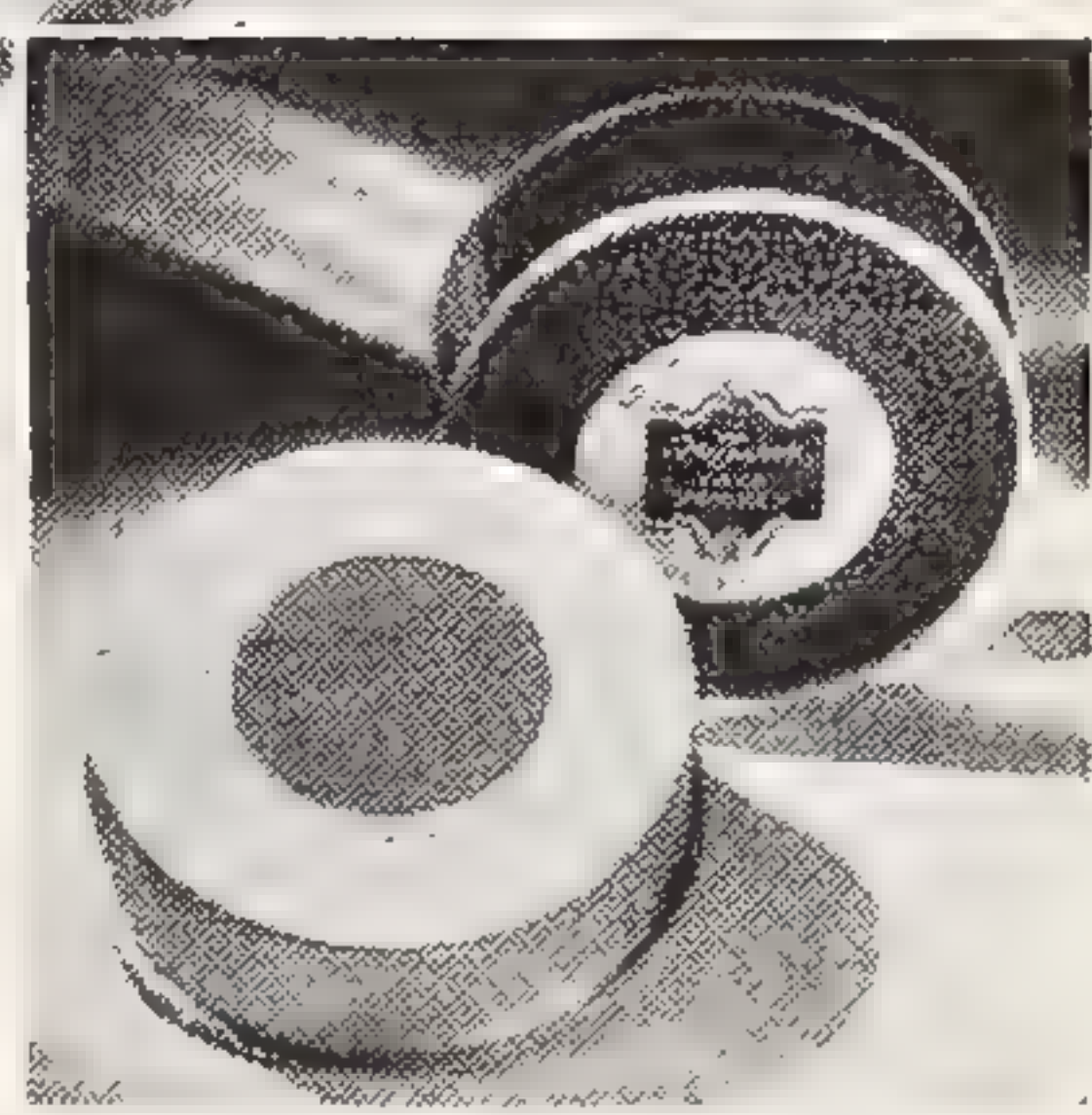
in Paramount's

"THE BUCCANEER"

A CECIL B. DE MILLE PRODUCTION

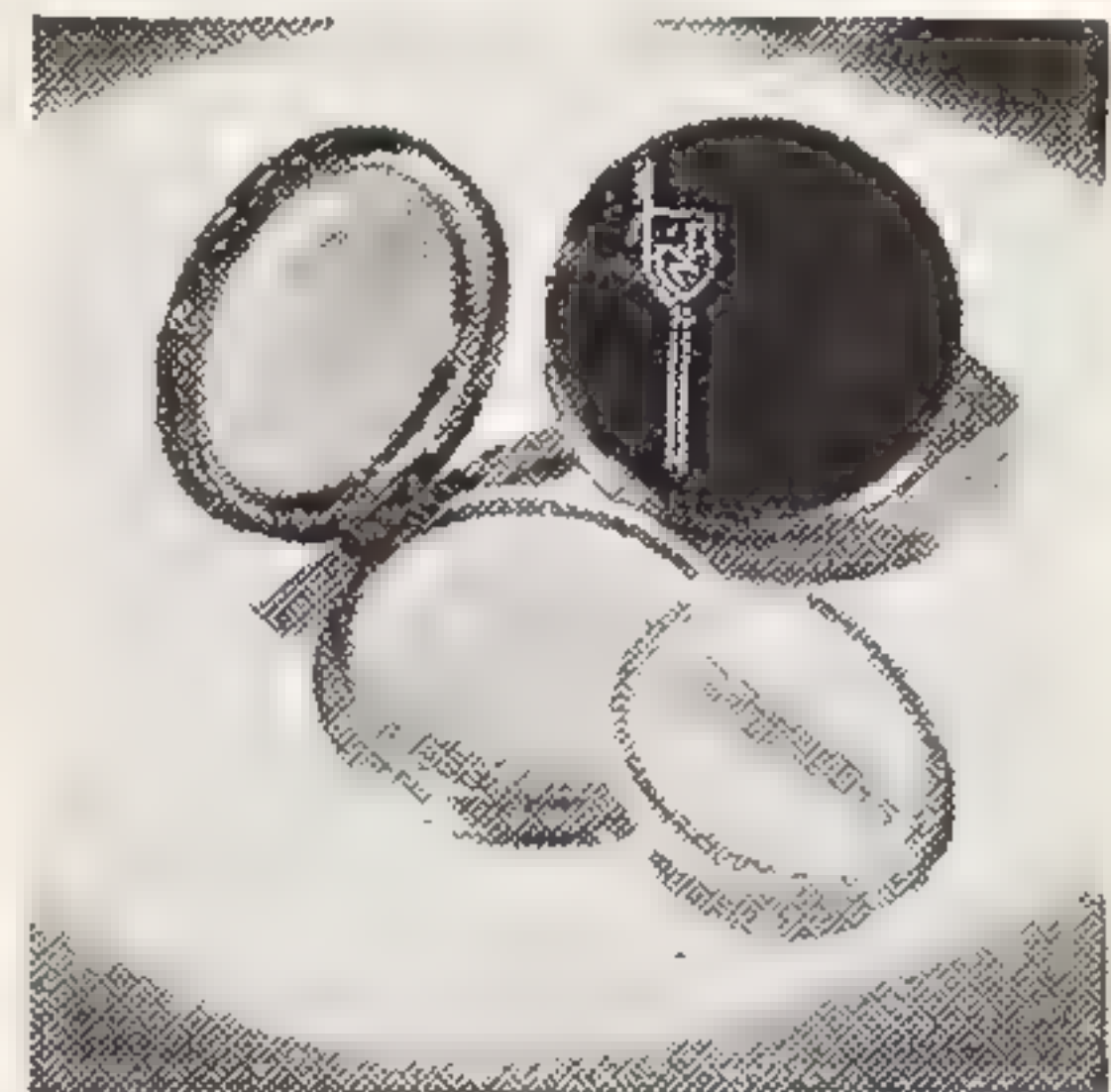
The POWDER...

Created in original shades to beautify famous screen star types, here is a face powder that will be unusually flattering to your skin. Clinging; it creates a satin-smooth make-up that looks lovely for hours. Max Factor's Face Powder... \$1.



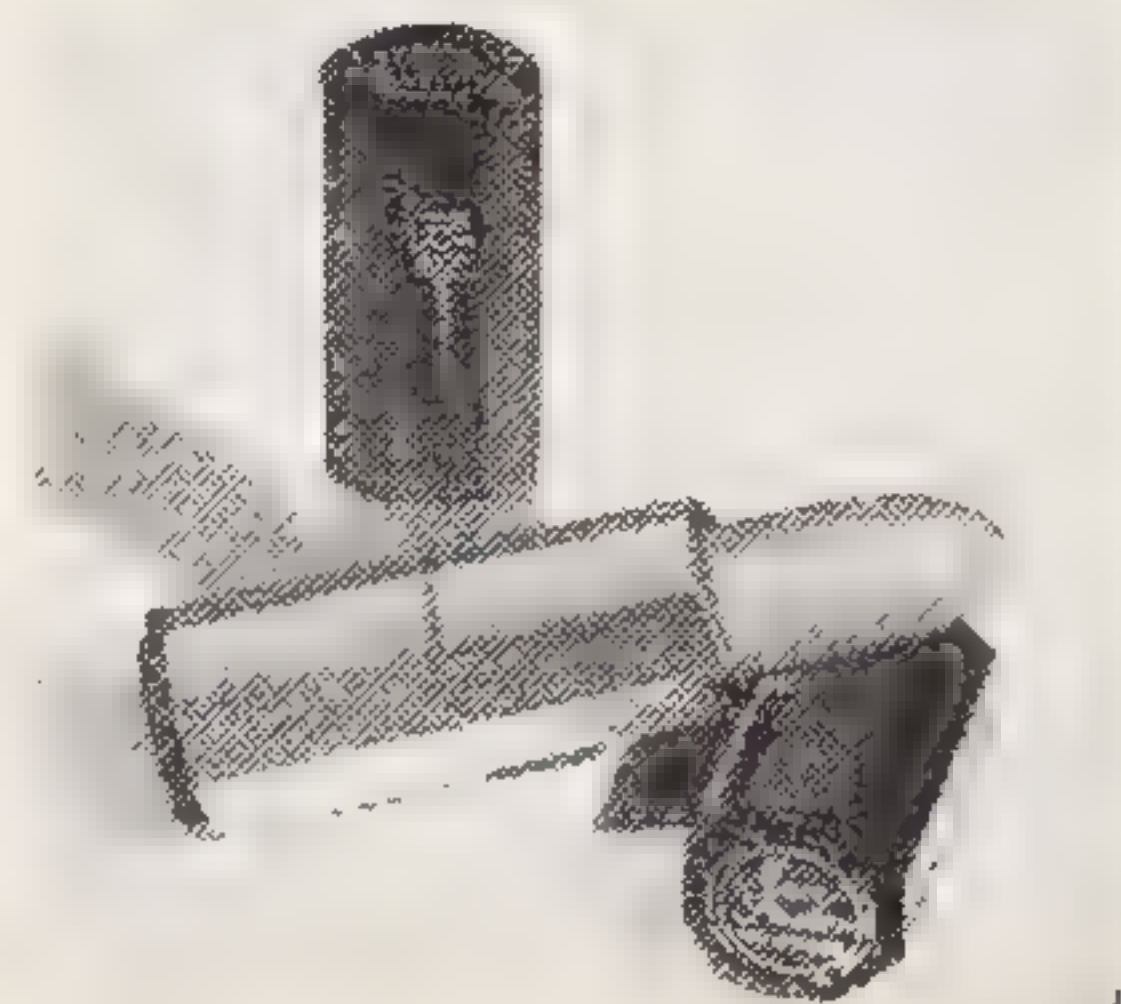
The ROUGE...

Rouge must be the right red... a harmonizing shade that is lifelike. So Max Factor created color harmony shades for blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead... to dramatize the individuality of each type. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily. Max Factor's Rouge... 50¢.



The LIPSTICK...

In Hollywood, lip make-up must look perfect for hours, so you can depend upon Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick to withstand every test. In alluring color harmony shades to accent the appeal of lovely lips. And remember, it's moisture-proof. Max Factor's Lipstick... \$1.



ARE YOU blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead? Do you know what shades of powder, rouge and lipstick will bring out the most beauty in your face? Then discover Hollywood's make-up secret. Note coupon for special make-up test.

"TO ENHANCE the charm and attraction of beauty, your own complexion colorings must be emphasized," explains Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. "Make-up must be in color harmony to vividly accent the personality of your type."

Yes, make-up is something different in Hollywood... and you, like famous screen stars, will find that the color harmony shades of powder, rouge and lipstick originated by Max Factor will bring amazing beauty to you.

So create a new personality with this make-up secret. Give your skin a satin-smooth loveliness... your cheeks lifelike color... your lips an alluring red. Discover today how really beautiful you can be by using your color harmony in Max Factor's powder, rouge and lipstick.

★ NEW! Max Factor's INVISIBLE Make-Up Foundation keeps your make-up smooth and lovely from morning till night.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE

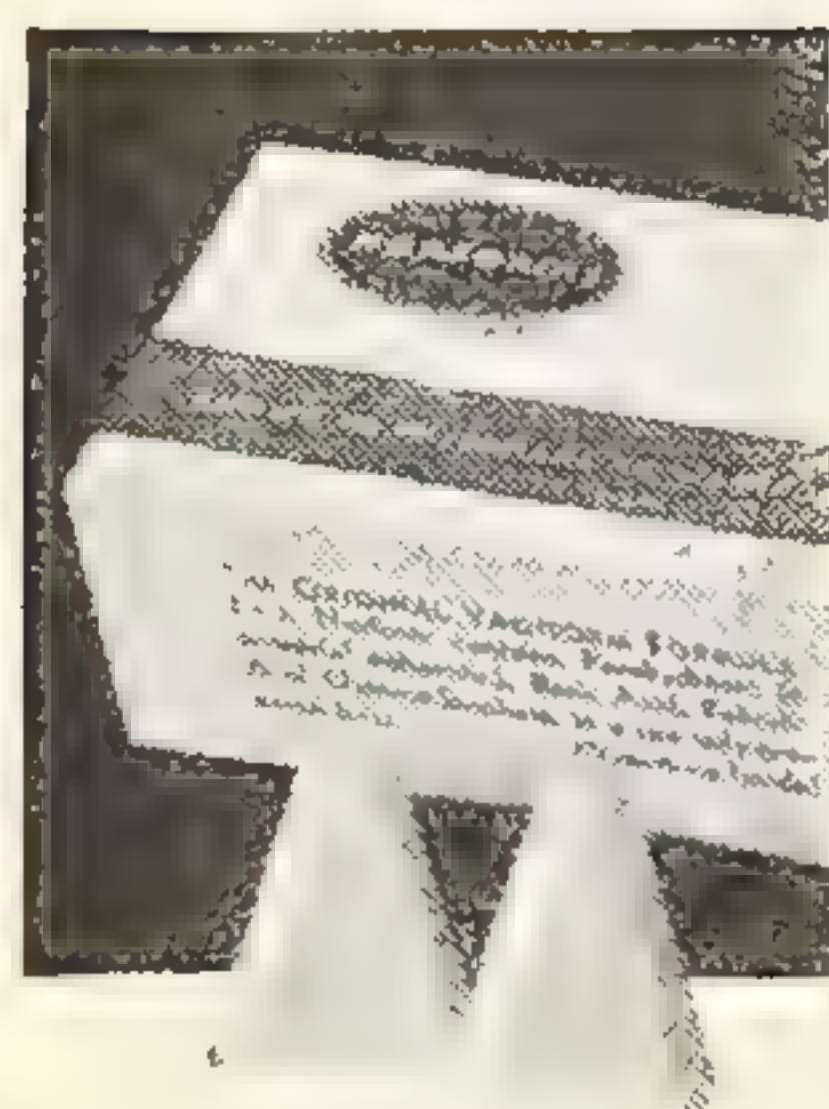
NAME _____ 17-3-37

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Ruddy ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Freckled ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐	LASHES (Color) ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Dark ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Dark ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
SKIN Dry ☐		
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE _____	

FEMININE HYGIENE *made easy*



NOTHING COULD BE EASIER
Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the dainty, modern, easy way to feminine hygiene.

THINK BACK to the awkward old ways of feminine hygiene. Contrast them with the *new* way, the convenient, simple *Norform* way. These easy-to-use suppositories have revolutionized feminine hygiene for millions of women.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing an effective yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged soothing contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro-para-hydroxy-mercuri-meta-cresol*—called *Parahydrecin* for short—is found in no other product for feminine hygiene. *Parahydrecin* is the reason why Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR Send for the new Norforms booklet, "*Feminine Hygiene Made Easy*." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York; Toronto, Canada; makers of *Unguentine*.

NORFORMS

© N. P. C. 1938

Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

Hollywood Buys a Book!

[Continued from page 33]

finishes, neatly, the job of putting Tyrone Power 'way out at the front of the ranks of new stars. And you may be surprised at what dainty Alice Faye will prove about her acting ability.)

They worked on "The Buccaneer" for more than a year. Cecil deMille is such a thorough soul! When they were finished it was discovered that they had filmed another vivid chapter of history, filmed it, recorded it thrillingly and vividly, humanly . . . if there is such a word as "humanly."

As this is written, "The Adventures of Robin Hood" has just been completed. The characters and the story are legendary, but the period is not. They've been working on it so long and the atmosphere is so authentic and so permeating that, honestly, it's begun to do strange things to the actors! Eugene Pallette confessed, only the other day, that he had reached a point where he babbled about halyards and buskins in his sleep. "I don't know that it's really good for me," he worried. And Basil Rathbone, who has visited the real Sherwood Forest many times, was so impressed with the similarity of the wood at Chino, California, which was used as a substitute, that he actually went hunting for a boar, carrying a spear! (I mean *Basil* was carrying the spear!) Rathbone was pretty surprised, however, when he actually met a large porker roaming those self same woods. He dropped the spear and climbed the nearest tree at once. He remarked afterward that it was comforting to know that he could climb a tree that fast.

It just goes to show you what prolonged work in authentic atmosphere can do to an actor!

Warner Brothers' "Jezebel" pictures life in the Deep South in the 1850's, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda and George Brent to assist it. M-G-M's "Benefits Forged" pictures life in the not-quite-so-deep South at the same period . . . and one wonders how the people who haven't made "Gone With the Wind" yet, feel about all this.

Norma Shearer's "Marie Antoinette" has been preparing for months. They actually shot a scene or two the other day. But no one seems to know, just yet, how they intend to develop and handle the story, the atmosphere, the theme. It will probably be released some time late in 1938. The fact that so much time and money will be spent on it proves that the gentlemen who hold the purse strings of Hollywood do *not* believe that the vogue for historical pictures is a passing fad, a cycle.

Warners will spend two million next year on a saga of the Panama Canal. Two studios (Paramount and Twentieth-Century-Fox) are almost squabbling over the rights to a story to be called "Hudson Bay." Two or three biographies of great figures in the world of art and music and adventure are pending. 20th Century-Fox have already begun shooting a story based on the lives of Stanley and Livingstone.

It seems to me that these sincere and courageous efforts mark one of the most valuable and brilliant periods of motion picture history. It is interesting to note just here that the pictures which have tampered seriously with historical truth in the interests of melodrama have not done so well at the box-office.

The honest efforts at presenting historical episodes, at mirroring phases of history, of trying to interpret the thoughts of men and women when history was making, have been distinctly worth while. And they've furnished fine entertainment, too.



Florence Rice, whose next appearance will be in "Paradise for Three."

Studio "Stenog" Reveals All!

[Continued from page 23]

it was true that Joan Crawford's hair was dyed. Their disillusion was probably worse than anybody else's because, once inside a studio, you get just as sick of seeing actors and actresses standing around with grease paint on them as you would of having ice cream for every meal.

Script-department stenos are just so many replaceable parts in the studio's machinery. No one thought of developing our latent talents in preparation for the distant, rosy future when the best of us would climb into responsible jobs as we might have in another business. For those inside the studio had their own jobs to think about, and knew that everyone outside the studio was thinking about them too. Everyone in Hollywood simultaneously prays for a break and secretly dreads the next payday or contract-date when you get notice that you're canned. And blocking your way in the upward climb are always the grafters like yourself, secure by nepotism, who knew a Mr. von Strobitsch well enough to get placed higher up on the ladder.

Yet Hollywood is so paradoxical that breaks do come now and again. Before he took up his residence in the doghouse, my brother-in-law was asked to rewrite a difficult script that no one else had handled well enough. His finished script was returned with the comment that it was "terrible." When my brother-in-law went storming up to the holy of holies, he was referred to a Miss So-and-so who passed judgment on all scenarios for that office. She met him with a cold face and showed him the door. It was his own secretary whom he had fired six months before.

It was the magical possibility of a break like that girl's which kept us all working at meager wages, six days a week with half a day off every other week if the studio wasn't busy. It isn't only the Utopists and Townsendites who prove that there is something in the air of southern California that makes human beings able to believe in fairy tales. We were all following the mirage, thirsty and eager. If we didn't like it, there were always plenty of applicants outside the studio gate waiting to grab our jobs with joy in their hearts.

It made us cut each other's throats too. If the axe fell, it had to fall on someone else. If there was a break, it was to be ours. So we had our knives whetted. If one of us mixed up the numbers on the mimeograph stencils, the boy who ran the machine didn't give us a chance to fix it,

he told the forewoman. If the girl who made sets used old carbon paper and we saw our copy was light, we didn't tell her, we protested to the forewoman. She was a dumpy maiden lady whom life had passed by; all her superiors yelled at her, so she delighted in yelling at us. If we stopped for a cup of coffee in the commissary on the way to somebody's office on call, we were certain to bump into someone who would report us for malingering. All just one big happy family. And the farther you got toward the top of the tree, the sharper the knives were and the more frequently and skilfully used.

Script department girls lasted an average of six months. By that time we were either thoroughly disillusioned and glad to quit or exhausted and canned. One girl, to my knowledge, got a break of the kind that should have made us all cynical. But when I left, the plainer and more competent members of the basement sorority were still hoping right along.

Don't confuse us over-sanguine Cinderellas with script girls. A script girl is a comparatively well paid little lady with the responsibility of sitting in on shooting to record all changes in business and dialogue, to see that action matches the script, and if not, why not, check the details of costumes and settings—in general ride herd on all the petty ins and outs of a production. We in the script department were mere clerical automata. There are approximately six hundred scenes to a scenario. We typed them out scene by scene, making eleven carbons of each page. (You can always spot a script stenographer because she hits the typewriter keys so hard she tears ordinary paper to ribbons.) The rough copies were then sent out to the upper offices and sent back with revisions marked through them and had to be retyped, scene by scene, six hundred scenes in all, with another eleven carbons of each page. That went on



Bob Baker gets the drop on the villain in "Border Wolves," a Universal western.

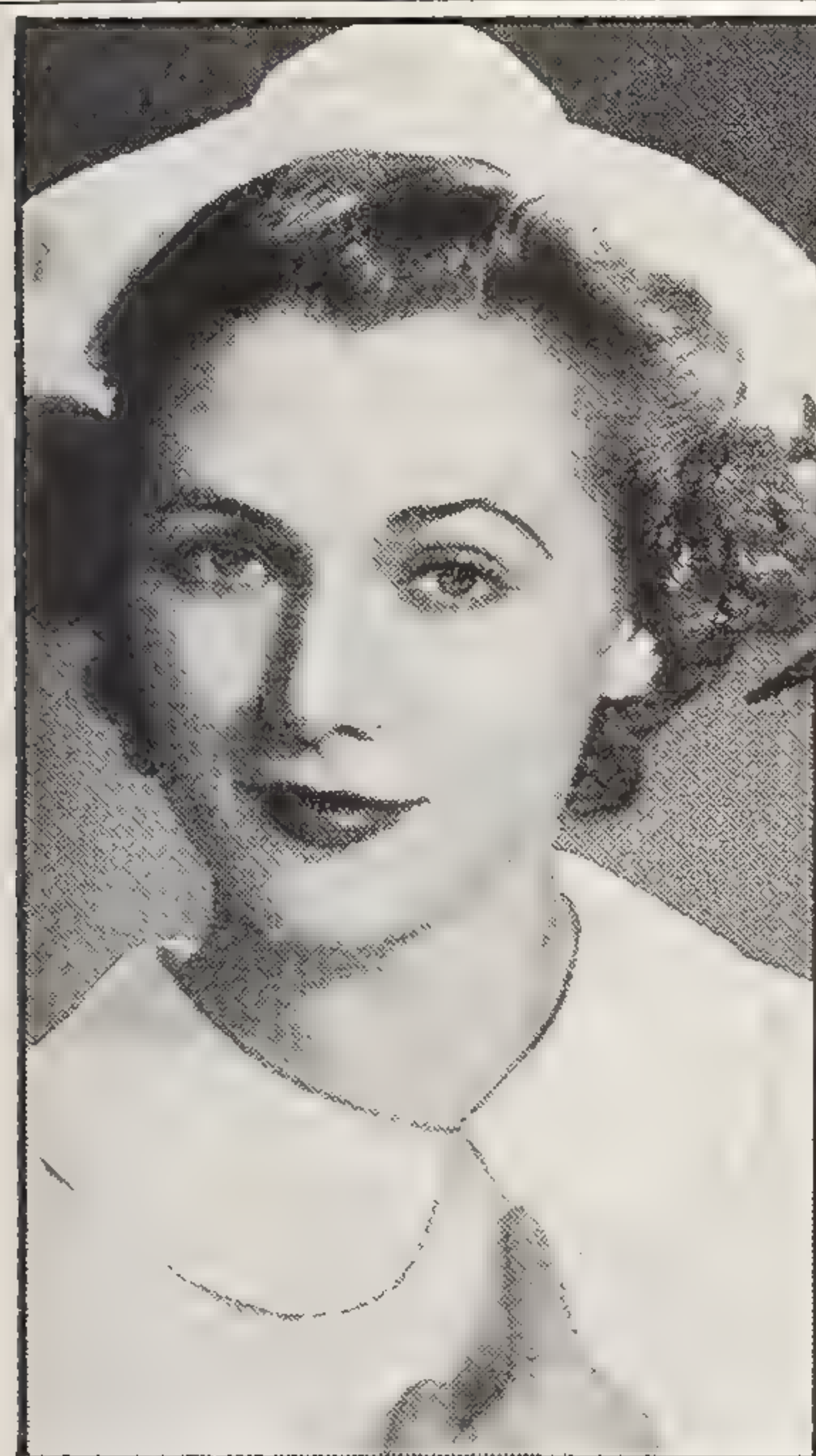
for quite a while. When the script was finally OK-ed, we cut stencils and mimeographed it and it was sent out to directors and actors and sound men and technicians.

By then you felt that if you had to write Reginald's speech to Catherine descending the stairs (medium-long shot) again, you would stand up, forewoman or no, and scream out loud. But when you went to see the finished film afterward (if you had time off and your back didn't ache too much and you could afford it), the speech would not be there and the stairs

would not be there and the scene (medium-long shot) would not be there—until you had to conclude that only Reginald's and Catherine's contracts assured their being there either.

When not working on scripts, we sallied forth from our underground den to take dictation from writers, directors, people making out contracts, song writers, readers reporting on books, to list props, or feet and frames in the cutting rooms, or canned stuff in the commissary, even to pinch-hit addressing invitations for the staff's parties. On days when the word got around that the studio needed extras for a mob scene, we stood at the casting office window saying "No—nothing today" to strings of victims of movie-fever who hadn't been able or didn't know enough to get themselves registered with Central Casting. We always jumped at outside calls because they took us out from under the glaring eyes of the forewoman. We were scared of her, and she was scared of the head-lady in the outer office. Out of sight of both of them, we could relax, might even get a comfortable place to sit and smoke a cigarette, perhaps graft a drink, from our afternoon's boss.

The studio outside the script department proceeded at a much more leisurely tempo. When the forewoman suspected that we had time to ourselves, however, she made us take work with us. We had to fill out a time card each day, analyzing our time. If we worked as little as fifteen minutes in the cutting room on "Love Among the Cactus" and an hour copying publicity for "Farewell to Sex Appeal," we had to write it all down. They said that this information was necessary to compute the actual cost of a production. I often wondered how, with the studio overhead piling up at such feverish speed all about us, it could be worth an accountant's while to figure our fifteen minutes on "Love Among the Cactus," which set the studio back exactly



IMAGINE ME HAVING BAD BREATH!

YOU'D THINK A NURSE WOULD KNOW BETTER! BUT A MONTH AGO...

WHY SO DOWNHEARTED, SUE? ON THE OUTS WITH THAT HANDSOME PATIENT OF YOURS?



WELL, SORT OF. JIM DID LIKE ME, RUTH—REALLY. BUT NOW HE DOESN'T EVEN WANT ME AROUND!

GET WISE TO YOURSELF, KID! TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!



TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull,

dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

AND SOON AFTER I SWITCHED TO COLGATE'S...

WELL, GOODBYE, RUTH! THANKS TO YOU, JIM AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED TOMORROW!

DON'T THANK ME—THANK COLGATE'S!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



..AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



SOME PEOPLE THROW *Figs* THE ROMANS THREW *Nuts!*



● The custom of throwing rice originated with the Hindus and Chinese. Some Southern Europeans throw figs—the Romans threw nuts at bridal couples.* One custom, however, that seems universal in America, among women of all ages, is the desire for a soft, smooth skin.

Have you ever tried Italian Balm for skin protection and skin beauty? In a survey, coast to coast, 97.8% of Italian Balm users said—"It over-



comes chapping *more quickly than anything I ever used before.*"

Don't take anyone's word for the genuine goodness of Italian Balm. Try it yourself—FREE. Use coupon below.

(*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge"—Geo. W. Stimpson, Pub., Blue Ribbon Books.)

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Italian Balm
Costs Under ½ Cent a Day to Use

FREE

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243 Lincolnway,
Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., S-243 Caledonia Road, Toronto

nine cents, a paltry sum, indeed.

We sat all day and prayed for a call which would show we were of some value to the studio. When we returned, we waited uncertainly, like an actress for applause, to see if we would get another call from the same office, meaning we had made a good impression for looks or cleverness. Looks were idiotically important in an environment that was surfeited with them. One girl I worked with got sent out on call to a famous dance director who had a mug like Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy and just about as much sex appeal. But he had hired and fired girls for some of the biggest shows on Broadway, thousands of first-class beauties had always remembered to be nice to him, and the poor goof thought they loved him for himself alone. He took one look at the girl from the script department who had been sent to him (and she really wasn't bad at all), exploded into a couple of unprintable exclamation points and said: "Listen, girlie, you go right back where you came from and tell them to send me a good-looker. Who do they think I am, anyway?"

That absurd stocking business was part of the same picture. The regular procedure when a girl with ambition got an outside call was first to remove her smock and powder her nose, second to lay out a notebook and a couple of pencils, third to change her stockings, taking off the service-weights she wore in the office because the splintery legs of our pine desks ruined delicate stockings, and putting on a pair of one-thread sheers which cost four dollars or so a pair and were calculated to make any girl's ankles look like Mistinguette's. Then, when she came back, she changed back to service weight again and restored the four-dollar sheers to her purse to be taken home and carefully washed against the next time.

Being naturally inclined to hero-worship people whose stories I had read in print and who were now drawing thousands a year from Jones Brothers for their knowledge of human nature and their ability to express it in excitingly dramatic situations, I felt pretty awe-struck over authors—at first. Then I began to change my point of view. Famous writers newly imported from the East, innocent of any notion of how movies were made, sat in their little cubicles and looked at us pathetically, hoping that we could teach them the strange technical jargon that meant nothing to them. I had hoped to learn something about movie-writing from them. Instead I had to dig down into my memory of days spent typing scripts and suggest the number of scenes required and what ought to come first and chirp up with ideas about getting the hero and heroine back together again. A tenderfoot writer getting \$700 or \$800 a week expected a lot out of us at \$22.50. And the old-timers would dictate like this: "So, he climbs the wall and the old man sees him at it—fade out there and don't forget to put in the camera angle—and then naturally there's hell to pay back in the old home town—just put in two or three scenes like I told you to show that, will you?—well, then, the girl has to figure out some way to get the kid out of the country—" and so forth and so on. Often their command of the English language was distressingly meager.

Taking dictation from movie-authors has spoiled movies for me as a spectator. Instead of enjoying the emotions of the characters as the story unfolds on the screen, I keep checking off the entertainment values which Hollywood believes a movie-should have for box-office appeal: "Here's the animal interest," I say to myself, "here's the bedroom scene . . . here is the close-up of beautiful legs . . . here is the child interest . . . here is young love . . ." and if by some miracle of courageous pioneer-



Jane Wyman is charm in a pint package.

ing or rank carelessness, the hero and heroine are not put in contact in the first few feet of film, as all the rules say they should be, it worries me like waiting for the other shoe to drop. It isn't true that all movies contain all the standard ingredients, but any picture that neglects too many of them (and too many is very few) is considered a big risk. Al Jolson's "Sonny Boy" is Hollywood's great example of a box-office smash that has everything. If you can remember it, think back and check it over, and you'll see what I mean. They tell me that a veteran Hollywood script-writer regards "Sonny Boy" about the same way a painter regards Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel.

When sound pictures first came in, the work of recording and synchronizing sound was out and away the most efficient end of the business. To make sure it stayed so, they kept a "sound log" on each stage—an exact minute-by-minute record of the day's shooting. Everything that happened was recorded and when a scene had to be shot again because the camera failed or the film snapped or the mixer didn't get his signal, it went down in the log in red to show the sound department was at fault. On off days, there would be enough red to flag a train, but the sound department was too efficient for that to happen often. Every red statement was checked and analyzed. Any other delay was the production department's fault. This used to get the directors wild because they were accustomed to ad libbing without the script and flaring up when they pleased. Now all their mistakes and fits of temperament were chronicled minute by minute.

An average sound log minus technical details reads like this, say, with shooting supposed to begin at ten:

10:00 A.M.	Sound crew reports ready for action
10:00-10:15	Cast arriving on set
10:15-10:20	Director and assistant director looking for director's chair
10:21	Director finds chair
10:22-10:30	Assistant director goes to inquire about star at star's dressing room
10:32	Star arrives on set
10:35-10:45	Director rehearses star in scene to be shot
10:46	Scene shot. Lights not right
10:47-11:00	Waiting for crew to change lights
11:01	Script girl discovers star not wearing pearls worn in last scene
11:01-11:10	Waiting for pearls to arrive from property room
11:11	Pearls arrive from property room
11:12-11:14	Director gives order to shoot
	Camera not ready
11:15-11:20	Rearranging camera

11:21 Scene shot. Director interrupts because furniture blocks entrance
 11:22-11:33 Waiting for property man to rearrange furniture
 11:34 Scene shot. Noise on stage
 11:35-11:40 Director loses temper
 11:41 First take made—

and so forth and so on and pretty far into the night sometimes if delays had piled up until the required date was too close for comfort.

So long as the studio kept moving, it was interesting; what we all dreaded was those doldrums between productions when there was nothing to do but sit in the script department and "do" fan mail and wonder if we were going to be laid off. Fan mail was the studio's equivalent of kitchen police. We did fan mail all day the first weeks we were in the department, as a sort of freshman initiation; we did fan mail in the early morning before calls came in. (We were on the job at nine, but the studio seldom came to life for another hour.) About four o'clock in the afternoon, work would pile in from all the offices, and then we would have to stay until nine; for it was an inviolable rule that each day's work must be cleaned up that day. And the next morning we would sit again with nothing to do and wait and do fan mail.

We hated it. They gave us fan mail to take with us to fill up spare time on outside assignments. We stumbled over fan mail when we walked through the department. Even our locker room was filled with it, stacked around in sacks and boxes until the place looked like the delivery platform of a post office just before Christmas. And every day brought more of the hated stuff. It stood waiting to be answered for months and sometimes years collecting dust and spiders and adding to the dismal appearance of the room.

If you write a letter to an actor and address it to a studio, its chances of reaching him are practically nil. It is routed through the outer office to the script department where a weary stenographer gets it in time, mellowed by age, and doesn't thank you for writing it. Every other letter contained a patient complaint about how "I wrote you over a year ago and asked for a picture and I never got one," and this letter would be a year or so old too. There were two \$16-a-week mail clerks in our department, who took fan mail as it came in and fed it to an automatic envelop-opener. From the opened letters they extracted coins for postage, which went scrupulously into the petty cash drawer. Presents enclosed in the letters were a different matter. Some of the hand-embroidered handkerchiefs were lovely work. Now and again a queer bead necklace or a shell bracelet from some odd corner of the world would be worth our keeping. But into the waste-basket went religious medals, lucky charms, feather paintings from Mexico with the star's name worked into the design, hair rings, all callously chucked, no matter what they had cost the sender in ill-spaced cash or time.

Men stars got embroidered suspenders or specially knit neckties. Once I found a letter containing a child's tooth sent to a certain star so she could sleep with it under her pillow and have good luck. A dear old lady from Chicago wrote time and again, asking us to send her the measurements of her favorite actor whom she was going to surprise with some underwear she was making him by hand. Now and again, it would strike you as too bad that somebody didn't write these simple folks and say, at least, thank you kindly. But then, you were like to go nuts yourself if you started thinking along those lines.

There was only one actor at the studio who had the courageous good sense to instruct the outer office to burn his fan mail.



I'VE GOT A DATE!

**SO I'M BATHING
WITH FRAGRANT
CASHMERE BOUQUET
SOAP...IT'S THE
LOVELIER WAY
TO AVOID
OFFENDING!**

HERE'S HOW
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
WORKS...ITS RICH,
DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER
REMOVES EVERY TRACE
OF BODY ODOR, AND
THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR
BATH, ITS LINGERING
PERFUME CLINGS
TO YOUR SKIN!

TO BE ALLURING, A
GIRL JUST MUST KEEP
FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
THAT'S WHY I BATHE
WITH CASHMERE
BOUQUET, THE LOVELY
PERFUMED SOAP!

ALL EVENING LONG,
THIS LOVELY PERFUME
LINGERS...MAKES
YOU FEEL SO SURE
OF DAINTINESS!

NOW I SEE WHY
CASHMERE BOUQUET
IS THE LOVELIER
WAY TO AVOID
OFFENDING!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
COLGATE

Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

**TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**



LOOK YOUR BEST IN *ANY* LIGHT

You can, if you use *light-proof* powder!

• You can now get powder that is *light-proof*. Luxor face powder modifies the light rays that powder particles ordinarily reflect. It solves the old problem of "shine." Your complexion is not constantly being light-struck, by day or by night. Those unbecoming highlights of cheekbones, chin, and nose are all subdued!

An Important Discovery

Any shade of light-proof powder will do more for your appearance than the most carefully selected shade of powder that picks up every ray of light. It will keep that lovely softness under lights that would otherwise make your face shine like an apple.

Don't buy any powder until you have made this test. The makers of Luxor light-proof powder will send you a box free, for your own demonstration. Make up as usual, in any light, but finish with this new powder. Then see if you can find *any* light this remarkable powder does not soften!

LUXOR LIGHT PROOF FACE POWDER



THIS is what happens with make-up that reflects every ray of light.



SEE the effect of powder that is light-proof and modifies the light rays.



LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago. SU-3-38
Please send trial box of Luxor light-proof powder free and prepaid.

☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel No. 2

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

We spoke of him with reverence in our voices. Each actor's mail was tied in bundles until we had time to take care of it. If a letter was written in a foreign language, someone translated enough of it to be sure it wasn't personal. It never was. The one considerate thing about the assignment was that each time we could choose the star we worked on that day. It didn't matter whom we chose because everybody knew we could never catch up with the mail, anyway.

The studio's attitude was about like that of a steel mill toward slag—fan mail was just an inevitable by-product of doing business which was a nuisance to dispose of.

What color are your lovely eyes and are you really in love with that blonde girl you acted with in your last picture and what is your favorite flavor of ice cream and please lend me some money, dear Miss Banjo-eyes. Many of the letters came from foreigners and adolescent youngsters, more from country towns and R.F.D. addresses than from large cities. It was scary to think that there were that many morons walking around with free access to the stationery store and the post office. Romantic actresses inspired the Filipino men to write love letters in comical pidgin English. The Latin stars inspired South American women to unbelievable heights of ardor; there were days when the script department simply oozed with emotion. The average I.Q. of the writers was unbelievably low. Beyond that were the unquestionable mental cases, some of whose effusions were thoroughly unprintable. Or else harmlessly redolent of the padded cell like the midwestern lady who several times wrote a man star asking him to let her know if it would be agreeable to him if she left her husband and came to Hollywood to marry him. Or the girl in the convent, on the verge of taking her novice's vows, who made him much the same proposition. I followed his mail for quite a while.

Theoretically I shouldn't know anything about the contents of these letters. The rules said that you typed off the return address on an envelope for mailing a photograph in and threw the letter into the waste-basket without another glance. (A special girl sat all day filling the envelopes with photographs that had printed autographs on them. If you wrote an actor and gave a return address, you got a picture back whether or not you asked for it, whether or not you wanted it. If all went well, that is—occasionally somebody would write in to complain that a request for a picture had produced the picture of an entirely different star, often of the wrong sex.) We were forbidden to read letters because, they said, it would slow us up. I always suspected that the real reason was that the studio didn't want anybody to know what feeble-minded stuff fan mail is.

Naturally curiosity managed to beat the rules. When a letter looked interesting, we tossed it toward the waste-basket with a subtle curve that landed it in a half-open desk drawer instead. Then at lunch time we sneaked them out and giggled over them.

Here are some samples. The blanks represent well known stars and well known pictures:

Dear _____:

I am a girl of thirteen craving for adventure I am about five feet four, eyes of blue, light wavy hair, I am quite goodlooking (at least I've been told that), I have quite a few boy friends. I see every show that comes along that you play in. My one ambition is to be a movie actress.

I am deeply in love with a boy of fourteen, he is very cute. I have a very pretty sister of eighteen.

Mr. _____, please write me a letter telling me about yourself and your picture as I am deeply interested about your plays. I surely wish I could see movie actors and

actresses. When did you go into the movies? I sure wish I could. Please send me a letter telling me about yourself.

If you ever come up this way stop at the house. Answer soon.

Yours,

That is a pretty respectable specimen as fan mail goes. Here are extracts from something not quite so sophisticated:

Dear _____:

I am dropping you a few lines to let you know that I have seen your picture. . . . Do not thing my writting Poor because I can wright the best with pen and Ink but I am out just now I have a motion picture magazine and it says you are not Married I am not Married I am 17 yrs of age I have green eyes. My hair is Amber Color the next letter I wright it will be written with pen and Ink I think you are good Looking and Like to see you play but some people say thay dont they say you are too fat headed But when they say that I Laugh and say Mr _____ is Good Looking and tell them I wish my Husband would be as good Looking as you are I love to read books And I think you do too I want you to send me one of your pictures I have not got any of mine just now But as soon as I get some I will send you one I have always had ideas of marrying a somebody like you men like you big and Strong who know how to make Love I know I would be satisfied with a husband like you I am not no gold digger and wouldn't spend much money you are the first Movie Actor I have wrote too. And I hope to get an answer and I think i will

Answer As soon

As Possible I will

Close with Love

You might think that was faked up by some joker, but the handwriting is proof that it is genuine. You see what I mean.

I know the ropes now; and when I do go back, it'll be on the other side of the fence. I'd like to sign one of those contracts I used to take in dictation, studded with big, fat figures. I'd like to go in to the commissary for lunch and have the waitress fall over herself to wait on me even though I have all the time in the world, whereas the stenographer over in the corner who isn't important enough to get any service at all has only half an hour. For the commissary waitresses are on the make, too. They got their jobs because they would do anything, but anything, to get inside a studio gate.



Louise Campbell and Pete, the Penguin, who has already earned over \$5,000 for his owner, Ralph Luxford.

Safari in Africa

[Continued from page 27]

"Breaking camp in a tropical deluge," she continued, "became regular procedure during the rainy season. Sleeping in tents standing a foot in water was a nightly hardship to be followed by long days of walking ankle deep in mud. Even though we were on the equator during the heavy rains, it was extremely cold, usually around 45 degrees.

"When we finally got out of these rains to the plains country, we ran into a new hazard—grass fires. The natives start them to facilitate hunting, and for the tender grass that comes up after the fire has burned the rank growth. Once we found ourselves trapped by fires which flared on all sides of us. Our natives completed guard ditches in the nick of time to save our lives.

"The stampede of wild animals, rushing out of the jungle a jump ahead of the fire, was also a menace to our equipment and even to our lives. It's the natives' idea of a spring round-up. They get plenty of meat for several weeks, even though entire villages are demolished by the flames and the huge beasts. But then, the women can rebuild them!"

Osa shrugged her narrow but dependable shoulders, to indicate the indifference of the jungle man to the slavery of his womenfolk.

"Hippos, elephants or other large animals on a rampage can certainly make short work of a thatch town," she continued reminiscently. "We were sleeping one night in the native village of Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, near the end of our long trail, when I heard the crashing of bushes under heavy bodies. Instantly, I recognized the

lumbering tread of hippos. Fearing they would destroy our valuable equipment and possibly charge our company, I slipped out of bed and grabbed an elephant gun. I aroused the one white resident, and recruited two native boys, all with guns similar to mine.

"We chased the huge animals, following them by sound in the pitch darkness, for three hours. Just as we had them routed, I found myself in a papyrus swamp at the edge of the village. Suddenly, I realized I was sinking rapidly. When I felt the water about my waist, I set up a howl that was the envy of the hyenas. Natives, aided by torches, soon found me and fished me out."

Osa was silent for a moment, then she chuckled her own inimitable little crackling

chuckle, which made me chuckle too.

"I made some mistakes," she said, "and of course, everything didn't go exactly as we planned it in Hollywood. But these discrepancies sometimes furnished us a laugh, anyway.

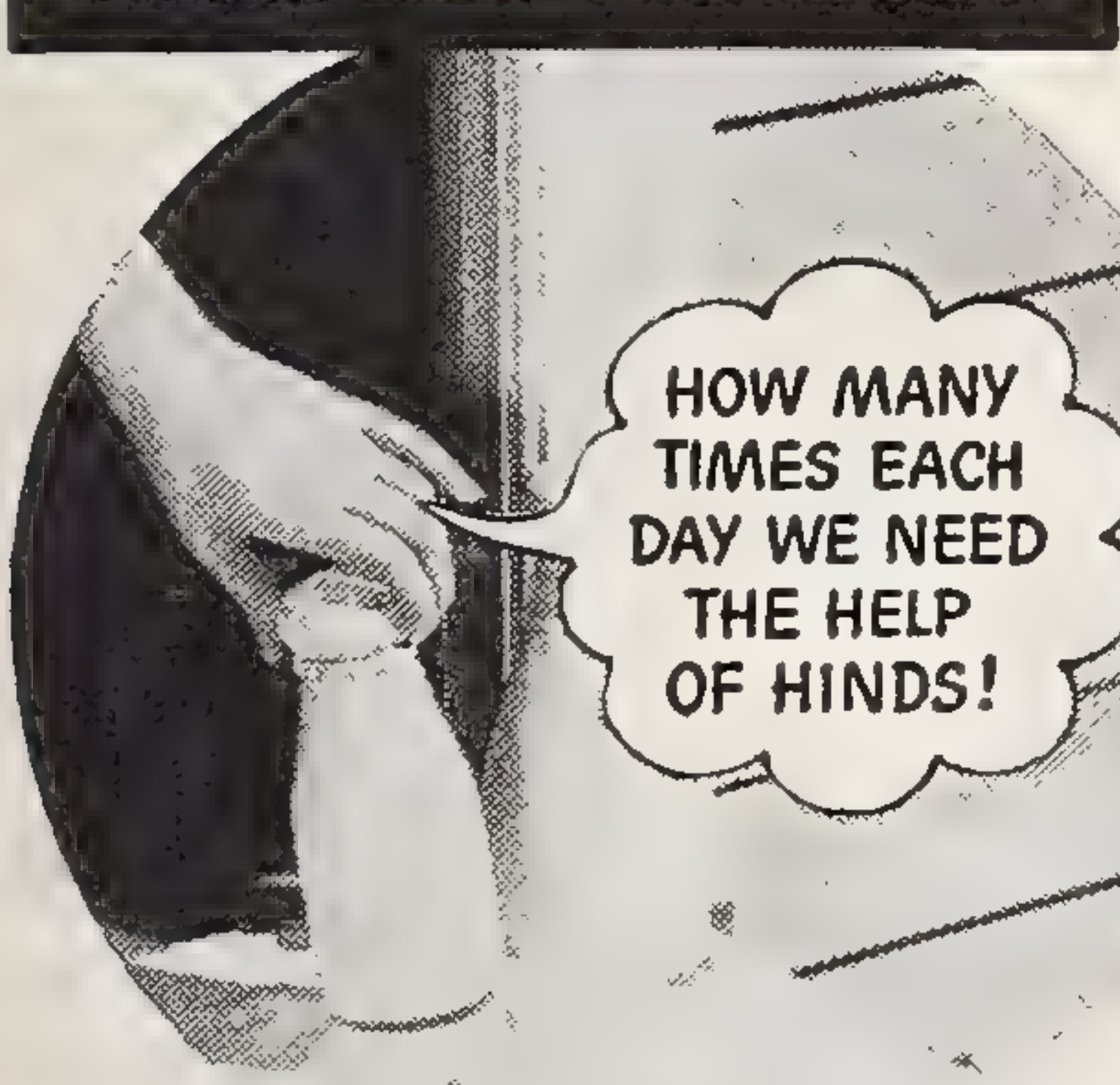
"We had a great time shooting the war scenes—and so did the natives. There was a time when we armed two tribes, the Wakomas and the Kikuyus, and prepared to shoot a battle on a large scale. At the last moment I learned that these tribes were actually at war and were all ready to annihilate each other with the guns we had furnished them. We managed to get their interest centered elsewhere for a brief time while Mr. Brower and some more of us gathered the weapons.



On "The Divorce of Lady X" set, Merle Oberon and Director Tim Whelan quaffing English Breakfast, of course.

*Chapped Hands
made soft enough for
Kisses*

IF HANDS COULD TALK, THEY'D SAY:



● In and out all day long! Getting the milk, emptying the ashes, driving the car... Soon your hands are chapped, scratchy-rough. Like sandpaper to a man's loving touch!

Quick...smooth on Hinds! Extra-creamy, extra-good to chapped hands. Contains "sunshine" Vitamin D, too. Gives you soft, thrilling Honeymoon Hands!

*Hinds Honey and Almond
Cream for Honeymoon
Hands*



● \$1.00, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size.....fits on the bottle, ready to use.



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Now millions praise
the new
**SCIENTIFICALLY
IMPROVED
EX-LAX**

TO MILLIONS of people, Ex-Lax was the perfect laxative. They thought it couldn't be improved. And now here's the big news!—double news!—important news! . . . The laxative they said couldn't be better is better! Better in these three important ways:

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You'll like it *even better* than before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is now even *more* effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

No matter what laxative you're using, you owe it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. At all druggists in 10c and 25c boxes.



Indispensable for Evening Wear

Now is the time for romance! Dances—parties—dates! You simply must keep your skin alluringly lovely all evening. Use as a powder base or complete make-up. Suitable for face, back, neck, and arms. Will not rub off or streak. Stays on for hours. Shades: peach, rachel, brunette, suntan. 50¢ at all leading drug and department stores. Trial size at all 10¢ counters, or mail coupon.

MINER'S, 40A E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial bottle Miner's Liquid Make-Up.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ Shade _____



All is sparkling vitality when Joan Blondell struts her stuff.

"The natives were naturals when it came to sham battles. In fact, their enthusiasm ran so high when we painted them up in the style of the Livingstone period that we often found ourselves powerless to manage them.

"Once we had 2,500 natives assembled, the largest gathering ever permitted by the British government. They were supplied with spears, shields and bows, and embellished with red and purple earth, war masks and lion manes. Unable to await the command of the director, they started an unearthly war dance impossible to stop. They danced most of one day.

"Suddenly, one group of about 200 which had broken away from the others charged our camera groups. Charging and withdrawing, and charging again, they sent spears hurling at the cameraman, which he miraculously dodged. Then they surrounded him, piercing his back with spear points. Needless to say, the cameraman was justifiably terrified. Something had to be done at once but it would require the utmost diplomacy not to incense the half-mad natives.

"So we gathered as many of our company together as we could to make a big showing, and then we let forth a great deal of laughter and applause, and shouted our praise. It worked. They withdrew, obviously pleased with their performance."

She stopped for a second, but only a second, and then dashed merrily on.

"I must tell you of the slave trading scenes," she said. "We had induced some of our native extras to let us scrape the paint off their faces and clean their hair in order that we might disguise them as Arab slave traders. Everything went fine until the natives who were to act as slaves saw the 'Arabs' with their wooden yokes and chains and big, black whips.

"We had a sit down strike on our hands right there. We discovered later that these very natives were descendants of the tribes that had been so shamefully abused by the traders. The impasse was finally broken when the British agent arrived and convinced them that it was only a game, and not real.

"I think we all came out with a new respect for Stanley. Three thousand trackless miles through hippos, crocs, lions and man-eating savages for a newspaper 'scoop.' How he ever came out alive is a miracle, and a monument to his courage and energy. His rescue of Dr. Livingstone is surely one of the most heroic stories of all time."

Osa's eyes were shining, by now, and had a happy, far away look in them. Alone, she had re-discovered her beloved Africa. She had carried on, as her Martin would have wished, where others would have faltered.

There are no false eyelashes or greasepaint on Osa Johnson, no close-ups and no movie glamour, and consequently few will ever know that in real life she played the lead in as great a drama as the one she traveled 33,000 miles to give to the world.

Yes, game is certainly the word for Osa.

Flashshots

[Continued from page 19]

she sees it, but here it is anyway.

It was only four years ago that Betty Furness was a New York debutante and going the maddeningly tiring pace of all debutantes. Two years ago when I was out in Hollywood, she was already well-established on the screen and constantly being rumored engaged to Cary Grant. I had great fun going out with them and realized that aside from finding each other witty and amusing company there was nothing serious between them.

This summer when I was there, Betty was busy on a picture, and so I only saw her occasionally on Sundays at the West Side Tennis Club. People mentioned Johnny Green's name in connection with her but I didn't meet him and didn't take it too seriously. So imagine my surprise when the papers carried stories of her marriage to him. Recently they were in New York together and I asked them to pose in a typical bride and groom photo one night when they arrived at El Morocco.

One of the most popular yearly parties is that of the Lawrence Tibbets, who have been married six years. Last year so many people tried to crash the party that this time they issued entrance cards with the invitations. It must have been a mighty funny greeting card the Tibbets were laughing at from the expression on the face of socialite Thomas Johnson looking over their shoulders.

I made an appointment to see Jimmy Blakely at his mother's (Mrs. John Kiser) apartment at one o'clock one day. The maid looked horrified when I arrived and said that "Mister Jimmy hadn't rung yet." So I barged right in and woke him up and by the time he'd opened his eyes his coffee had been brought in. He'd been to one of those infernal debutante parties the night before which well explains his lateness in getting up.

I caught the Frank Shields telephoning their great friend, Michael Bartlett, to join their party after he had changed from his costume and make-up from his part in the musical, "The Three Waltzes" which is having such a smash hit in New York. Frank Shields is himself to do a play in New York before going back to Hollywood to be properly glorified in the movies.



"I'm going to eat, candid cameras or not," said Jane Bryan, who was very hungry.

Two great friends in the movie world are red-haired Margot Grahame and blonde Binnie Barnes. I heard Margot's happy and ringing laugh as she came through the swinging doors at El Morocco one evening and caught their photo before their escorts, who were probably paying off the taxi, arrived on the scene.

An embarrassing version of "That's no lady, that's my wife" story happened to me one night. I had spotted Brian Donlevy and took his picture, but had no idea who was with him. When he was leaving I asked him who the pretty blonde was with him and his reply was made with polite disdain. "Don't you know? That's Mrs. Donlevy."

A photographer must always be on the alert, and not so long ago I was sitting with a group of friends when Louis Sobol, the columnist, passing by the table said, "Too bad you missed that great character actor, Jean Hersholt, who just left." "Just left what," yelled I as I grabbed my camera and ran. That I did catch him getting into his coat was just one of those lucky things that all still camera men hope for.

Projection— Errol Flynn

[Continued from page 25]

Islands. He likes to slouch down on a big couch in his study with his head resting low on a cushion, a glass in his hand, and his feet dreamily arranged over the top. Thus relaxed he will talk by the hour, utterly oblivious to time, and to both studio and social appointments.

Lucky are you, indeed, if you can find the usually quiet and taciturn Mr. Flynn in a reminiscent mood these days. And what if he does forget sometimes where truth ends and fiction begins? That's the prerogative of every author. And since coming to Hollywood Errol has written a book, a goodly number of magazine stories, and numerous "letters to the editors." One of his favorite indoor pastimes is writing a letter to the editor giving him his views on pertinent subjects. And he sings to himself while he writes. When Lili Damita hears her husband singing "Roses in December" in his study she knows that he is happily engaged in writing a letter to the editor of the New York Times. How well does Mr. Flynn sing? Well, when he filled out his biography in the publicity department his answer to the question: "Do you sing or dance?" was "Imperceptibly."

Time will tell, so the bromide goes, and



Fernand Gravet plays a cocktail chef—melodiously!

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... the first to COMBINE the best features of BOTH super-fine, super-light face powders and heavier types

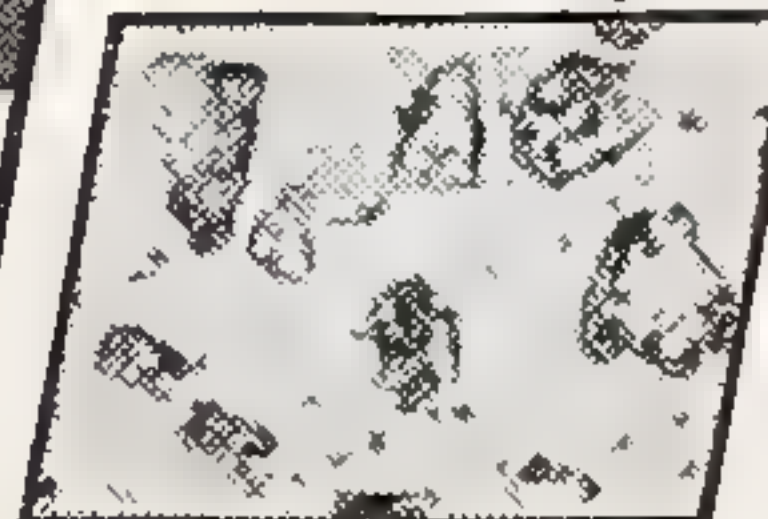
FACE POWDER that is attracted to your skin... a face powder with *Skin Affinity**. It's a completely new texture... Each particle of powder is from two to three times smaller than those in many other popular powders; also much more uniform in size and shape.

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Try it yourself... and see the difference! You'll be amazed; delighted! Ask for Evening in Paris Face Powder at any drug or department store. Generous, enlarged box, costs only \$1.10.

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Photomicrographs made with the assistance of Dr. Clarence P. Harris, Consulting Chemist of New York City.



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Note comparatively large particles, uneven in size and shape.



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Particles exceedingly small; more uniform in size, smoother in shape.

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Greater cleanliness is one step toward loveliness . . . and Bathasweet gives water greater cleansing powers. Proof of this is found in the absence of a "ring" around the tub when Bathasweet is used. Moreover, the water is softened—gone are the drying effects that hard water may have on your skin! No wonder thousands of fastidious women insist on the benefits of Bathasweet. 50¢ and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—10¢ sizes at "10 cent" stores.

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in Errol's case time told a lot. When he became established in Hollywood, after the success of "Captain Blood," invariably there would appear, month after month, at the studio people from all ends of the earth who had "known Errol Flynn when."

There was a Dr. Herman F. Erben, formerly associated with the Rockefeller Foundation, who knew Errol intimately in New Guinea and Australia. He kept the members of "The Perfect Specimen" cast thrilled all afternoon by recounting to them Errol's adventures in the Islands. "Did he ever tell you about the time he was arrested in the seacoast town of Papua for fighting with a policeman?" Dr. Erben would ask.

And then there was a Captain Simpson, with whom Errol was associated for two years in the Islands, fifty, whitehaired and loveable. "Did Errol ever tell you about the time the judge ordered him to pay a fine or go to gaol, and Errol chose to go to gaol, much to the judge's disgust because there wasn't any gaol on the Island?" Captain Simpson would ask.

Moreover, his casual remark at that initial studio grilling, to the effect that he had been a member of the Australian boxing team at the 1928 Olympic games in Amsterdam was verified last year by Frankie Sommers. Sommers, a fighter engaged by the studio during the filming of "Kid Galahad," was in Amsterdam during the 1928 Olympics. "I saw Flynn fight," said Sommers, "he knows how to take care of himself all right." As a matter of Olympic fact Errol went through three rounds in Amsterdam, and then met Dan Egan, who eventually won.

And so it seems that prevaricating isn't one of the Flynn faults after all.

Like all the Irish he has a quick temper. His temper almost broke up the Damita-Flynn romance before it was started. Shortly before he left for Hollywood Errol visited friends in Paris and there he met the petite French actress, Lili Damita. The meeting left little impression on either of them, so it definitely was not love at first sight. By no collusion on either of their parts they caught the same boat for America and Errol saw her for the second time the first evening at sea. He asked her for a dance. She replied—and very shortly Errol claims—that she had promised the dance.

"Come back in five minutes," she ordered.

But the hot-headed Irishman did not go back, and he avoided Miss Damita successfully for the rest of the trip. He met her again, for the third time, on the Warner lot, where he was a new contract actor and she a distinguished visitor, and she suggested that he call her sometime. Errol called right away, but she was too busy to come to the phone. Errol was so mad he saw red. Who did she think she was, anyway. He waited several weeks, and then he called again. This time she was very cordial.

"Can you come to dinner tomorrow night?" she asked.

"Call me back in five minutes," snapped Errol. Well that was that. No little French girl was going to be uppity around him and get away with it. But his anger soon was forgotten and he haunted places where he knew Lili would be until he met her again. She gave him a piece of her mind, and he gave her a piece of his, and the romance was on in full swing. They were married in Yuma, Arizona, after a hectic courtship, just a few days before Errol learned that he had been selected to play the title role in "Captain Blood," a role that every young actor in Hollywood would have given his right leg for. What with a French temperament and an Irish temper the domestic life of the Flynn's hasn't always been exactly as peaceful as a field of clover. Lili has left him twice, once to get a divorce which she didn't get, and once



Tyrone Power has been borrowed for Norma Shearer's "Marie Antoinette."

to make a picture in Paris. At the present writing all is sweetness and light.

Another of his faults, Errol claims, is his love of comfort. Several times in his life he has taken the best suite in a hotel when he had no idea where the money was coming from to pay for it. "At one time," says Errol, "I was the only white man in New Guinea who owned a bath tub. I bought it in Sydney, Australia, during a visit there, and had it shipped to Port Moresby. Later my native boys transported it to me to my station far in the interior. The tub had to be filled by bucket, there being no plumbing, and when I would take off my clothes and plunge into it the native boys thought I was crazy for sure."

Generosity, it seems, is Errol's chief virtue. At his home you will find people from all walks of life, the rich and the poor, the producer and the extra. His mother, a very beautiful woman with much the same coloring as Errol, thinks that her son is well fitted for his role in "Robin Hood," his newest picture soon to be released by Warner Brothers. She delights to tell her friends in Ireland how when Errol was a lad of six she returned from an afternoon tea party one day to discover her young offspring distributing her gold dressing table set to the passersby in front of the house. She arrived just in time to recover the brush, from the apple-cart man, and with it she gave Errol the whacking of his young life. His only explanation was that "he felt like giving things away."

Errol was born June 20, 1909, in Antrim, Ireland. His mother was Marcelle Flynn, English and French, and his father was Theodore Flynn, Irish. He has one sister, named Rosemary. He attended schools in Ireland, Paris, London and Australia where he went in for boxing, swimming, rowing and Rugby. He shunned dramatics in school. His father was a professor of biology at Queen's University, Belfast, and later at Cambridge. Mr. Flynn, Sr., was always going on scientific expeditions, once to the North Pole, and then to Australia and the South Seas. Errol's earliest recollections of his home life is that they were always traveling somewhere. And from the earliest time he can remember Errol admits that he was a bad little boy.

When his father was sent on a scientific expedition to Australia Errol went with him and was put in a boys' school in Sydney. Expelled from the school and fearing his father's wrath Errol decided to go fortune hunting in the savage wilds of Papua. His father, at the moment, was "somewhere in the South Seas" collecting rare flora and

fauna, so Errol had no trouble in getting away.

The latter part of 1928 found him looking for gold in New Guinea. From 1928 to 1932 he spent in the Islands, on a copra plantation, pearl diving, carrying freight on his schooner, the Maski, to various small out of the way islands, trading in everything from humans to gold. His boat was eventually chartered by a film company, making travelogues, for a trip into the island interior to photograph the head-hunters there. Flynn was the captain of the boat and when necessary he turned actor for the benefit of the cameras.

The head-hunters weren't as friendly as they should be and it was thanks to Errol that the travelogue people escaped with their lives and their cameras. Errol bid them a fond farewell at Port Moresby and decided to go gold-hunting once more far up near Mount Julien. A cable finally overtook him there, one year later. It read: "Your work in travelogue magnificent. You are a natural. Have three offers now. Come at once. Am sending fare Port Moresby." It was signed by Dr. Herman Erben. (The very same who turned up later in Hollywood to verify one of Errol's yarns.)

When Errol reached Port Moresby he found the fare, and another cable, which read: "Don't come yet. English company enroute Papua to shoot Mutiny on the Bounty. Understand you are direct descendant of Fletcher Christian leader of real Mutiny. Swell publicity tie-up. You cast for part. Do nothing until I get there. Erben."

The picture was a British version of the story "Mutiny On the Bounty" and was never shown in America. This acting business was a new thrill for Errol and when the picture was finished he returned with the company to England. There he made the rounds of the producers' offices and eventually found for himself a place as an actor on the English stage. He appeared in "A Man's House," "Othello," "Another Language," and "The Constant Nymph," in London. In October 1934, he was signed on a Warner Brothers contract by their London representative, Irving Asher, and soon afterwards left for the United States—and Hollywood. And here he has been ever since, except for a brief vacation which he spent in the thick of things in Spain.

When his friends said, "Why go to Spain, Errol, you'll be killed," he replied: "So what? Maybe I'll get killed. Maybe I'll get run over by an automobile when I leave this restaurant. That's the chance you have to take. The way I figure it, it doesn't make any difference where you happen to be when your number's up. It's just up and that's all there is to it."

And that's Errol Flynn's philosophy of life.



Bob Burns and Helen Broderick in "Radio City Revels."
"Call me Bazooka, Bob."



Cleanliness IS PART OF LOVELINESS

The charm of attractive womanhood is made up of many things. Above all, a quality not to be measured merely by birthdays... a quality of fresh, sweetly fragrant daintiness, which proper care can assure at *any* age. With more accuracy than romance, let us call it frankly... "cleanliness". It means even more than bath-and-laundry cleanliness. It means that unsullied personal immaculacy which is the most compelling charm of a lovely young girl, *and of truly happy wives*. For no husband fails to notice, and resent, any neglect of intimate feminine cleanliness. Yet too many women never realize that the freshness, which is so *natural* in youth, requires constant care as maturity advances. A cleansing douche with "Lysol" disinfectant, in proper solution of water, is the frequent and regular feminine hygiene habit of fastidious modern women. They know that "Lysol" in solution cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes—dependably. Many hospitals use "Lysol"; many doctors recommend it for feminine hygiene. Complete directions are on every bottle... at any druggist's.

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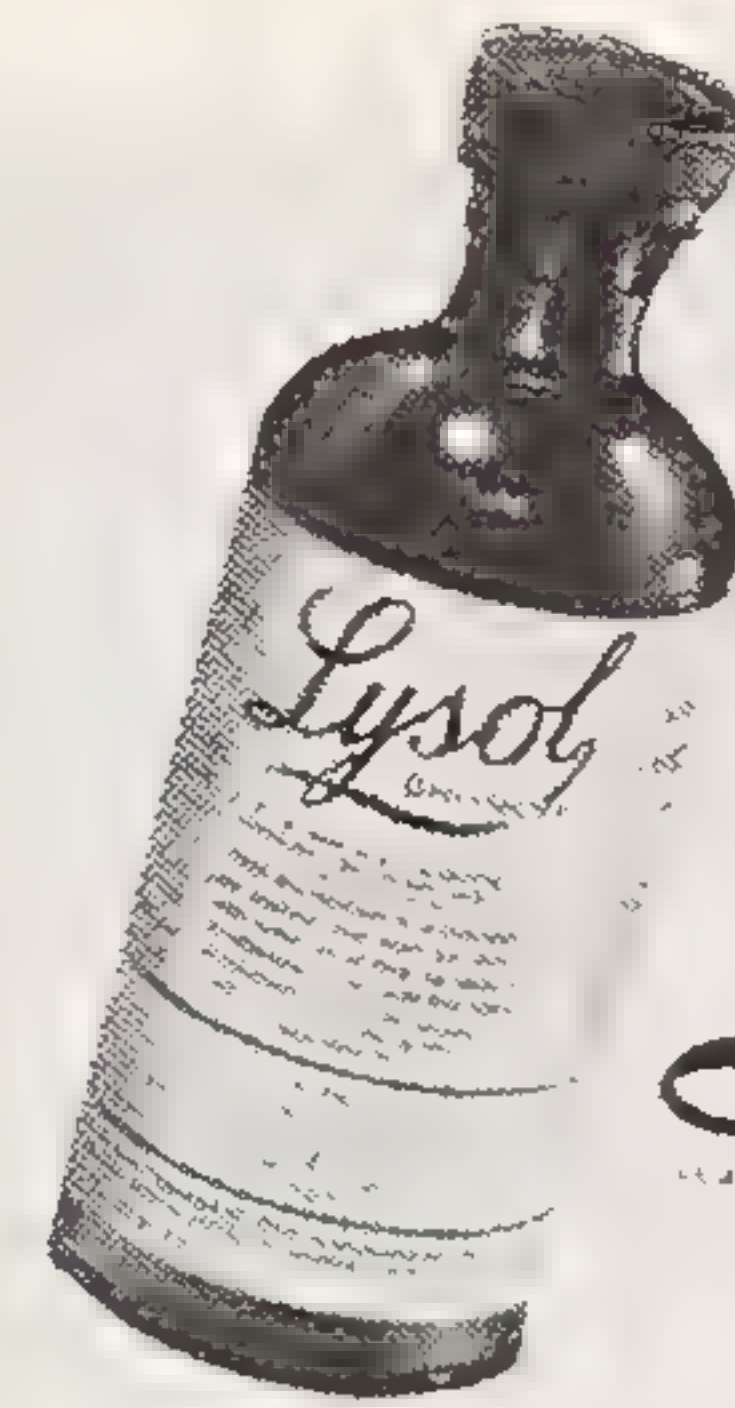
2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

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5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.



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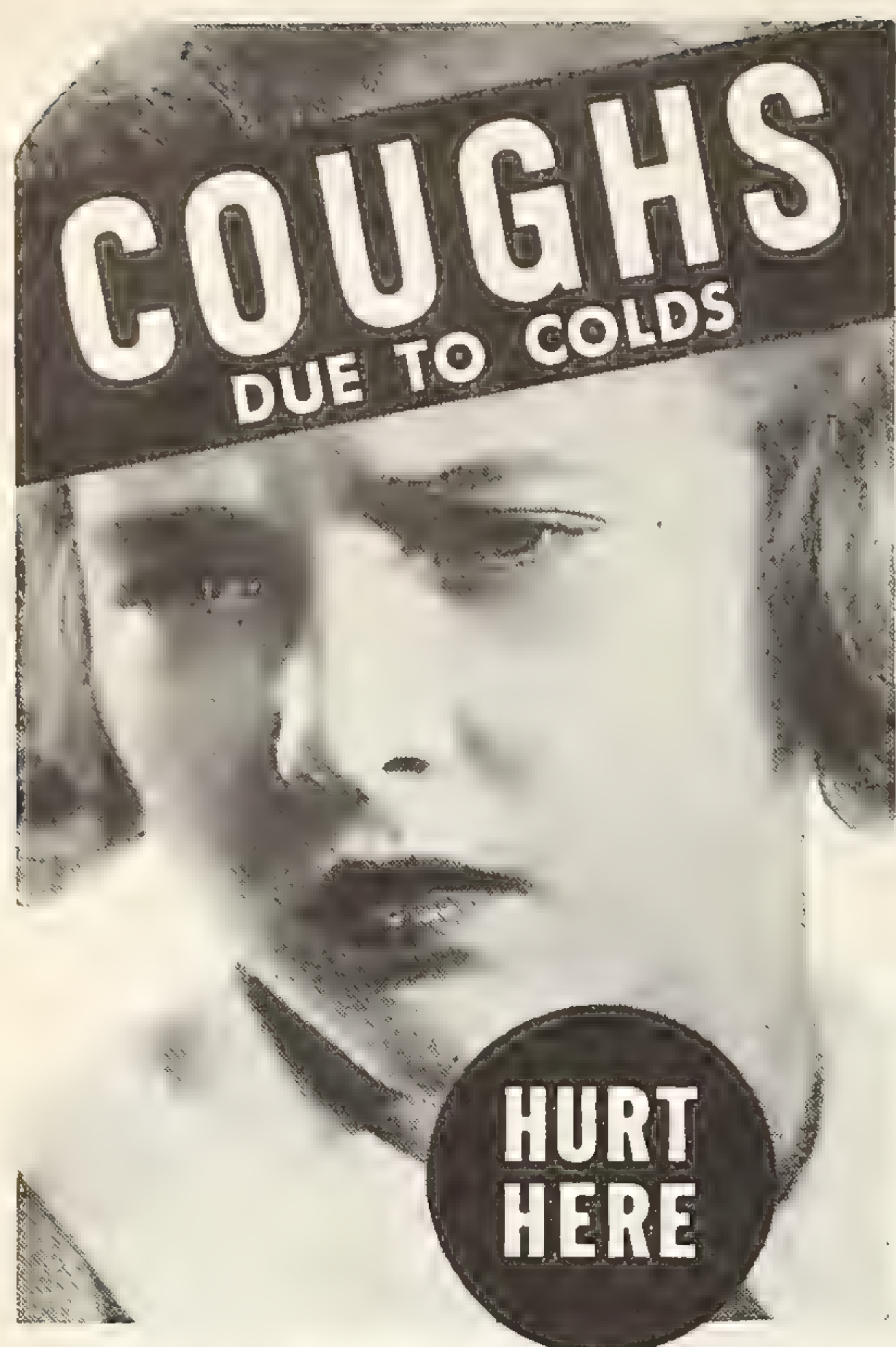
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CHECK HAIR: () COARSE,
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EZY-KURL
HOME PERMANENT WAVE

Off the Beaten Track

(Continued from page 31)

laying masses of clay around it. "Garbo and Crawford are the easiest to model," she said as, fascinated, I watched the deft movements of her hands. "Their faces have so much character. They are solid faces. Both have firm jaws. Have you noticed that most woman stars have firm jaws? Hepburn, Mae West, Carole Lombard, Simon Simone, and others have a firmness of the jaw that women in general lack. It's really remarkable. Another characteristic mark is the deep, soulful quality of their eyes. I think Miss Lombard has the loveliest eyes on the screen. They are so dreamy, heavy lidded."

Recently Scientific Films did a picture on unusual occupations for Paramount release, and the Stuberghs figure prominently in it. Katherine is in "Who's Who Among American Women." She is 25 years old, has a Madonna-like face, reddish brown hair and green eyes. And of course, her graceful carriage suggests the ballet dancer. There is an air of old world romance about her and the studio in which she works 16 hours a day. It is difficult to describe. One must visit it and see this young lady at her work to sense it.

The Stubergh figures of movie stars are on display in the windows of the Western Costume Co., an indispensable adjunct of the motion picture industry. It's another fascinating place, where you are sure to meet the male contingent of movie celebrities, as well as many of the women stars. I ran into Fredric March, Gary Cooper and Basil Rathbone as I entered its lobby.

In seemingly endless rows of spotless glass cases there are beauteous ladies of bygone eras in fair attitudes. There are about a million costumes in the mammoth eight-story plant of this giant organization, but nobody knows the exact number. No studio can afford to keep such an immense stock, and this firm supplies the men's costumes for every big production and a good percentage of women's costumes. Mutiny on the Bounty, Romeo and Juliet, Anthony Adverse, The Good Earth, The Lost Horizon, The Buccaneer, Marco Polo, are some of the pictures costumed by this giant organization. On a few hours' notice it can equip an army of 20,000 men, and furnishes costumes for big Hollywood parties and masquerade balls.

"We have more original and genuine uniforms of the Austro-Hungarian Empire than you can find in Vienna," said J. I. Schnitzer, the president of Western Costumes, as he showed me through his plant—through display salons comparable in their appointments to the ritzy shops and ateliers of Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix; through a research library; arsenal; huge stockrooms brimming with a bewildering variety of articles, dating back down through the centuries to Rameses II; through workrooms where expert artisans make boots, shoes, leather trimmings, wigs, jewelry, costumes, and crowns and tiaras for the queens of Hollywood.

"Strange things happen here," mused William House, an old employee. "In 1923 one of our buyers went to Vienna and brought over two royal carriages, costly furs, medals and insignia, court, diplomatic, civil and military uniforms. Among the uniforms there was a coat worn by Emperor Franz Josef. It was one of the largest and most valuable purchases we have made."

"We were furnishing the costumes for the Wedding March, which Eric von Stroheim directed. I was in charge of the fitting. One of the extra players who came in for a fitting was to be the archduke in the picture. He was a foreign gentleman with charming manners."

"I pulled out a coat from our Vienna

lot, the coat of an Austrian archduke, and gave it to him."

"He scrutinized it for a moment, and said, 'That's mine.' He looked at the tag, and read his own name on it. He felt in his trembling fingers the four medals hanging on the breast. They were his too. Then he turned around to hide his face, and started crying."

We stopped before two glass cases containing medals.

"All these medals and breast stars are genuine," Mr. Schnitzer informed me. "We have over 5,000 of them, representing every state in the world. Genuine medals like these are worn by the principals only. We make replicas for extras. We have charts showing the correct order of wearing various decorations. That's a little science in itself."

"A medal is about the last thing a man who is down and out will come to sell. A few weeks ago an old Irish major, now trying to make a living as an extra, sold us his four medals. He had fought in the world war and the Irish revolution. He was a character from a book."

"We supply the studios not only with costumes and props, but information on such matters as court procedure, customs of various countries, architecture and building materials, means of transportation, etc. We can, for instance, re-enact the coronation ceremonies of King James II exactly as they took place. It's our business to know what a Yeoman of the Guard, a French Chasseur, or a Cossack of the Kuban, wears, and what weapons he carries. We maintain one of the most complete libraries of its kind in existence. Some of our books are priceless."

"Foreign countries have given us splendid cooperation in securing authentic data on their present day uniforms. We must keep abreast of the times. I wrote to the chief of police in China and he sent me photographs of all the uniforms worn by his force, with a long letter of information in Chinese. The Scotland yard sent us photographs of the uniforms worn by the various ranks of



Chili on bread is served by Jeanette MacDonald to the "Girl Of The Golden West" company when lunch time comes around.

that organization. The prefecture of the Paris police has been most obliging, and sent us all the data we wanted about its uniforms. The fire department in Vienna sent us a whole set of hand-painted drawings of its uniforms. We know what a traffic cop in Warsaw looks like, or a letter carrier in Finland, or a policeman in the Fiji Islands. Here is some stuff I just received from India—" and he yanked out a drawer and showed me a stack of photographs of railway employees in India: station master, guard, porter, etc.

The arsenal is on the sixth floor, where thousands of deadly instruments are arranged by periods and countries. The swords alone number 7,000. There are Persian scimitars of the kind with which the romantic heroes of Firdusi's *Shahnameh* performed their incredible deeds, and swords worn by our cadets at Annapolis. Cossack sabers that must have cut down many a Chechen in the mountains of Daghestan, and Turkish pistols and yataghans used by the bashibazuks, the Sultan's "crack-brained" irregulars, once the terror of all Europe. Medieval armor, and U. S. automatic rifles and machine guns. Indian bows and arrows, and highly ornamented cowboy holsters.

Mr. Schutzer showed me saddles that are two and three hundred years old. He frequently displays them in the windows on the ground floor, overlooking Melrose Avenue, as they attract much attention. On another floor Mr. Schutzer showed me costumes worn by famous stars in some of their most memorable roles. "Here is the costume Valentino wore in *The Sheik*," he would say. Or, "That one over there Douglas Fairbanks wore in *The Gaucho*." "This is one of the most expensive gowns we have; Dolores del Rio wore it in *The Bird of Paradise*." "And so is that one over there; Joan Crawford wore it in *The Dancing Lady*."



Betty Furness wears three gaily painted wooden ducks as clips. It's a new fad.

Western Costumes employs a crew of 240 men. The entire organization is constantly keyed up to meet emergencies. There is no let up. "We might get an order for a pair of shoes at five o'clock in the afternoon to be delivered at seven the next morning," Mr. Schnitzer explained. "Let's say a pair of shoes for Garbo. Even if the whole house burned down, or everybody dropped dead here, those shoes will be delivered on time. A pair of shoes may tie up a whole set. Our slogan is the old motto of the theatre: *The Show Must Go On!*"

The boot department was like a madhouse, as it had an emergency order of

1,000 pairs of boots to fill. "Joe, what did Marion Davies tell you when she gave you the order for her boots—the ones she wore in her last picture?" Mr. Schitzer asked a worker busy at his bench.

Joe turned red and looked very embarrassed. His employer urged him to tell it to me. "She said I will give you a kiss," Joe said, "if the boots fit me well." He laughed and shook his head.

"An actor becomes doubly particular of what he wears when he plays in a costume picture," Mr. Schnitzer asserted. "John Barrymore, for instance, comes with a sketch he has drawn himself, as he always knows what he wants, and for hours wanders alone in our stockrooms trying to find the kind of costumes he has in mind.

"We have by far the largest collection of costumes in the world, representing an investment of several million dollars, and the ideas of thousand of specialists. We have laces, braids, and things like that which cannot be replaced anywhere. Either the people who made them are dead, leaving behind them no successors to carry on their craft, or the machines that manufactured them are lost or destroyed. We live in an age that doesn't produce such fine old things anymore.

"Nowadays before an article is used in a picture, it passes before twenty eyes. Costumes have to be authentic and correct as to period and details. We take no liberties. This craze for authenticity is due largely to the influence of our schools. Historical pictures are being made part of class instruction in schools and colleges the country over."

Even when you hire extras you have to paint 'em over. Jack Dawn, M-G-M's make-up chief, engaged 110 make-up artists to do 1750 extras for "*The Girl of the Golden West*" and "*Marie Antoinette*."

Now this new Cream with "SKIN-VITAMIN" does more for your skin than ever before

The "skin-vitamin" is now in a beauty cream!

Four years ago doctors barely suspected that a certain vitamin was a special aid to the skin. They applied this vitamin to wounds and burns. And found it actually healed them quicker!

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The regular use of this cream will make your skin look richer, fresher, clearer.

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Miss Geraldine Spreckels

"I have always praised Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths skin so wonderfully after exposure. Now it is grand to know that it is doing more for your skin all the time you have it on. It certainly keeps my skin in perfect condition . . ."

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Test it in
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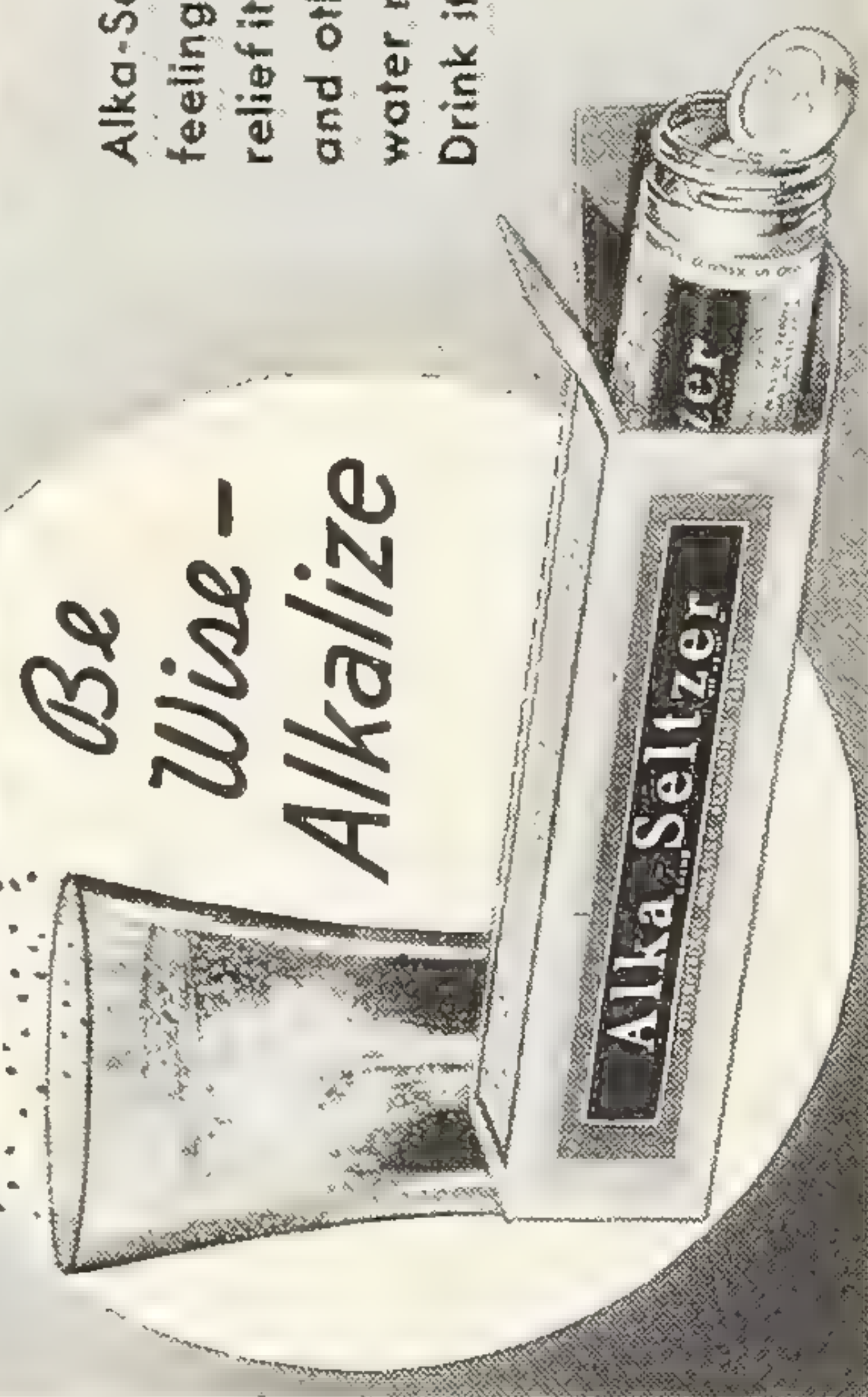
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Nothing to Worry About

[Continued from page 34]

New York today with a pimple on her nose.

"I wonder if Winifred packed my ski shoes? It will be thrilling to come flying down those famous ski slopes in San Anton and St. Moritz, the wind whistling through my ears and my blood tingling. I must ask Winifred where she packed my skin lotions. I know from Sun Valley experience that a good blustery wind can dry out the skin in no time. I certainly don't wish to be mistaken for a piece of old leather, slightly antiqued, when I return to America. While I am at San Anton I shall learn all there is to learn about skiing, and I shall perfect the Christiania even if it kills me. It probably will.

"Wonder what my friends would say if it did. Would they be upset and sad for a week, maybe a little longer. Huh, I know those wretches. They'd read it on the front page (or would it make the front page? After all I *am* a movie star) over their morning coffee and orange juice, and they'd wag their heads and say, "Poor Claudette broke her neck. What a pity," and dash right out to Santa Anita to put five on the nose of Seabiscuit.

"I wonder if Billy's Count Edward will ever run in the money? Oh, I suppose it will the minute it learns I'm on the ocean. The ungrateful nag. And after the twenty-five dollars I spent on it. Why do I always call horses it? Now this really is utterly ridiculous. I must go to sleep. I'll look like a character actress when I get on the train tomorrow. The glamorous Miss Colbert had bags down to there."

"How many pieces of luggage am I taking with me? I certainly don't want to appear ostentatious. But I seem to need so many things. Well, it's a cinch I didn't have to worry about my luggage the first time I went to Europe—the year I graduated from high school—one trunk was quite sufficient then for both mother and myself. I remember that in the excitement of kissing father and Charles and Tantine and grandmother goodbye I completely forgot my passport, and there was a hell of a mess about it when we landed in France. I just wasn't born to cope with departures. Wonder what I'll forget tomorrow? Not the passport, this time, because Jack has that. Ugh, how I hate passport pictures.

"I hope I look as smart as I think I do in that black tailored dress Travis made for me to sail in. It was quite a clever idea I



Carole Landis, one of the pioneer girls looking for wealth in "Gold Diggers in Paris."

think to have my new leopard skin coat lined in the same black wool the dress is made of. And my hat is black and jaunty, away from the face, which will be good for pictures. Oh dear, there I go. Always the actress. Here I am leaving on a vacation as Mrs. Joel Pressman and I'm worrying over my pictures in the New York newspapers. Maybe there won't be any photographers or press at the boat. Jack will like that. But I won't. Of course I don't expect banners stretched across the sky as they did for Joan and Dick Powell. And I don't expect to find any fans under my bed the way Robert Taylor did. But I do think a few of them might take the trouble to make a fuss over me. I like fans. I like signing autographs. I like being pushed about. Actresses who say they don't are lying—they all like it.

"Won't Elizabeth rib me if there isn't a photographer in sight. She laughed herself into a fine case of hysterics when I said I was wearing my leopard instead of my mink because it would reproduce better. Oh-dear-saints-that-watch-over-movie-stars, don't, *don't* let that be a pimple.

"The second night at sea I shall wear the new print Travis made me. With the little black bolero. Huge poppies and daisies on



Ginger Rogers smiles upon her serenader, Don Germano of the Vagabond Trio.

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a black background. It sounds perfectly terrible but it is the smartest thing I have ever seen in prints. Now this is silly of me. Why plan what I'm going to wear on the boat when I am sailing the worst season of the year and shall probably have to remain in my stateroom the entire crossing. I must go to sleep, I must, I must, I must.

"I wonder in which trunk Winifred packed my jewel case. I ought to keep my eye on that. I mustn't forget to call Lubitsch in the morning, and Edie, and Charlie. I noticed a slight rip in the print I bought from Irene's and I must remind Tantine to catch it for me. Oh, I really have some lovely clothes this trip. But just the same I am going to visit the couturiers in Paris. Schiaparelli, Patou, Alix, Maggy Rouff, all of them. It's the first time I've ever been in Paris with a dime to spare and I expect to enjoy myself. Oh, I hope I won't look like something the sea washed up when we land in Genoa.

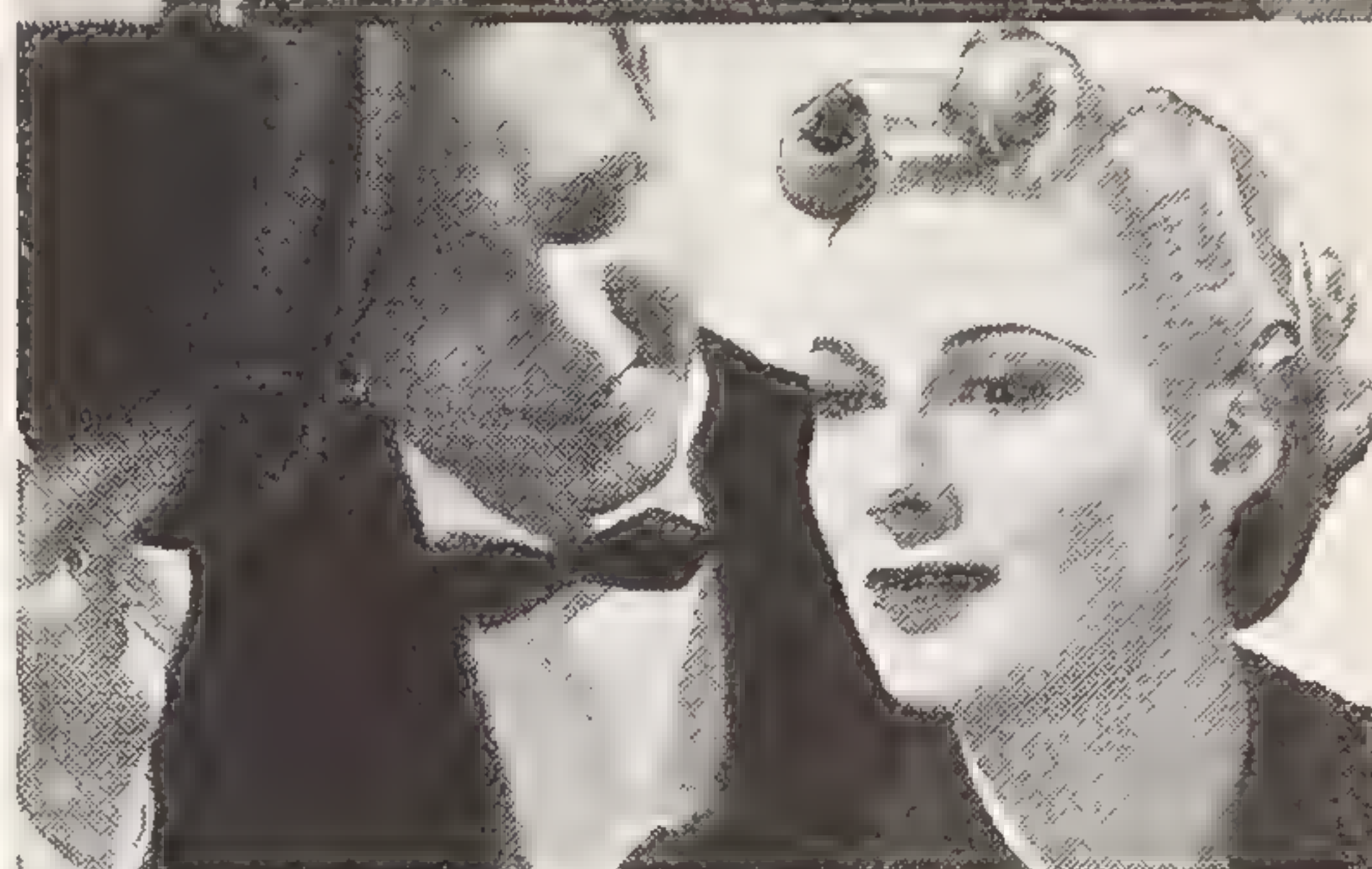
"If I live to be a hundred I'll never be as tired as I am now. What a week. For months I haven't gone near the radio and then all in one week I have to go on twice, just when I am going mad trying to finish 'Bluebeard.' Lubitsch has been a dear about those re-takes, I guess he is as eager to get rid of me as I am to go. But yesterday, high dives in the tank, and that isn't exactly my type of thing, all morning long, and rolling on the floor with Gary all afternoon—no wonder every bone in my body aches. I wanted to be so good in 'Alice Adams' on the air, but I was so tired I didn't know whether I was Alice, Queen Victoria, or Snow White. I wish I hadn't read my New York notices on 'Tovarich.' I don't know why I ever read my New York reviews anyway. They only make me feel sad. Oh, I mustn't forget to check with Bullocks Wilshire in the morning about the new bag. They promised it today. I shouldn't have bought those dresses from Irene's at the last minute, especially when I am on my way to Paris, but they are cute. That was sweet of DeMille to say over the air that Paris would declare a holiday when its native daughter arrived. Paris probably won't even know I'm there. I think I'll give a cocktail party for the press at my hotel while I'm there. Elizabeth says there are no fan writers in Paris so I needn't expect more than three people at my party.

"Oh, I'm tired. I wish I could sleep. Here I've planned this trip for months and months and now at the last minute I have let everything pile up on me. It must be something to do with the mind. Here I have three maids to do my packing, a secretary to do my phone calls, and a chauffeur to drive me in a shiny new car down to the station—but I am far more weary than I was the time I sailed with mother and had to look after everything myself, and walk nearly a quarter of a mile to the pier because the taxi broke down and I was late. I simply don't know how to pack my mind, that must be it.

"All my departures will be hysterical, I might just as well face it. The day I sailed with Norman on the Aquitania they had to hold the boat for me fifteen minutes and the captain was nearly insane, as we were missing a tide or something. I hope they won't have to pull the gangplank up under me this time, I'd like to be able to be a little relaxed when the photographers and press appear. Oh, I'm sure there'll be one photographer anyway. After all I am a movie star, though according to the New York critics I'm not much of an actress. Never again shall I read my reviews. Especially when I am leaving on a vacation and supposed to be so, so happy. Well, I am happy. I have a lot to be thankful for. I'm just tired, that's all. I haven't the vaguest idea what I did with 'Alice.' Hepburn was so marvelous in the picture. People are probably saying—Damn it all, that is a pimple!"



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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

They Are Believers in Dreams

[Continued from page 29]

their Fargos and Sedalias and Avenue A's—but they didn't—because they saw visions!

Young Andrea Leeds travelled a long road, dreamed long dreams, made a false start before she came into her heritage when she scored so sensationally in "Stage Door." Back of that triumph is a vista of bare brown hills and small mining towns and a burning copper sun, and about as much thought of ever being a star in Hollywood as you, Mary, wherever you are, may think now of becoming an inhabitant of Alice's Wonderland.

Andrea, olive-skinned, dark-haired, something velvety and quiet and rich in her very calibre, said to me: "I was born in Butte, Montana. My Dad is a mining engineer and so all, or most all of my childhood was spent in small mining towns, Butte; Globe, Arizona; Cineguila in the Mexican state of Durango. I went to grade school in Globe. I spent part of my high school years at Long Beach, California; I went, later, to U. C. L. A. I lived in an atmosphere, at home, or homes, of minor revolutions, when the Yaquis of Mexico would deliver ultimatums to my Dad and members of the mining camp of Cineguila kept in practice, daily, with rifles and targets, sometimes of flesh and blood.

"Rebel raids were commonplace, bandits would swoop down on our camp and demand all of our provisions, or else . . . and I dreamed that one day I would become a writer and put all of this raw, crude colour into words, from a woman's viewpoint. In college I was interested in amateur theatricals, of course. But I never once thought of becoming an actress myself. Other girls were actresses, stars; but not me. I knew that I would do something, have a career, be, preferably, a writer. I am an only child and so I have had to be both son and daughter to my parents. And my Dad had always told me that I must be independent, able to take care of myself, no matter what my circumstances.

"In college I was asked why I didn't try for the movies, so I tried and the bell didn't ring. Then we made an amateur movie photographed with a 16 millimeter camera.



Lucille Ball gets a tip on comedy from Guy Kibbee, the old master.

And when it was run I had, suddenly, offers from studios, from Universal, from Republic. Also, Howard Hawkes had heard about me, from mutual friends and from scouts who had seen the college movie. And he asked me to make a test. It seemed a lark and I made it. And then Mr. Hawks told me that I had possibilities, perhaps great ones and that he would like me for a part in 'Come And Get It.' Even then I didn't really care, didn't 'see.' I still wanted to write.

"After college I had got a job on a small local sheet and made \$3.00 a week writing my head off. It did occur to me that \$3.00 a week didn't make for much of a life. Then I played in 'Come And Get It' and though it was a small part Mr. Hawkes was so encouraging to me, so kind, so inspiring, that I enjoyed every moment of the work, felt at home on the set, in the studio. It wasn't, though, until after that picture was previewed that—well, that the vision came to me. I went home from seeing the picture. I remember well that I was sitting in front of my dressing table facing myself in the mirror. And as I looked at myself it suddenly came to me that this was my vocation, my Call. I had nearly lost my way but thanks to Mr. Hawks' interest in me, Mr. Goldwyn's faith in me, thanks to the fact that I wasn't too stubborn, did listen to the voices, even though it took me some time to hear what they were saying. I did make port. I found myself saying out loud 'This is it!' I realized, in that flash, that I was not yet capable of putting my thoughts, my emotions down on paper but that I could satisfy my need for self-expression by using my face as the instrument for my thoughts and emotions. And that is how it all happened.

Jon Hall told me, "My father and grandfather before me were business men. I was born in Tahiti and spent much of my boyhood there. I had intended to become a diplomat, possibly a lawyer. And to that end I attended the University of Neuchatel, Switzerland, later transferring to the University at Geneva, still later attending Bad-ingham College in England. Then I went back to Tahiti to sort of think things over. There was nothing for me in Tahiti, nothing at all. And while I was there I read 'Hurricane' by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, who was a cousin of mine. And as I read the book I kept thinking: Terangi will be a terrific screen role for somebody. I didn't, then, think of myself.

"Joel McCrea, I knew, was Goldwyn's first choice for the part, and McCrea was an established player, a Goldwyn contract star besides. Then, one day, as I was working in my garden a man's hand came over the hedge and, literally, pulled me over. It was the hand of John Ford who directed 'The Hurricane.' We had been next-door neighbors for months, seeing each other every day, and it had never before occurred to him that I was screen calibre. Then, he told me, coming home on the China Clipper, knowing that Goldwyn had not yet found Terangi he had a vision . . . he saw my face before him, he told me, the face of his next-door neighbor, and he thought 'There is Terangi!'

Olivia de Havilland said "my vision came when I said to a friend of mine, up home in Saratoga, California, 'if you don't think I'm going to play one night in the Hollywood Bowl, you're crazy!' I heard myself saying these words without any conscious volition of my own . . . they just said themselves as if they were an omen, a prophesy, spoken by someone outside my own body. For they were fantastic words, they presupposed a fabulous happening. I was going to understudy *Hermia* for Mr. Reinhardt's production of *Midsummer Night's Dream* given in the Hollywood Bowl. I had about as much chance of

playing Hermia, me, an unknown, an amateur, a scared-to-death youngster from a small town as an unknown youngster would have had of playing one of the great Bernhardt's stage roles. *But I played it. I played it . . . because Gloria Stuart, cast for the part, was held over in a screen production, and I read the lines and I got the chance and here I am!* It was a vision, a premonition, if ever there was one. It was a voice, *not my own*, speaking in me, and for me. I *know* it. And everything followed that . . . my contract with Warners, everything I have done or ever will do . . ."

And so, it can be done, boys and girls, girls and boys everywhere . . . it doesn't matter who you are or where you are, what you look like, or what you are doing *now*, if you have vision enough to see the gauntlet when it is flung, ears attuned enough to hear the voices when they speak, you can make out your own ticket for your own destination, whether it be Hollywood or the high Himalayas. It can be done, here in Hollywood, because it is being done, every week, every day of the week . . . Wayne Morris, Dorothy McNulty, Ilona Massey (you'll see her in *Rosalie*, with Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy), Hedy La Marr, Francisca Gaal, all young, all newcomers, all beginning . . .

And so you don't have to spend your lives, obscure, fretted, stifled, frustrated, on farms, in small towns, in small jobs, in sloughs of monotony . . . wherever you may be and don't want to be, whatever you may be doing and don't want to do . . . you don't have to walk all the days of your life with the fire in your hearts banked, the song of your spirit muted . . . there are no acknowledgeable handicaps today . . . the radio makes the ears to hear and the screen makes the eyes to see . . . and the only handicaps are those of eyes which will not see and ears which will not hear.

Does Publicity Hurt the Stars

[Continued from page 21]

procedure of the build-up was reversed. He had one (1) suit of clothes, made especially for the trip. His dinner jacket wasn't even his. It was borrowed from the studio wardrobe. There was no talk of his fatal attraction for women—no talk of romances.

Actually he was introduced as just what he happens to be—an aspiring young actor, who has had a large success in his first important role. A typical American boy, making his living in the movies rather than in a garage or an office, he appeared as that, under true colors and the wolves never had a chance to leap at him. He may not have been mobbed, but Mr. Goldwyn knows the danger of glamour as well as its intoxication and he was taking no chances with his new found star.

Think of what a struggle James Cagney has had and is having to live down the super build-up he was given and pursue his career as he sees right. It happened that he was on hand when the gangster film cycle started. He became the arch-type of the tough guy, the killer, the callous gangster. As a matter of fact, he is an extremely versatile and accomplished actor and he got annoyed at having to play one public enemy after another.

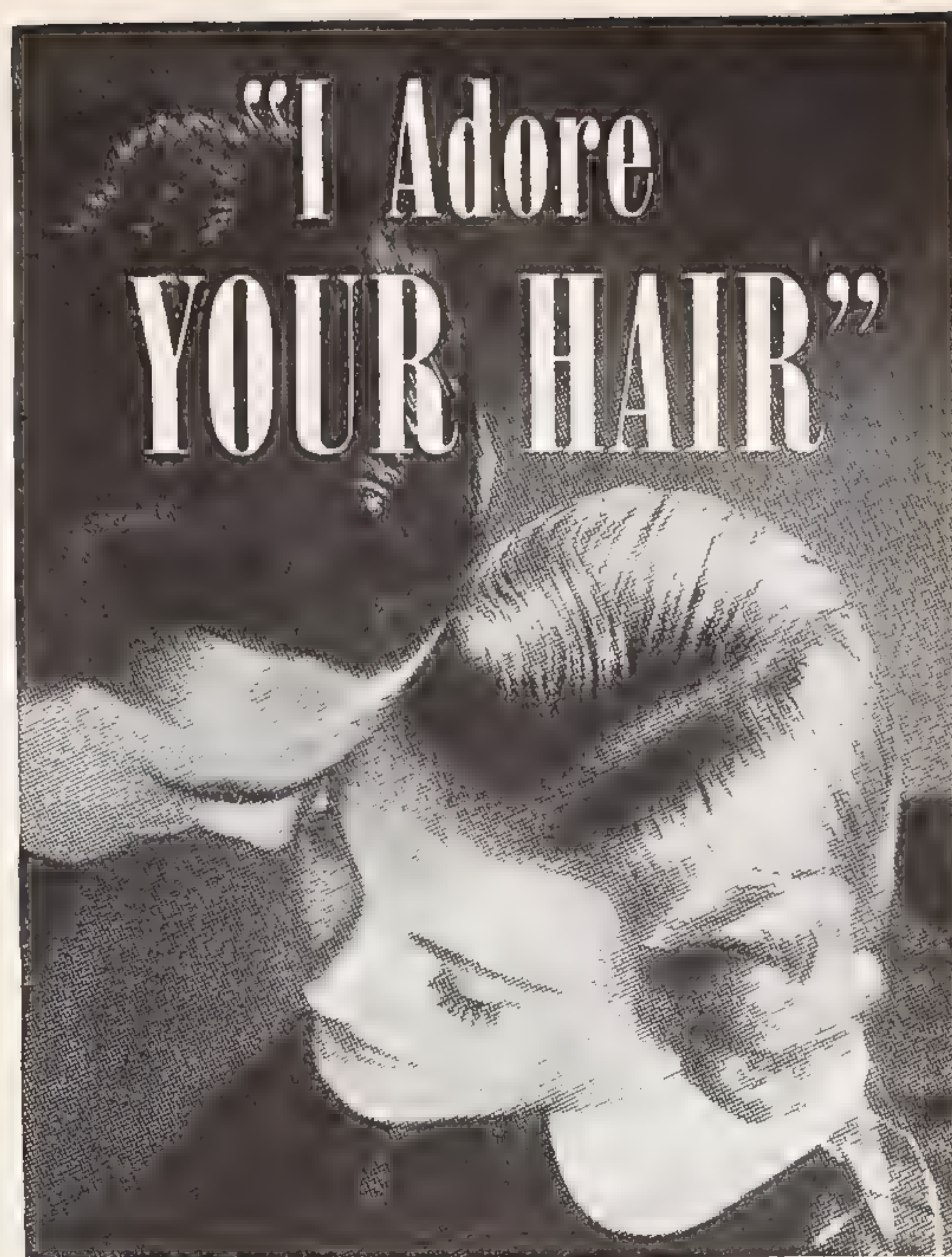
You know the rest of the story. He has broken with gangster roles. He is trying to make himself the rounded screen actor best represented perhaps by Paul Muni. I have great faith in his talents and I think he'll succeed, but he has certainly found out what it is like to be snapped at by the wolves.

When Marlene Dietrich came to Hollywood, she had no idea what price she would be asked to pay for stardom. Accustomed to the leisurely publicity of Europe, she resented being questioned about her private life. Not only has she had unkind and vicious things said about her, but she has been genuinely terrified about the safety of her daughter at times. She has made more than one false step, but she has paid for all of them.

In the same way Katharine Hepburn has slowly learned that fame is only pleasant when you're knocking them in the aisles, as the theatrical saying goes. After "Little Women" she could wear any clothes she wanted to, sit on any curbstone she fancied or ignore some of the fantastic tales sent out about her. There came a time, though, when she must have felt almost completely alone in a hostile world. I, for one, am glad that her great performance in "Stage Door" will deliver her from the hecklers.

The stars who have succeeded must move warily, but the really tragic cases are the aspirants who have been led to the slaughter before they had a chance to prove their worth. You may remember the tremendous publicity campaign Lil Dagova had, but you don't see her name in bright lights. Patricia Walthall, daughter of Henry B. Walthall, was sold to the public as a great new actress for six months and appeared in two Westerns. Doris Weston, hailed as a great new singer for "Singing Marine," landed in "Submarine D-1" in a minor role. Vicki Lester has been given an enormous build-up by a studio which has failed to renew her contract.

You know as well as I do what happened to such far from unknowns as Tallulah Bankhead, Evelyn Laye, Lillian Harvey, Tala Birrel or Jimmy Savo in Hollywood. The trumpets blew loud and long for each of them, but their stay in the Hollywood arena was short and unhappy.

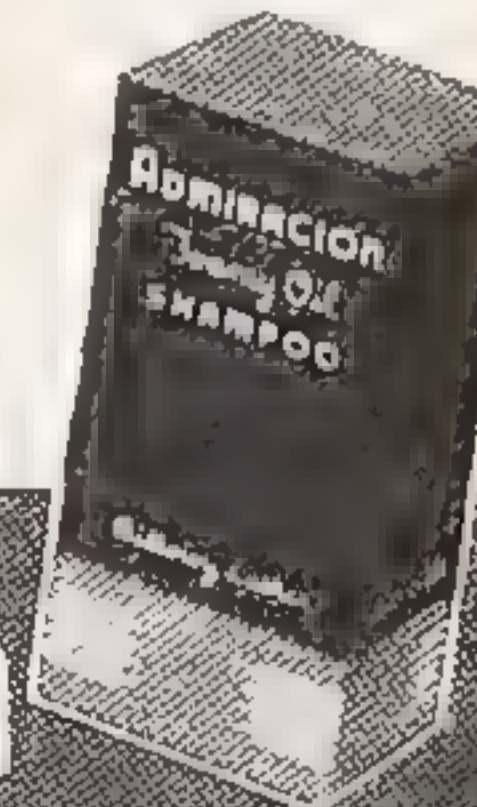


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Fireworks Behind the Scenes

[Continued from page 17]

anxious to get away from tough guy roles, tried to become a hooper in "Something to Sing About." It flopped. Robert Montgomery, cocktail-shaking smarty of films, rebelled and asked to be assigned to "Night Must Fall." It flopped. Myrna Loy and Clark Gable essayed "Parnell." It flopped. In each instance, the performers fought to get these roles, and, in each instance, the performer gave a good performance, but what they forgot was that moving picture fans only want their favorites in the roles to which they've become accustomed. In fighting for parts, the players forget the FANS and the box-office, which can't be forgotten.

Andrea Leeds, who scored so solidly in "Stage Door" is that rarest of performers. She had set her heart on getting that role. Bill Grady, then at RKO, agreed with her that she could play it to the hilt. For a month, the battle went on, but she got it, and spurred to fame on the strength of it. She is the exception to the rule, however.

Much has been written about Bette Davis and the fight she made to get the feminine lead in "Of Human Bondage." I asked her about it, and she told me the stories were not so. "They didn't even let me look at the daily rushes on the picture," she pointed out. "They knew that if I saw myself, I would have quit, or at least insisted on having the part toned down so that it would be more sympathetic."

So the next time you read that a star is fighting a studio because they've given somebody else a role which he or she craved, don't jump to the conclusion that the star is being discriminated against. More likely than not, the star wants something which will ruin him at the box-office. I didn't particularly care for Claudette Colbert's characterization in "Tovarich," as compared to that of Marta Abba on the Broadway stage, but I'm certain that Miss Colbert played it more believably than Kay Francis could have played it.

But this bitter warfare, waged out here in Hollywood twenty-four hours a day, behind the scenes, results in some of the grandest yarns that you come across—and also results in some of the most unrelenting feuds.

Pictures On The Fire

[Continued from page 13]

and a confession that amazes them.

At M-G-M

HERE we have two pictures—"Love Is A Headache" starring Gladys George (a comedy at last, thank heaven) with Virginia Weidler and Mickey Rooney featured, and "Madelon" with Maureen O'Sullivan, Wallace Beery and Jessie Ralph and James Stewart (again). Jimmie's going to have another breakdown if they keep working him this way.

Jimmie is Wally's son and is in love with Maureen, who is Jessie's daughter. Jessie and Wally don't like each other and I don't blame either one of them. Particularly I don't blame Jessie. Come to think of it, I guess I'm just in a nasty mood today so I'll make a wholesale apology to everyone and say it's the dyspepsia I've carried over from New Year's. Jimmie has just walked out on Maureen (and you see, Miss O'Sullivan, if I was really as disagreeable as you always try to make out I am, I'd say I didn't blame him, either, but as it is and



When Alice Faye comes home to New York, she waves to please her old friends the news shooters.

because I love practically everyone except Dietrich, Beery, and Hepburn, I'll just say I think he's a fool). Jimmie prefers the wide open spaces (No, that's Gable). Jimmie prefers the sea to Maureen and she swoons when she realizes it.

Neither of the parents realizes he's gone and while they're arguing over whether Jimmie or Maureen is luckier, Maureen, looking wan and drawn (at least Maureen and the make-up man hope she does) appears in the doorway and breaks the news to mother. Beery is crushed because Jimmie didn't say "goodbye," Jessie is frustrated and Maureen—well, what that girl has gone through would melt a heart of stone. All she has to look back on is four months in Europe when she had Robert Taylor making love to her instead of Jimmie.

In the other picture, Miss George (who has put *Madame X* completely behind her) isn't working. She has adopted two kids, she is a famous actress (just like Irene Dunne in the Joy of Loving) and she is trying so hard to make the two who have never had anything—not even a turtle neck sweater such as Roy Barnard wears to dinner parties—happy. And they, in turn, are trying to make her happy by attempting to catch a fly that has got into her bedroom. They wreck the joint but they catch the fly and the plot moves on.

20th Century-Fox

THIS is my last stop of the month. Claire Trevor and Michael Whalen are performing in "Six Girls," the others beside Claire being Phyllis Brooks (who isn't the greatest actress in the world but I've been told she doesn't like Hepburn so that makes her OK with me), Jayne Regan, Dixie Dunbar and two others whom I can't recall. Phyllis is engaged to Mike, who is a wealthy society gent from Back Bay Boston (if only once somebody high up in the social world could come from Newport or Memphis or Denver or even Brookline, Mass., what a relief it would be!) and before they're even married she's chiseling. Her picture gets in the paper with the chiseler and Claire generously tries to shield her by pretending it was all her fault and that the man was really out with her. It's a nice scene, well done, well directed by Mr. Norman Foster, who ought to have his wife in his pictures because there is a looker of Hollywood—and I watch with interest.

But the real kick comes when the scene is finished and the girls spy my companion. My companion (who shall be nameless because I'm not a thorough-going cad, although I will be if Miss O'Sullivan goads me much more) goes around collecting gossip and romances for the magazines, newspapers and radio commentators. So, no sooner do Claire and Phyllis spy her than they descend on her and without even say-

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ing "Howdy, stranger" to me they begin working on my companion.

"Who were you out with last night?" Claire begins.

"How long have you known him?" Phyllis asks.

"Is it serious?" Claire interrupts.

"Are you engaged?" Phyllis barks.

"Does his mother like you?" Claire interjects.

"Did you have any scraps in public?" Phyllis goes on.

The poor girl looks at me helplessly and I'd like to give her a lift but maybe I am a cad after all. I just say, "Did he give you a ring? Because if he didn't his intentions aren't honorable and—"

"I hope the TWA flies you to Patagonia and forgets to bring you back," my companion snaps at me, grabbing me by the hand and dragging me to the next set, which is "The Baroness and The Butler." Mr. William Powell is the butler and Annabella (Twentieth Century would have got much more publicity for her if they had changed her name to Tousa bella, bella, bella, bella while this song is going strong) is the Baroness. Annabella's father is a member of the House of Lords and Mr. P. has just been elected to the House of Commons. He is making a very long-winded speech over the radio in Annabella's home and he certainly is not pulling his punches in telling how Annabella's father, Mr. Henry Stephenson, has mismanaged things. Annabella is furious, her mother, Helen Westley, is furious and so is her fiance, Joseph Schildkraut. But her father, Mr. Stephenson, is only worried over the prospect of losing a good butler. Mr. Walter Lang, who is directing the picture, is worried for fear Mr. Powell will muffle the speech (which is horribly long) and necessitate more takes, thereby throwing him behind schedule, and Mr. Powell is worried at the sight of visitors on the set.

We repair to another stage where Jane Withers, Rochelle Hudson, Robert Wilcox, Steffi Duna and Borrah Minnevit are making "Gypsy." Rochelle is one of the real beauties of the screen and I wish I could have seen her yesterday. She has on what must have been a beautiful pink evening dress but between yesterday and today she has been in an auto wreck, the dress is torn, her hair is dishevelled and her face is streaked with dirt. Jane and Wilcox and the gypsies have just found her and the cops are coming.

But before I can find out what happens the director, Mr. Lucky Humberstone, calls "Cut!" because it is 10:30 and Jane is supposed to be at a party given for all the children on this lot. So Jane betakes herself to the party, Rochelle betakes herself to her dressing room and I betake myself to the TWA airport.



Rochelle Hudson and Robert Wilcox in a picture well suited to Rochelle's dark beauty. Scene from "Gypsy."

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The Final Thing

GRACIE ALLEN wants to know if "Gone With the Wind" will be a sequel to "The Hurricane."

JOAN BLONDELL'S small son, Normie, age three and a half years, has been begging for some luggage like Daddy Dick's, so with an afternoon off from the studio Joan dashed into town and bought Normie a small bag equipped with a flash light, two safety pins, and a tooth brush. Normie was delighted, but there was no peace in the Blondell-Powell home until Normie could take a trip on a train so he could use his luggage. So Joan and Dick took Normie down to the station, bought tickets to Santa Barbara, and took their young son for his first train trip. Hardly were they seated in the Pullman before Normie had his bag open and was on his way to the men's dressing room to brush his teeth. He wanted people to think he was an old-timer at this traveling business.

JEANETTE MACDONALD is superstitious and won't give out interviews on love and marriage. She also refuses to remove her wedding ring and when she is working in a picture she wears a strip of flesh colored tape over it.

DURING a recent vacation in the East Rosalind Russell was acclaimed by the New York designers as the best dressed Hollywood woman of the year. Of course she had to do a lot of shopping to live up to her title. Among the interesting items she brought back with her is a pair of green jersey shoes, made dressmaker fashion and stitched entirely by hand. She wears them with a silk jersey ensemble—and Hollywood drools with envy.

GARY COOPER certainly "does something" to feminine fandom. But it may be revealed in utter confidence that sitting on Gary's lap can be a tiresome procedure. Have it on the word of Claudette Colbert, who should know. For one scene in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" Claudette spent eight hours perched on Gary's knees. She found them a trifle too sharp for solid comfort.

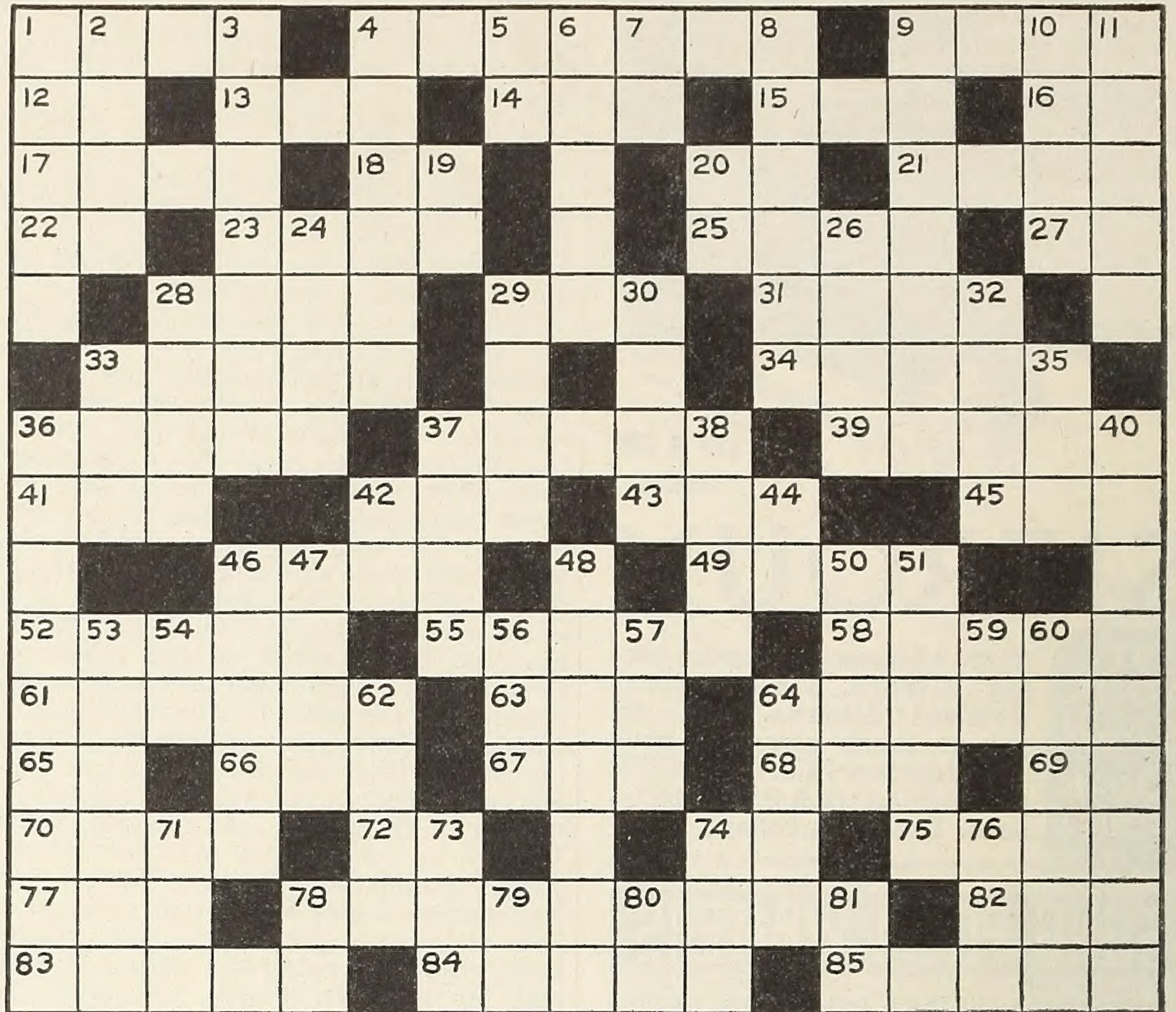
THEY are telling the story around town about the eager young writer who bumped into Marlene Dietrich one day on the Paramount lot when she was under contract there. "Oh, Miss Dietrich," he said, "could you come into my office and let me read you the new script we have for your next picture. It's far more exciting than the play. Why when you come on the screen it is like the bursting of a bomb-shell. . . ."

"Naturally," said Marlene, and walked away.

EVER since Clark Gable won the popularity poll of a New York newspaper recently, and was actually crowned with a crown by the paper's western correspondent Spencer Tracy goes to great trouble to call Gable "King." Working in the same picture with Spencer and Clark, "Test Pilot," is Myrna Loy who was crowned "Queen" the same time that Clark was crowned. "It's very difficult," said Spencer winking furiously, "to have to work with so much royalty. But when they start ritzing me I always say, 'What have you two got that I haven't got? Ha, you've got Parnell.' That withers them." "Parnell," dear readers, is one of the colossal flops of the year, and a very sore point with both Gable and Loy, who starred in it.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert

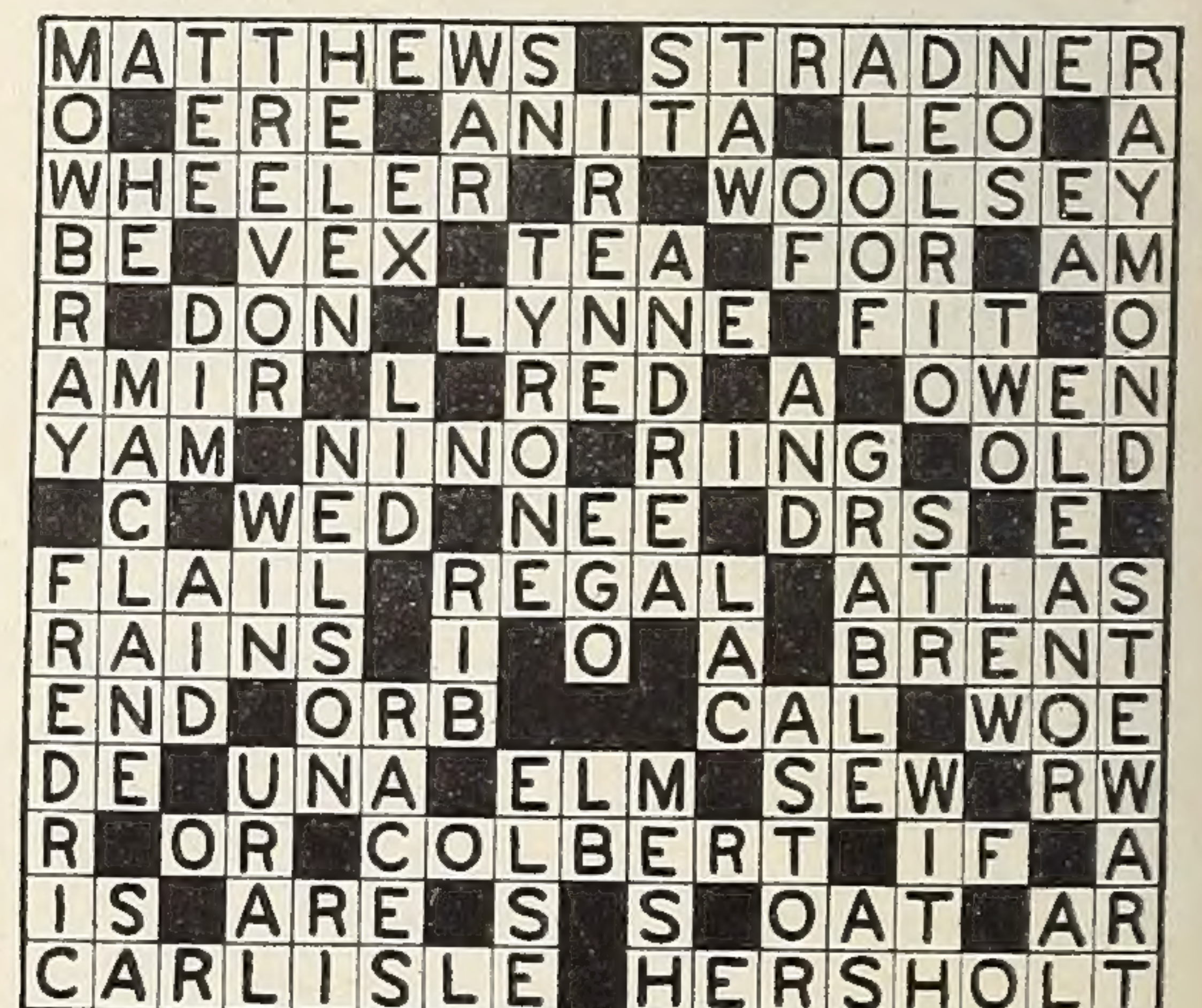


ACROSS

1. Villain in "The Buccaneer"
4. Sea Captain in "Ebb Tide"
9. Ronnie Bowers in "Hollywood Hotel"
12. Direction of compass (abbr.)
13. Past
14. Partake of food
15. River (Sp.)
16. Regarding
17. A cog-wheel
18. District Attorney (abbr.)
20. Liquid Measure (abbr.)
21. Mountains in Russia
22. Type measure
23. Loiters
25. Branch of a deer's antler
27. "Man-Proof" is her latest picture (initials)
28. Nothing but
29. Wooden pin
31. Feminine first name
33. The taxi driver in "100 Men and a Girl"
34. Kingdom
36. In "Romance in the Dark"
37. An English actor
39. To bar
41. Terminate
42. Falsehood
43. Took precedence
45. Open (poet.)
46. Julien Stevens in "Dangerously Yours"
49. Dry
52. Luise Rainer's devoted husband in "The Big City"
55. With Irene Dunne in "The Awful Truth"
58. Wanderer
61. In "Hitting a New High"
63. Greek letter of the alphabet
64. In "The Great Garrick"
65. A word sacred to the Brahmins
66. Single individual or object
67. Unit of energy
68. Day of the week (abbr.)
69. The (Fr.)
70. Change direction
72. Ordnance Department (abbr.)
74. British India (abbr.)
75. Let it stand (pr.)
77. Before
78. Star of "Portia on Trial"
82. Self
83. The mad pearl trader in "Ebb Tide"
84. The murderer in "Dinner at the Ritz"
85. "Hawaii Calls" is his latest picture

19. Comparable to
20. Bone
24. Chests
26. On the sheltered side
28. Term used in pinocle
29. Remove outer covering
30. Viennese actress in "The Buccaneer"
32. Contralto
33. Star of "The Hurricane"
35. Utensil for washing floors
36. One of the great composers
37. Famous crooner
38. Tidy
40. Rich Indian in "Life Begins in College"
42. Southern state (abbr.)
44. Physician (abbr.)
46. Performer
47. Husband of Bebe Daniels
48. The rich girl in "Artists and Models"
50. Within
51. In "Thrill of a Lifetime"
53. In "Happy Landing"
54. Suffix
56. Wild (Scot.)
57. Find fault continually
59. Measure of distance (abbr.)
60. Affirm
62. Gaseous element
64. Mohammedan prince
71. Elongated fish
73. Eastern state (abbr.)
74. Public conveyance
76. Golf mound
78. Into
79. Day of the week (abbr.)
80. A character actor (initials)
81. Tiberius (abbr.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



DOWN

1. The defendant in "Portia on Trial"
2. Acute
3. Famous for her beautiful legs
4. Lovely newcomer in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"
5. Myself
6. Comedian in "Fight for your Lady"
7. Army officer (abbr.)
8. The only woman director of films
9. With Grace Moore in "I'll Take Romance"
10. Pack tightly
11. A comedienne

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GIRL TO RISK
LOSING HER
GOOD LOOKS



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